

# INDEPENDENT METHODIST CHURCH HYMNAL.

---

*I will sing with the spirit and . . . with the understanding.—*  
1 COR. XIV. 15.

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INDEPENDENT  
METHODIST  
CHURCH  
HYMNAL

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## PREFACE.

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THIS Hymnal has been compiled by direction of the Annual Assembly of the Independent Methodist Churches. The work was entrusted by the Connexional Committee to the two surviving colleagues of the three Editors responsible for the preceding Hymn Book, issued by the Connexion in 1870. When considerable progress had been made with the revision of that book as the foundation work of the new Hymnal, one of them (Robert Entwistle) was called to his reward. As he possessed extensive knowledge and a critical judgment of hymns and hymn-writers, his loss has been very great. The Connexional Committee requested the surviving Editor, the present writer, to continue and complete the work, and this arrangement was confirmed by the succeeding Annual Assembly.

The principal object before the Connexion in desiring a new Hymnal has been to secure the choicest of the modern hymns composed or issued since the former book was compiled, more than thirty years ago, and which have so largely enriched the treasures of Hymnody, and added to the influence and blessing of the Service of Praise. It will be found that this desire has been realised to the fullest extent possible, consistent with a book of reasonable dimensions, and with the claims of the best of the existing favourite hymns sung by our Churches.

The collection has been drawn from many sources, and embodies a very wide range of selection. Authors who lived more than fifteen centuries ago are here represented; others belong to the intervening ages, whilst a number of the Authors are living to-day. Mostly the composers are English; some are American or German; and a few Latin.

But more noteworthy is the fact that the Authors represent almost every phase of belief, and are identified with one or other of every leading Denomination in Christendom. Whatever discordant notes may be heard in sectarian

controversies, there are none in the Service of Praise in the various Churches. Here sects and parties harmoniously blend their noblest thoughts and purest spiritual inspirations. Authors differing so widely as Newman the Roman Catholic, Bonar the Presbyterian, Bowring the Unitarian, Whittier the Quaker, Lyte the Anglican, Wesley the Methodist, and Watts the Independent, have composed hymns esteemed as a precious heritage by all the Churches. Their hymns are sung by all Denominations, so furnishing a signal demonstration of the gracious truth that in our loftiest aspirations towards the Divine there is unity of spirit and concord of soul.

In this Hymnal, as in the former book, a considerable number of the Wesley hymns have been retained. For a Methodist Hymn Book this is absolutely essential. Indeed, some of the higher steps of Christian experience find adequate expression only in this source. There are no hymnists so clear, so definite, so confident, in their testimony of personal salvation and conscious acceptance with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, as John and Charles Wesley, and their Moravian associates.

The range of subjects comprised in this Hymnal is as varied and extensive as the religion of Jesus Christ and the needs of humanity. The hymns traverse the entire circuit of God's ways with man. Here may be found Prayer, Praise, Doctrine, Experience, and Exhortation—enabling the members of our Churches to “teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.” Very special emphasis has been given to the theme which, though old, is ever new and dear to the heart of the Christian: the central figure of the work is assuredly Christ—Christ living and working—Christ suffering and dying—Christ rising and interceding—Christ the Light of the World—Christ the Source of present peace and the Hope of eternal life. But, whilst the person and character and work of Christ have the pre-eminence, hymns will be found suited to the progressive phases of Christian life, to the important demands of Church fellowship, and to the claims of temperance, national well-being, and miscellaneous Christian activities.

Recent years have developed increasing appreciation of the best hymns of the early centuries of the Christian era, with their rich devotional feeling and deep piety; but there has, at the same time, been an immense growth of earnest and soul-stirring Evangelistic song. Marked prominence has been given to hymns of the latter class, a special section being provided for Evangelistic and Mission Services.

Much labour has been expended on the authorship of the hymns. For invaluable assistance on this subject, the Editor is indebted to Julian's



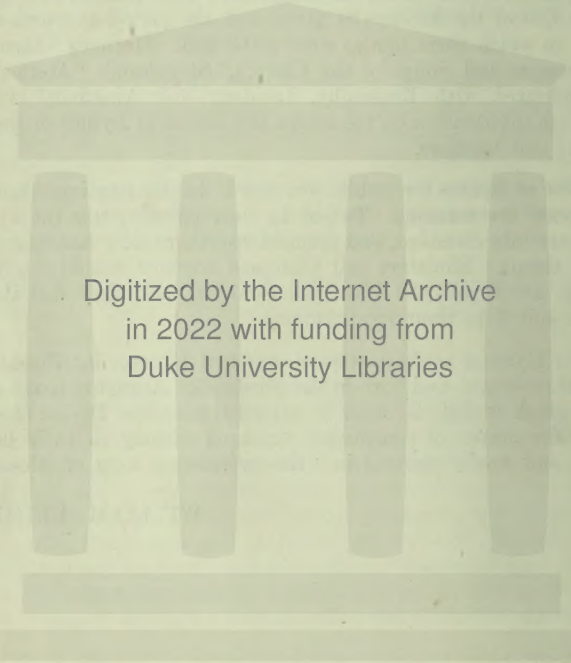
"Dictionary of Hymnology," a most elaborate and comprehensive work, containing references to thirty thousand hymns. Sincere thanks are hereby tendered to authors or their representatives for permission to insert hymns in this collection. If, through inadvertence or inability to ascertain from whom the privilege should have been asked, any copyright hymns have been inserted without permission, an apology is hereby tendered, and the courteous consent requested which would doubtless have been accorded on application. A complete List of the Authors is given, and the period in which they lived, or the year in which their hymns were published. Horder's "Hymn Lover," Miller's "Singers and Songs of the Church," Stevenson's "Methodist Hymn Book: Illustrated with Biography, Incident and Anecdote," and similar works, furnish information on the origin and merits of hymns of great service to ministers and teachers.

The choice of hymns for public worship is hardly less important than the choice of texts for sermons. To aid in their effective use the hymns have been very carefully classified, and grouped together under headings indicating their chief theme. Ministers and Christian workers should study the plan of the book, know well the Classified Contents, and they will then readily find hymns suited to their requirements.

May this Hymnal evoke increased spiritual fervour, intelligent devotion, and grateful reverence and love in the worship of Almighty God; may every service in which it shall be used be attended with the Divine blessing; and may it be the means of multitudes "making melody in their hearts unto the Lord," and finally uniting in "the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb."

WILLIAM BRIMELOW.

1902.



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# LIST OF AUTHORS.

	Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died
Adams, Sarah Flower . . . . .	1805	—	1848
Addiscott, Henry . . . . .	1806	—	1860
Addison, Joseph . . . . .	1672	—	1719
Adey, W. T. . . . .	—	—	—
Agate, D. . . . .	1848	—	—
Alexander, Cecil Frances . . . . .	1823	—	1895
Alford, Henry . . . . .	1810	—	1871
Allen, James . . . . .	1734	—	1804
Ambrose (St. Ambrose) . . . . .	340	—	397
Andrew, St. (of Crete) . . . . .	660	—	732
Anstice, Joseph . . . . .	1808	—	1836
Armitage, Ella S. . . . .	1841	—	—
Ashworth, Thomas Alfred . . . . .	—	1840	—
Atchinson, Jonathan Bush . . . . .	1840	—	—
Auber, Harriet . . . . .	1773	—	1862
Aveling, Thomas William . . . . .	1815	—	1884
Baker, Sir Henry Williams . . . . .	1821	—	1877
Bakewell, John . . . . .	1721	—	1819
Balfour, Alexander . . . . .	1767	—	1829
Bancroft, Charitie Lees . . . . .	1841	—	—
Barbauld, Anna Letitia . . . . .	1743	—	1825
Baring-Gould, Sabine . . . . .	1834	—	1901
Barton, Bernard . . . . .	1784	—	1849
Bathurst, William Hiley . . . . .	1796	—	1877
Baxter, Richard . . . . .	1615	—	1691
Beddome, Benjamin . . . . .	1717	—	1795
Bede (the Venerable) . . . . .	673	—	735
Benade, S. T. . . . .	1746	—	1830
Bennett, H. . . . .	1813	—	1868
Bernard of Clairvaux . . . . .	1091	—	1153
Bernard of Morlaix (or Cluny) (12th cent.)			
Betham-Edwards, Matilda			
Barbara . . . . .	1836	—	—

	Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died
Bickersteth, Edward Henry . . . . .	1825	—	—
Binney, Thomas . . . . .	1798	—	1874
Bliss, Philip . . . . .	1838	—	1876
Blomfield, Dorothy F. . . . .	1858	—	—
Blunt, Abel Gerard Wilson . . . . .	1827	—	—
Boaden, Edward . . . . .	1827	—	—
Bode, John Ernest . . . . .	1816	—	1874
Bonar, Horatius . . . . .	1808	—	1889
Bonaventura . . . . .	1221	—	1274
Borthwick, Jane . . . . .	1813	—	1897
Bourignon, Antoinette . . . . .	1616	—	1680
Bowring, Sir John . . . . .	1792	—	1872
Brady, Nicholas . . . . .	1659	—	1726
Brewer, Jehoiada . . . . .	1752	—	1817
Bridges, Matthew . . . . .	1800	—	1893
Bright, William . . . . .	1824	—	—
Bronte, Anne . . . . .	1819	—	1849
Brown, James Baldwin, jun. . . . .	1820	—	1884
Browne, Simon . . . . .	1680	—	1732
Bruce, Michael . . . . .	1746	—	1767
Bryant, William Cullen . . . . .	1794	—	1878
Bubier, George Burden . . . . .	1823	—	1869
Bulfinch, Stephen Greenleaf . . . . .	1809	—	1870
Bulmer, Agnes . . . . .	1775	—	1837
Bunting, William Macclaudie . . . . .	1805	—	1866
Burder, George . . . . .	1752	—	1832
Burleigh, William Henry . . . . .	1812	—	1871
Burman, Ellen E. . . . .	1837	—	1861
Burns, James Drummond . . . . .	1823	—	1864
Burton, John, jun. . . . .	1803	—	1877
Butcher, Edmund . . . . .	1757	—	1822
Byrom, John . . . . .	1691	—	1763
C. A. H. . . . .	—	—	—



# LIST OF AUTHORS.

	Hymns				Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died		Born	Pub.	Died
Cameron, William . . .	1751	—	1811	Davis, Eliel . . . . .	1803	—	1849
Camidge, J. . . . .	—	—	—	Deck, James George . .	1802	—	1884
Campbell, Jane Montgomery	1817	—	1878	Denny, Sir Edward . . .	1796	—	1889
Campbell, Margaret, Lady				Dix, William Chatterton .	1837	—	1898
Cockburn . . . . .	—	—	1841	Doddridge, Philip . . .	1702	—	1751
Carlyle, Joseph Dacre . .	1758	—	1804	Doudney, Sarah . . . .	1842	—	—
Carlyle, Thomas . . . .	1795	—	1881	Dryden, John . . . . .	1631	—	1701
Cary, Phoebe . . . . .	1824	—	1871	Duffield, George . . . .	1818	—	1888
Caswall, E. . . . .	1814	—	1878	Duncan, Mary Lundie . .	1814	—	1840
Cawood, John . . . . .	1775	—	1852	Dwight, Timothy . . . .	1752	—	1817
Cennick, John . . . . .	1718	—	1755	Dyer, Sidney . . . . .	1814	—	—
Chadwick, John White . .	1840	—	—	Edmeston, James . . . .	1791	—	1867
Chalmers, A. . . . .	1840	—	—	Ellerton, John . . . . .	1826	—	1893
Chandler, John . . . . .	1806	—	1876	Elliott, Charlotte . . . .	1789	—	1871
Charlemagne . . . . .	742	—	814	Elliott, E. . . . .	1781	—	1849
Charles, Elizabeth . . . .	—	1859	—	Elliott, Julia Ann . . . .	—	—	1841
Clark, Benjamin . . . . .	—	1828	—	Ellis, Ellen . . . . .	—	1858	—
Clarke, James Freeman . .	1810	—	1838	Elven, Cornelius . . . . .	1797	—	1873
Claudius, Matthias . . . .	1740	—	1815	Emerson, Ralph Waldo . .	1803	—	1882
Clephane, Elizabeth Cecilia	1830	—	1869	Evans, James Harrington	1785	—	1849
Cobbin, Ingram . . . . .	1777	—	1851	Everest, Charles William .	1814	—	1877
Codner, Elizabeth . . . . .	—	1860	—	F. B. P. . . . .	—	—	—
Coffin, Charles . . . . .	1676	—	1749	Faber, Frederick William	1814	—	1863
Collier, Edward Augustus .	—	—	—	Fanch, James . . . . .	1704	—	1767
Collyer, William Bengo . .	1782	—	1854	Fawcett, John . . . . .	1739	—	1817
Colquhoun, Frances Sarah .	1809	—	1877	Fawcett, S. . . . .	—	—	—
Conder, George William . .	1821	—	1874	Fenn, Conway . . . . .	—	—	—
Conder, Josiah . . . . .	1789	—	1855	Fitz, Asa . . . . .	—	1882	—
Cook, Russell Sturgis . . .	1811	—	1864	Flowerdew, Alice . . . .	1759	—	1830
Coster, George Thomas . . .	1835	—	—	Forbes, T. L. . . . .	—	—	—
Cotterill, Thomas . . . . .	1779	—	1823	Fortunatus, Venantius H. C.	530	—	609
Cotton, George Edward . .				Francis, Benjamin . . . .	1734	—	1799
Lynch . . . . .	1813	—	1866	Freckleton, Thomas Wesley	1827	—	—
Cousin, Anne Ross . . . .	1824	—	—	Gaskell, William . . . . .	1805	—	1884
Cowper, William . . . . .	1731	—	1800	Gellert, Christian Furchte-			
Cox, Frances Elizabeth . . .	1812	—	1897	gott. . . . .	1715	—	1769
Coxe, Arthur Cleveland . .	1818	—	1896	Gerhardt, Paulus . . . . .	1607	—	1676
Credwson, Jane . . . . .	1809	—	1863	Gibbons, Thomas . . . . .	1720	—	1785
Crosby, Fanny (Van				Gill, Thomas Hornblower	1819	—	—
Alstyne, F. J.) . . . . .	1823	—	—	Gilmore, Joseph Henry . .	1834	—	—
Cross, Ada . . . . .	1844	—	—	Gisborne, Thomas . . . .	—	1803	—
Crossman, Samuel . . . . .	1624	—	1683	Gladden, Washington . .	1836	—	—
Cutter, William . . . . .	1801	—	1867	Goethe, T. W. Von . . . .	1749	—	1832
Dana, Mary Stanley Bunce	1810	—	—	Gostick, J. . . . .	—	—	1887
Javies, Samuel (President)	1723	—	1761				

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	Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died
Gough, Benjamin . . .	1805	—	1877
Grant, Sir Robert . . .	1785	—	1838
Greatorex, H. W. . . .	—	—	—
Greene, Thomas . . . .	—	1780	—
Grigg, Joseph . . . . .	1728	—	1768
Guion, Jeanne M. B. . .	1648	—	1717
Gurney, John Hampden .	1802	—	1862
H. L. L. (Jane Borthwick)	1813	—	1897
H. P. . . . .	—	—	—
Hall, Christopher Newman	1816	—	1902
Hall, Elvena Mabel . . .	1818	1878	—
Hamilton, E. H. . . . .	—	—	—
Hamilton, James . . . .	1819	—	1896
Hammond, William . . .	1719	—	1783
Hanaford, P. A. . . . .	1829	—	—
Harris, John . . . . .	1802	—	1856
Hart, Joseph . . . . .	1712	—	1768
Hartsough, Lewis . . . .	1828	—	—
Haslock, Mary . . . . .	1816	—	1892
Hatch, Edwin . . . . .	1835	—	1889
Havergal, Frances Ridley	1836	—	1879
Havergal, William Henry	1793	—	1870
Haweis, Thomas . . . . .	1732	—	1820
Hawker, Robert . . . . .	1753	—	1827
Heber, Reginald . . . . .	1783	—	1826
Heginbotham, Ottiwill .	1744	—	1768
Hemans, Felicia Dorothea	1793	—	1835
Hickson, W. E. . . . .	—	—	1870
Hill, Rowland . . . . .	1744	—	1833
Hinchcliffe, Joseph . . .	1760	—	1807
Hobson, John Philip . . .	1849	—	—
Hodder, Edwin . . . . .	1837	—	—
Hole, Samuel Reynolds . .	1819	—	—
Holmes, Oliver Wendell .	1809	—	1894
Hopps, John Page . . . .	1834	—	—
Hosmer, F. L. . . . .	1840	—	—
How, William Walsham . .	1823	—	1897
Howitt, Mary . . . . .	1804	—	1888
Hunter, William . . . . .	1811	—	1877
Hurn, William . . . . .	1754	—	1829
Hyde, Abby Bradley . . .	1799	—	1872
Ingelow, Jean . . . . .	1820	—	—
Ingemann, Bernhardt Severue . . . . .	1789	—	1862

	Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died
Irons, William Josiah . .	1812	—	1883
James, Mrs. . . . .	—	—	—
John of Damascus, St. . .	—	—	780
Johnson, Samuel . . . .	1822	—	1882
Jones, Abner . . . . .	—	1854	—
Joseph, St. . . . .	—	—	883
Keble, John . . . . .	1792	—	1866
Keen, — . . . . .	—	1787	—
Kelly, Thomas . . . . .	1769	—	1854
Ken, Thomas . . . . .	1637	—	1711
Kent, John . . . . .	1766	—	1843
Kethe, William . . . . .	—	1561	—
King, Joshua . . . . .	1789	—	1858
Kingsbury, William . . .	1744	—	1818
Knollys, Francis Minden .	1816	—	1863
L. F. . . . .	—	1881	—
Lange, Ernst . . . . .	1650	—	1727
Lange, Joachim . . . . .	1670	—	1744
Lathbury, Mary A. . . .	1841	—	—
Lavater, Johann Caspar .	1741	—	1801
Leeson, Jane E. . . . .	1807	—	1882
Longfellow, Samuel . . . .	1819	—	1892
Longfellow, Henry Wads- worth . . . . .	1807	—	1882
Luke, Mrs. Jemima . . . .	1813	—	—
Luther, Martin . . . . .	1483	—	1546
Lynch, Thomas Toke . . .	1818	—	1871
Lyte, Henry Francis . . .	1793	—	1847
Macdonald, George . . . .	1824	—	—
Macdonald, William . . .	—	1871	—
Macduff, John Ross . . .	1818	—	1895
Mackay, Margaret . . . .	1802	—	1887
Mackellar, Thomas . . . .	1812	—	—
MacLagan, William Dal- rymple . . . . .	1826	—	—
Macleod, Norman . . . . .	1812	—	1872
Madan, Martin . . . . .	1726	—	1790
Mant, Richard . . . . .	1776	—	1848
March, Daniel . . . . .	1816	—	—
Martineau, James . . . .	1805	—	1900
Mason, John . . . . .	1646	—	1694
Mason, Dr. . . . .	—	—	—
Mathams, Walter John . .	1853	—	—

# LIST OF AUTHORS.

	Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died
Matheson, Greville . . .	—	1855	—
Matson, William Tidd . .	1833	—	—
Maude, Mary Fawler . . .	1819	—	—
McCheyne, Robert Murray	1813	—	1843
Medley, Samuel . . . . .	1738	—	1799
Merrick, James . . . . .	1720	—	1769
Midlane, Albert . . . . .	1825	—	—
Miller, Josiah . . . . .	1832	—	1880
Miller, Mrs. E. . . . .	—	1867	—
Milman, Henry Hart . . .	1791	—	1868
Milner, George . . . . .	1829	—	—
Milton, John . . . . .	1608	—	1674
Mogridge, George . . . . .	1787	—	1854
Moncrieff . . . . .	—	—	—
Monod, Theodore . . . . .	1836	—	—
Monsell, John Samuel			
Bewley . . . . .	1811	—	1875
Montgomery, James . . .	1771	—	1854
Moore, Thomas . . . . .	1779	—	1852
Morris, Eliza Fanny . . .	1821	—	1874
Morrison, John . . . . .	1749	—	1798
Mudie, Charles Edward . .	1818	—	1890
Mulholland, Rosa . . . . .	—	1884	—
Murray, R. . . . .	1832	—	—
Nathan El. (D. W. Whittle)	—	—	—
Neale, John Mason . . . . .	1818	—	1866
Nevin, Edwin Henry . . .	1814	—	—
Newman, John Henry . . .	1801	—	1890
Newton, James . . . . .	1732	—	1790
Noel, Caroline Maria . . .	1817	—	1877
Norton, Nathaniel . . . . .	—	—	—
Oakeley, Frederick . . . . .	1802	—	1880
Oatman, jun., Johnson . . .	—	—	—
Olivers, Thomas . . . . .	1725	—	1799
Onderdonk, Henry Ustic . .	1789	—	1858
Osler, Edward . . . . .	1798	—	1863
Oswald, Heinrich Siegmund	1751	—	1834
Palgrave, Francis Turner . .	1824	—	—
Palmer, Ray . . . . .	1808	—	1887
Pennefather, William . . .	1816	—	1873
Perronet, Edward . . . . .	1726	—	1792
Petersen, W. S. . . . .	—	—	—
Phillimore, Greville . . .	1821	—	1884

	Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died
Pierpoint, Folliott Sandford	1835	—	—
Pierpoint, John . . . . .	1785	—	1866
Plumptre, Edward Hayes . .	1821	—	1891
Pollard, Josephine . . . . .	1840	—	—
Pollock, Thomas Benson . .	1836	—	1896
Pope, Alexander . . . . .	1688	—	1744
Potter, Thomas Joseph . . .	1827	—	1873
Prentiss, Elizabeth . . . . .	1818	—	1878
Procter, Adelaide Ann . . .	1825	—	1864
Punshon, William Morley . .	1824	—	1881
Quarles, Francis . . . . .	1592	—	1644
Raffles, Thomas . . . . .	1788	—	1863
Rankin, Jeremiah Eames . .	1828	—	—
Rawson, George . . . . .	1807	—	1889
Reed, Andrew . . . . .	1787	—	1862
Reed, Eliza . . . . .	1794	—	1867
Rice, Helen G. . . . .	—	—	—
Rinchart, Martin . . . . .	1586	—	1649
Ringwald, Bartholomew . . .	1532	—	1599
Robert II. of France . . . .	970	—	1031
Robertson, William . . . . .	1820	—	1864
Robinson, Richard Hayes . .	1842	—	1892
Rodigast, Samuel . . . . .	1649	—	1708
Rosenroth, Christian . . . .	1636	—	1689
Rothe, Johann Andreas . . .	1688	—	1758
Russell, Arthur Tozer . . . .	1806	—	1874
Sanders, William . . . . .	—	1821	—
Santeuil, Claude de . . . . .	1628	—	1681
Saxby, Jane Euphemia . . . .	1811	—	—
Scheffler, Johann . . . . .	1624	—	1677
Schenck, Heinrich Theobald . .	1656	—	1727
Schlegel, C. A. D. von . . . .	1697	—	—
Schmolk, Benjamin . . . . .	1672	—	1737
Scott, Thomas . . . . .	1705	—	1775
Scott, Sir Walter (Bart.) . . .	1771	—	1832
Scudder, Eliza . . . . .	1821	—	—
Seagrave, Robert . . . . .	1693	—	—
Sears, Edmund Hamilton . . .	1810	—	1876
Sergeant, Mrs. . . . .	—	—	—
Shekleton, Mary . . . . .	1827	—	1883
Shelley, Mrs. M. E. . . . .	—	1844	—
Shepherd, Thomas . . . . .	1665	—	1739
Shipton, Anna . . . . .	—	1855	—

# LIST OF AUTHORS.

	Hymns				Hymns		
	Born	Pub.	Died		Born	Pub.	Died
Shrubsole, William . . .	1759	—	1829	Van Alstyne, Frances Jane	1823	—	—
Silesius, A. . . . .	—	—	—	W., Mrs. . . . .	—	1846	—
Simpson, Jane Cross . . .	1811	—	1886	Walford, W. W. . . .	—	1849	—
Small, James Grindly . . .	1817	—	1888	Walker, Mary Jane . . .	—	1847	—
Smith, Charles . . . . .	1844	—	—	Wallace, James Cowden .	1793	—	1841
Smith, Charitie Lees . . .	1841	—	—	Ware, Henry . . . . .	1794	—	1843
Smith, Mrs. H. B. . . . .	—	—	—	Waring, Anna Letitia . .	1820	—	—
Smith, R. A. . . . .	—	—	—	Warner, Anna . . . . .	1822	—	—
Smith, Samuel Francis . . .	1808	—	—	Watts, Isaac . . . . .	1674	—	1748
Smith, Walter Chalmers . .	1824	—	—	Waugh, Benjamin . . . .	1839	—	—
Smyttan, George Hunt . . .	1825	—	1870	Wesley, Charles . . . . .	1707	—	1788
Spence, James . . . . .	1821	—	1876	Wesley, John . . . . .	1703	—	1791
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn . .	1815	—	1881	Wesley, Samuel, sen. . . .	1662	—	1735
Steele, Anne . . . . .	1716	—	1778	Wesley, Samuel, jun. . . .	1691	—	1739
Stennett, Samuel . . . . .	1727	—	1795	White, Henry Kirke . . . .	1785	—	1806
Stephen of Saba . . . . .	725	—	794	Whitfield, Frederick . . .	1829	—	—
Stone, Samuel John . . . . .	1839	—	—	Whitfield, George . . . . .	1714	—	1770
Stowe, Harriett Beecher . .	1812	—	1896	Whiting, William . . . . .	1825	—	1878
Stowell, Hugh . . . . .	1799	—	1865	Whitmore, Hannah M. . . .	—	1836	—
Sutton, Amos . . . . .	1802	—	1854	Whittier, John Greenleaf .	1807	—	1892
Swain, Joseph . . . . .	1761	—	1796	Wiglesworth, Esther . . . .	1827	—	—
				Williams, William . . . . .	1717	—	1791
Tate, Nahum . . . . .	1652	—	1715	Wilton, Richard . . . . .	1827	—	—
Taylor, Bayard . . . . .	1825	—	1878	Winckler, J. J. . . . .	1670	—	1722
Taylor, Emily . . . . .	1795	—	1872	Winks, W. E. . . . .	—	—	—
Taylor, Jeremy . . . . .	1613	—	1667	Winkworth, Catherine . . .	1829	—	1878
Tennyson, Lord Alfred . . .	1809	—	1892	Witter, Will Ellsworth . . .	1854	—	—
Tersteegen, Gerhard . . . .	1697	—	1769	Wolcott, Samuel . . . . .	1813	—	1886
Theodulph, St. . . . .	—	—	821	Woodford, James Russell . .	1820	—	1885
Thomas of Aquine . . . . .	1227	—	1274	Wordsworth, Christopher . .	1807	—	1885
Thring, Godfrey . . . . .	1823	—	—	Wreford, John Reynell . . .	1809	—	1881
Todd, J. A. . . . .	—	—	—				
Toplady, Augustus M. . . . .	1740	—	1778	Xavier, St. Francis . . . . .	1506	—	1552
Turner, Daniel . . . . .	1710	—	1789	Zinzendorf, Count Nicolaus			
Tuttielt, Lawrence . . . . .	1825	—	—	L. . . . .	1700	—	1760
Twells, Henry . . . . .	1823	—	1901				



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MUSICAL INDICATIONS.

*p*—PIANO.

*m*—MODERATE.

*f*—FORTE.

# H Y M N S.

## FIRST DIVISION.

### PUBLIC WORSHIP.

#### CALLS TO AND DELIGHT IN WORSHIP.

- 1 L.M. W. Kethe.  
f ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth  
Come ye before Him and rejoice. [tell;  
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed;  
And for His sheep He doth us take.  
f O enter, then, His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, land, and bless His Name  
For it is seemly so to do. [always,  
For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

- 2 L.M. J. Watts.  
f BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy.  
His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
m And when like wandering sheep we  
strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.  
f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful  
songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand  
tongues, [praise.  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding  
Wide as the world is Thy command;  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to  
move.

3

L.M.

J. Watts.

- m ETERNAL Power, Whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God,  
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.  
Thee, while the first archangel sings,  
He hides his face behind his wings;  
And ranks of shining thrones around  
Fall worshipping, and spread the  
ground.  
p Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?  
We would adore our Maker too!  
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High.  
m Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,  
And we have learned to hush Thy Name;  
But, O! the glories of Thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!  
p God is in heaven, and men below;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few!  
A solemn reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

4

L.M.

J. D. Burns.

- m NOT, Lord, unto that mount of dread  
Thou bidst Thy people gather now,  
With clouds and darkness overspread,  
And fiery splendour round its brow;  
But unto Zion, where Thy grace  
Rejoicing o'er Thy works is seen,  
And all Thy glory in the face  
Of Christ the Saviour shines serene.  
Not by the trumpet's stormy blast,  
Thou bidst the hushed assembly  
hear [passed,  
Those words which in the thunder  
And filled the holiest heart with fear;

*p* But, in the still small voice which steals  
From the great glory where Thou art,  
Thy mercy tells of One Who heals  
The anguish of the wounded heart.

*m* O let that voice of heavenly power  
The movement of my spirit sway—  
Thy presence in each darker hour  
Sustain my hope and guide my way!

That I may go from strength to strength  
In an ascending course to Thee,  
Till in Thine own pure light at length  
The perfectness of light I see.

**5** 10s & 11s. *R. Grant.*

*f* O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above! [love;  
And gratefully sing His power and His  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient  
of Days, [with praise.  
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded

O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy  
space;

His chariot of wrath the deep thunder-  
clouds form, [the storm.  
And dark is His path on the wings of

*m* The earth with its store of wonders  
untold, [old;

Almighty! Thy power hath founded of  
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless  
decree, [the sea.  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle,

Thy bountiful care what tongue can  
recite? [light;

It breathes in the air, it shines in the  
In streams from the hills, it descends  
to the plain, [the rain.  
And sweetly distils in the dew and

*p* Frail children of dust, and feeble as  
frail, [fail;

In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to  
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to  
the end, [Friend!  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and

*f* O measureless Might! ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee  
above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble  
their lays, [praise.  
With true adoration shall lispen to Thy

**6** 12s & 10s. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*m* WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of  
holiness; [proclaim;  
Bow down before Him, His glory  
Gold of obedience and incense of  
lowliness [His Name!  
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is

*p* Low at His feet lay thy burden of  
carefulness; [thee,  
High on His heart He will bear it for  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy  
prayerfulness, [thee be.  
Guiding thy steps as may best for

*m* Fear not to enter His courts in the  
slenderness [as thine;  
Of the poor wealth thou canst reckon  
Truth in its beauty and love in its  
tenderness, [shrine.  
These are the offerings to lay on His

These, though we bring them in  
trembling and fearfulness, [dear.  
He will accept for the Name that is  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of  
tearfulness, [our fear.  
Trust for our trembling, and hope for

Worship the Lord in the beauty of  
holiness; [proclaim;  
Bow down before Him, His glory  
Gold of obedience and incense of  
lowliness [His Name!  
Bring, and adore Him; the Lord is

**7** 8s & 7s. *R. Mant.*

*m* ROUND the Lord in glory seated,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn:—

*p* “ Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!”

*m* Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most high."  
*p* Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

*m* With His seraph-train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

*f* "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

8 L.M. C. Elliott.

*f* THOU glorious Sun of Righteousness,  
Risen on high to set no more;  
Shine on us now, to heal and bless,  
With brighter beams than e'er before.

Shine on Thy work of grace within,  
On each celestial blossom there;  
Destroy each bitter root of sin,  
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

*p* Shine on Thy pure eternal Word,  
Its mysteries to our souls reveal;  
And whether read, remembered, heard,  
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

*m* Shine on the temples of Thy grace;  
In holy robes Thy saints be clad;  
Unveil the brightness of Thy face,  
And make Thy chosen people glad.

Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase

The brooding cloud from every eye!  
Till every earthly dwelling-place [high,  
Shall hail the Dayspring from on

*f* Shine on, shine on, Eternal Sun!  
Pour richer floods of life and light;  
Till that bright Sabbath be begun,  
That glorious day which knows no night.

9 S.M.D. I. Watts.

*f* COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround His throne.

Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.  
The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers  
To carry us above.

*p* There we shall see His face,  
And never, never sin;  
There, from the rivers of His grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.  
Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

*f* The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.  
Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high. [ground

10 S.M. J. Montgomery.

*m* STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessings high,  
Who would not fear His holy Name,  
And land and magnify?

O for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to heaven our thought!

*p* There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels Him near.

*f* God is our strength and song,  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.



Stand up, and bless the Lord,  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up and bless His glorious Name  
Henceforth for evermore.

11 L.M. I. Watts.

*f* SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks, and  
sing ;

To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

*m* Sweet is the day of sacred rest—  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His  
Word ; [shine !

Thy works of grace, how bright they  
How deep Thy counsels ! how Divine !

Then I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

*p* Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.

*f* Then I shall see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

12 L.M. J. S. B. Monsell.

*f* SING to the Lord a joyful song,  
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,  
To us His gracious gifts belong,  
To Him our songs of love and praise.

*m* For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His Name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do ;  
Praise ye our God, for He is great,  
Trust in His Name, for it is true.

For joys untold that daily move [ploy,  
Round those who love His sweet em-  
Singing to our God, for He is love,  
Exalt His Name, for it is joy.

*p* For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high,  
That inner life which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die ;

*f* Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To Whom be praise for evermore.

13 L.M. J. Conder.

*m* LORD, in this blest and hallowed hour,  
Reveal Thy presence and Thy power ;  
Show to my faith Thy hands and side,  
My Lord and God ! the Crucified !

Fain would I find a calm retreat  
From vain distractions near Thy feet ;  
And, borne above all earthly care,  
Be joyful in Thy house of prayer.

*p* Or let me, through the opening skies,  
Catch one bright glimpse of Paradise ;  
And realise, with raptured awe,  
The vision dying Stephen saw.

*m* But, if unworthy of such joy,  
Still shall Thy love my heart employ ;  
For of Thy favoured children's fare,  
'Twere bliss the very crumbs to share.

Yet never can my soul be fed  
With less than Thee, the living Bread ;  
Thyself unto my soul impart,  
And with Thy presence fill my heart.

14 8s & 4. C. Elliott.

*m* My God, is any hour so sweet,  
From blush of morn to evening star,  
As that which calls me to Thy feet,  
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,  
And that blest hour of solemn eve,  
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,  
The world I leave ;

For then a dayspring shines on me,  
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,  
And richer dews descend from Thee  
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed ;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven ;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief  
There for my every want I find,  
What strength for warfare, balm for  
What peace of mind. [grief,

*p* Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;  
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,  
And even the penitential tear  
Is wiped away.

*m* Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

15 6-7s. *H. F. Lyte.*

*m* GOD of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face,  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;  
Fill Thy Church with light Divine;  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

*f* Let the people praise Thee, Lord;  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
*m* At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

*f* Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Earth shall then her fruits afford,  
God to man His blessings give,  
Man to God devoted live:  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy and light and love.

16 7s & 5. *F. E. Morris.*

*m* GOD of pity, God of grace,  
When we humbly seek Thy face,  
*p* Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;  
Hear, forgive, and save.

*m* When we in Thy temple meet,  
Spread our wants before Thy feet,  
Pleading at Thy mercy-seat,  
Look from heaven and save.

When Thy love our hearts shall fill,  
And we long to do Thy will,  
Turning to Thy holy hill,  
*p* Lord, accept and save.

*m* Should we wander from Thy fold,  
And our love to Thee grow cold,  
With a pitying eye behold;  
Lord, forgive and save.

*p* Should the hand of sorrow press,  
Earthly care and want distress,  
May our souls Thy peace possess;  
Jesus, hear and save.

*m* And, whate'er our cry may be,  
When we lift our hearts to Thee,  
From our burden set us free;

*p* Hear, forgive, and save.

17 C.M. *Tate and Brady.*

*f* O GOD, we praise Thee, and confess  
That Thou, the only Lord  
And everlasting Father, art  
By all the earth adored.

To Thee all angels cry aloud;  
To Thee the powers on high,  
Both cherubim and seraphim,  
Continually do cry.

*p* O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of Thy majestic sway.

*f* The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,  
With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
That Thou, the eternal Father, art  
Of boundless majesty.

18 L.M. *Latin trs. W. Robertson.*

*m* THEE, God, we praise, Thee, Lord, con-  
Thee, Father everlasting, bless; [fess,  
The tribes of earth and air and sea  
With wondrous voices worship Thee.

To Thee all angels ceaseless cry  
With all the princes of the sky;  
The cherub and the seraph join,  
And thus they hymn the praise Divine:

"Thee, holy, holy, holy King,  
Lord of Sabaoth, Thee we sing;

*f* Both heaven and earth are full of Thee,  
Father of boundless majesty."

*m* Thee the apostles' glorious choir,  
Thee prophets with their tongues of fire,  
Thee white-robed hosts of martyrs bright  
All serve and praise by day and night.

*f* Thee through the earth Thy saints con-  
Thee, Father infinite, they bless, [fess;  
Thee, true, Divine, and only Son,  
Thee, Holy Spirit—Three in One.



19 L.M. *Ambrose, trs. by P. Gell.*

*f* WE praise, we worship Thee, O God ;  
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad,  
All nations bow before Thy throne,  
And Thee, the eternal Father, own.  
Loud hallelujahs to Thy Name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim ;  
The heavens and all the powers on high  
With rapture constantly do cry.

*p* O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Thou God of Hosts, by all adored !  
Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,  
Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

*f* Apostles join the glorious throng,  
And swell the loud immortal song ;  
Prophets, enraptured, hear the sound,  
And spread the hallelujah round.  
Victorious martyrs join their praise,  
And shout the omnipotence of grace ;  
While all Thy Church, through all the  
earth,  
Acknowledge and extol Thy worth.  
Triune Jehovah ! God most high !  
Father, we praise Thy majesty :  
The Son, the Spirit we adore :  
Creator, Saviour, Comforter !

20 *Te Deum Laudamus.*  
*Ambrose of Milan.*

*f* WE praise Thee, O God : we acknow-  
ledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee : the  
Father everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud : the  
Heavens and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim  
continually do cry, [Sabaoth.

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of  
Heaven and earth are full of the  
Majesty of Thy Glory." [praise Thee.

The glorious company of the Apostles :  
The goodly fellowship of the Pro-  
phets : praise Thee. [Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise  
The holy Church throughout all the  
world, doth acknowledge Thee :

The Father of an infinite Majesty ;  
Thine honourable, true, and only Son ;  
Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.  
Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ,  
Thou art the everlasting Son of the  
Father.

*p* When Thou tookest upon Thee to  
deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the  
Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the  
sharpness of death, Thou didst open  
the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of  
God, in the Glory of the Father.

*m* We believe that Thou shalt come to  
be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy  
servants, whom Thou hast redeemed  
with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy  
Saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless  
Thine heritage. [ever.

Govern them, and lift them up for  
Day by day, we magnify Thee :

And we worship Thy Name, ever  
world without end.

*p* Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this  
day without sin. [mercy upon us.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have

*m* O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon  
us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted : let  
me never be confounded.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

21 L.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of Hosts, Thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.

*m* My flesh would rest in Thine abode ;  
My panting heart cries out for God :  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and Thee ?

Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around Thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace ;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

*p* Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ; [road  
God is their strength, and through the  
They lean upon their helper, God.

*f* Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

**22** *8-7s. H. F. Lyte.*

*m* PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
O my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
*f* King of glory, God of grace !  
*m* Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High ;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe ;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies ;  
*f* On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

*m* Lord, be mine this prize to win :  
Guide me through a world of sin ;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace ;  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and Shield alike Thou art ;  
Guide and guard my erring heart.  
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

**23** *8s & 7s (Irreg.) B. Schmolck, trs. C. Winkworth.*

*m* OPEN now thy gates of beauty,  
Zion, let me enter there,  
Where my soul in joyful duty  
Waits for Him Who answers prayer :  
O how blessed is this place,  
Filled with solace, light, and grace !

Yes, my God, I come before Thee,  
Come Thou also down to me ;

Where we find Thee and adore Thee,  
There a heaven on earth must be :  
To my heart, O enter Thou,  
Let it be Thy temple now.

*f* Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,  
*m* Here Thy seed is duly sown ;  
Let my soul, where it is planted,  
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,  
So that all I hear may be  
Fruitful unto life in me.

Thou my faith increase and quicken,  
Let me keep Thy gift Divine :  
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,  
May Thy Word still o'er me shine—  
As my pole-star through my life,  
As my comfort in my strife.

*f* Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,  
Let Thy will be done, indeed ;  
*m* May I undisturbed draw near Thee,  
While Thou dost Thy people feed :  
Here of Life the fountain flows,  
Here is balm for all our woes.

**24** *C.M. J. Milton.*

*m* How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,  
From noise and trouble free !  
How beautiful the sweet accord  
Of souls that pray to Thee !

They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,  
The dry and barren ground,  
As through a verdant, fruitful dale,  
Where springs and showers abound.

They journey on from strength to strength,  
With joy and gladsome cheer ;  
Till all before our God at length  
In Zion do appear.

*f* For God the Lord, both Sun and Shield,  
Gives grace and glory bright :  
No good from them shall be withheld  
Whose ways are just and right.

**25** *4-6s & 2-8s. I. Watts.*

*f* LORD of the worlds above !  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thy earthly temples, are !  
To Thine abode my heart aspires,  
With warm desires to see my God,

*m* O happy souls that pray  
Where God delights to hear !  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there !  
They praise Thee still ; and happy they  
Who love the way to Zion's hill !  
They go from strength to strength,  
*p* Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each o'ercomes at length,  
Till each in heaven appears ;  
*f* O glorious seat ! Thou God, our King,  
Shall thither bring our willing feet.  
God is our Sun and Shield,  
Our Light and our Defence !  
With gifts His hands are filled,  
We draw our blessings thence :  
He shall bestow upon our race  
His saving grace, and glory too.  
The Lord His people loves ;  
His hand no good withholds  
From those His heart approves,  
From holy, humble souls ;  
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee !

26 L.M. H. F. Lyte.

*f* PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zion waits ;  
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates ;  
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,  
And find, through Christ, salvation there.  
Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :  
*p* O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinners' Friend.  
*m* How blest Thy saints ! how safely led !  
How surely kept ! how richly fed !  
Saviour of all in earth and sea,  
How happy they who rest in Thee !  
Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills !  
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.  
The year is with Thy goodness crowned ;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world  
around ; [sing,  
Through Thee the deserts laugh and  
And Nature smiles and owns her King.  
Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour :  
The moral waste within restore :  
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

27 L.M. W. Cowper.  
*m* JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art  
found,

And every place is hallowed ground.  
For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going, take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few !  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

*p* Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

*m* Behold, at Thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;  
Come Thou, and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;  
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !

28 S.M. E. Taylor.

*m* COME to the house of prayer,  
O thou afflicted, come ;  
The God of peace shall meet thee there,  
He makes that house His home.

Come to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now ;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
Your knees together bow.

*p* Ye aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt His love ; [dumb,  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be  
Your lips forget to move.

*m* Ye young, before His throne,  
Your cheerful anthems raise ;  
Nor let your hearts His praise disown,  
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, Whose benignant eye  
In mercy lookst on all ;  
Who seest the tear of misery,  
And hearst the mourner's call ;

Up to Thy dwelling-place,  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

29

4-7s. J. Montgomery.

*m* In Thy presence we appear:  
Lord, we love to worship here,  
When, within the veil, we meet  
Thee upon Thy mercy-seat.  
While Thy glorious Name is sung,  
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue;  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord, our Righteousness.  
While to Thee our prayers ascend,  
Let Thine ear in love attend;  
*p* Hear us, for Thy Spirit pleads:  
Hear! for Jesus intercedes.  
*m* While Thy word is heard with awe,  
And we tremble at Thy law,  
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.  
While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon through Thy name,  
In their voices let us own  
Jesus, speaking from the throne.  
From Thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn;  
That, at evening, we may say:  
"We have walked with God to-day."

30

L.M. I. Watts.

*f* GREAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from Thy presence springs;  
To spend one day with Thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.  
*m* Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within Thy house, O God of grace,  
Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.  
God is our sun, He makes our day;  
God is our shield, He guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.  
All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.  
*f* O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at Thy presence flee—  
Blest is the man that trusts in Thee!

31

C.M. I. Watts.

*m* How did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day!"  
I love her streets, I love the road;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show His milder face.  
Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds His throne,  
And sits in judgment there.  
*p* Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest!  
With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
Be her attendants blest!  
*m* My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains; [dwell,  
There my best friends, my kindred  
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

32

S.M. J. Montgomery.

*f* GLAD was my heart to hear  
My old companions say,  
Come, in the house of God appear,  
For 'tis a holy day.  
*m* Our willing feet shall stand  
Within the temple door;  
While young and old, in many a band,  
Shall throng the sacred floor.  
Thither the tribes repair,  
Where all are wont to meet,  
And, joyful in the house of prayer,  
Bend at the mercy-seat.  
*p* Pray for Jerusalem,  
The city of our God;  
The Lord from heaven be kind to them  
That love the dear abode!  
*m* Within these walls may peace  
And harmony be found;  
Zion, in all thy palaces  
Prosperity abound!  
For friends and brethren dear  
Our prayer shall never cease;  
 Oft as they meet for worship here,  
God send His people peace!



33

L.M. *H. F. Lyte.*

*m* SWEET is the solemn voice that calls  
The Christian to the house of prayer ;  
I love to stand within its walls,  
For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

*p* I love to tread the hallowed courts  
Where two or three for worship meet,  
For thither Christ Himself resorts,  
And makes the little band complete.

*m* 'Tis sweet to raise the common song,  
To join in holy praise and love,  
And imitate the blessed throng  
That mingle hearts and songs above.

Within these walls may peace abound,  
May all our hearts in one agree ;  
Where brethren meet, where Christ is  
found,  
May peace and concord ever be.

34

6-8s. *J. Wesley.*

*m* Lo ! God is here ! let us adore,  
And own how solemn is this place !  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face ;  
Who know His power, His grace who  
prove, [love.  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence

Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night  
The united choirs of angels sing ;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises  
bring ;

*p* Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a stammering  
tongue.

*m* Gladly the toys of earth we leave,  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee  
alone ;  
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give :  
O take, O seal them for Thine own :  
Thou art the God ; Thou art the Lord ;  
Be Thou by all Thy works adored !

Being of beings, may our praise [fill :  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will :  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,  
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice !

As flowers their opening leaves display,  
And glad drink in the solar fire,  
So may we catch Thy every ray,  
So may Thy influence us inspire ;  
Thou Beam of the Eternal Beam,  
Thou purging Fire, Thou quickening  
Flame !

35

L.M. *J. Pierpont.*

*m* O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung ;  
Whom kings adored in song sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing  
tongue :

*p* Not now, on Zion's height alone,  
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,  
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son  
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well :

*m* From every place below the skies,  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,  
And strength, and beauty, bend the  
knee ;  
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

*f* O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung.  
To Thee, at last, in every clime,  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

36

C.M. *J. Ellerton.*

*m* BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily task set free,  
And met within Thy holy place  
To rest awhile with Thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
Of business, toil, and care,  
And scarcely can we turn aside  
For one brief hour of prayer.

*p* Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayst be sought ;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls  
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea,  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

*m* Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know,  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.  
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done,  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and  
Itself with work be one. [taught,

**37** C.M. W. W. How.

*p* WITH weary feet and saddened heart,  
From toil and care we flee,  
*m* And come, O dearest Lord, apart  
To rest awhile with Thee.  
*p* The courts of heaven were lost to view,  
The world had come between;  
*m* But here the veil is rent in two;  
We see the things unseen.  
*p* Our sins, in Thy pure light descried,  
Stand out in dread array;  
*m* But here in love's absolving tide  
Their guilt is washed away.  
*p* With strife of tongues distraught and  
Our troublous way we trod: [worn,  
*m* But cast ourselves, this holy morn,  
Into the peace of God.  
And oh! what depth of joy, as thus  
We bend the trembling knee,  
To know that Thou art one with us,  
And we are one with Thee!

**38** C.M. R. W. Emerson.

*m* WE love the venerable house  
Our fathers built to God:—  
*p* In heaven are kept their grateful vows,  
Their dust endears the sod.  
*m* Here holy thoughts a light have shed  
From many a radiant face,  
And prayers of tender hope have spread  
A perfume through the place.  
And anxious hearts have pondered  
The mystery of life, [here  
And prayed the eternal Light to clear  
Their doubts, and aid their strife.  
From humble tenements around  
Came up the pensive train,  
And in the Church a blessing found,  
That filled their homes again;  
For faith, and peace, and mighty love,  
That from the Godhead flow,  
Showed them the life of Heaven above  
Springs from the life below.

*p* They live with God, their homes are  
Yet here their children pray, [dust;  
And in this fleeting life-time trust  
To find the narrow way.

*m* On him who by the altar stands,  
On him Thy blessing fall!  
Speak through his lips Thy pure com-  
Thou Heart that lovest all. [mands,

THE LORD'S DAY.

**39** L.M. P. Doddridge.

*f* LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this Thy day, in this Thy house;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice, [rise.  
The songs which from Thy servants  
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our labouring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

*p* No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.  
No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

*f* O long-expected day, begin;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

**40** S.M. J. Ellerton.

*m* THIS is the day of light:  
Let there be light to-day;  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away!  
This is the day of rest:  
Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.  
This is the day of peace:  
Thy peace our spirits fill;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease;  
The waves of strife be still.

*p* This is the day of prayer:  
Let earth to heaven draw near;  
*m* Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.

This is the best of days :  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death !

41 7s & 6s. C. Wordsworth.

*m* O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright ;  
*f* On thee, the high and lowly,  
Through ages joined in tune,  
*f* Sing " Holy, holy, holy,"  
To the great God Triune !  
*m* On thee, at the Creation,  
The light first had its birth ;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth ;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven ;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand ;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.  
A day of sweet refection,  
A day thou art of love,  
A day of resurrection  
From earth to things above.  
*p* To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls ;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams ;  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.  
*m* May we, new graces gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
Attain the rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
*f* To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father and to Son ;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

42 L.M. W. M. Punshon.

*m* SWEET is the sunlight after rain,  
And sweet the sleep which follows pain,  
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest  
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm  
The poor man's birthright, and his  
balm !

God's witness of celestial things !  
A sun with healing in its wings.

*p* New rising in this gospel time,  
And in its sevenfold light sublime,  
Blest day of God ! we hail its dawn,  
To gratitude and worship drawn.

*m* O nought of gloom and nought of pride  
Should with the sacred hours abide !  
At work for God in loved employ,  
We lose the duty in the joy.

Breathe on us, Lord ! our sins forgive,  
And make us strong in faith to live :  
Our utmost, sorest need supply,  
And make us strong in faith to die.

43 L.M.

*m* WELCOME, sweet day of holy peace !  
When earth a hallowed spot appears  
Its toils and cares and tumults cease,  
And heavenly sounds delight our ears

Welcome, sweet day of bounteous grace  
When from their unseen sources flow  
Streams which refresh this desert place  
And bid the flowers of Eden blow.

Welcome, sweet day of boundless love  
When, as man communes with his  
The God of glory from above, [friends  
His saints to visit condescends.

*p* Welcome, sweet day of heartfelt praise  
When mingling with immortal choirs  
We blend with theirs our grateful lays  
To Him, whose love their harp  
inspires.

Welcome, sweet day of fervent prayers  
When our High Priest His word  
fulfils ;

Our names upon His breastplate bears,  
For us His golden censer fills.

*m* Sweet Sabbath ! type of bliss above,  
Where, with the Saviour ever blest,  
Enjoying everlasting love,  
His people shall for ever rest.

44 C.M. J. Mason

*m* BLEST day of God, most calm, most  
The first and best of days ; [bright,  
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,  
Sweet day of joy and praise !



Daily, O Lord, Thy flocks are blest  
In pastures large and fair;  
But better is the weekly feast  
Provided by Thy care.  
Welcome, kind Shepherd, to Thy sheep,  
Are these sweet tastes of love;  
But what a Sabbath shall they keep,  
When safe with Thee above!

*p* How wise Thy love, how light its chain!  
Which binds us to be free,  
Cuts short our toil, ensures our gain,  
And lifts our souls to Thee.

*m* Here, as we sing, and hear, and pray,  
And all Thy footsteps trace,  
We seem to tread the pleasant way  
That leads us to Thy face.

45 8s 6 & 4. *G. Thring.*

*m* HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest,  
From toil and trouble free;  
Hail, day of light that bringeth light  
And joy to me.

*p* A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,  
Where rest is found.

*m* No sound of jarring strife is heard,  
As weekly labours cease:  
No voice, but those that sweetly sing  
Sweet songs of peace.

*p* All earthly things appear to fade,  
As, rising higher and higher,  
The yearning voices strive to join  
The heavenly choir.

*m* For those who sing with saints below  
Glad songs of heavenly love,  
Shall sing, when songs on earth have  
With saints above. [ceased,  
Accept, O God, my hymn of praise  
That Thou this day hast given,  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven.

46 C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

*p* To-day He rose, and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints His triumph spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

*m* Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

*f* Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens in which He  
Shall give Him nobler praise. [reigns

47 L.M. *W. W. How.*

*m* THIS day at Thy creating word,  
First o'er the earth the light was  
O Lord, this day upon us shine, [poured;  
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord for sinners slain,  
In might victorious rose again;  
O Jesu, may we raised be  
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

This day the Holy Spirit came  
With fiery tongues of cloven flame;  
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day  
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

*f* O day of light, and life, and grace!  
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!  
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,  
Give we again to God above.

48 C.M. *S. Wesley, Jun.*

*m* THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,  
In concert with the blest,  
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays  
Employ an endless rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee  
We blest and pious grow;  
By hymns of praise we learn to be  
Triumphant here below.

On this glad day a brighter scene  
Of glory was displayed,  
By God, the Eternal Word, than when  
This universe was made.

He rises, who mankind has bought  
With grief, and pain extreme:  
'Twas great to speak a word from  
'Twas greater to redeem! [nought;

49

S.M.

*H. Bonar.*

- f* BEGIN the day with God :  
He is the Rising Sun,  
His is the radiance of thy dawn,  
His the fresh day begun.
- m* Sing a new song at morn ;  
Join the glad woods and hills ;  
Join the fresh winds and seas and  
plains ;  
Join the bright flowers and rills :
- f* Awake, cold lips, and sing ;  
Arise, dull heart, and pray ;  
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes ;  
Brush slothfulness away :  
Cast every weight aside ;  
Do battle with each sin ;  
Fight with the faithless world without,  
The faithless heart within.
- Look up beyond these clouds,  
Thither thy pathway lies ;  
Mount up, away, and linger not,  
Thy goal is yonder skies.

50

7s &amp; 6s.

*A. Cross.*

- m* THE dawn of God's dear Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain :
- p* It comes as cooling showers  
To some exhausted land ;  
As shade of clustered palm-trees  
Mid weary wastes of sand.
- m* O day, when earthly sorrow  
Is merged in heavenly joy,  
And trial changed to blessing  
That foes may not destroy ;
- f* When want is turned to fulness,  
And weariness to rest ;  
And pain to wondrous rapture,  
Upon the Saviour's breast.
- m* Lord, we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labour,  
Of steady faithful toil ;  
Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit  
In our humility.

*p* And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed ;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone ;  
So many talents wasted !  
So few bright laurels won !

*m* So be it, Lord, for ever :  
O may we evermore,  
In Jesu's holy presence,  
His blessed name adore :  
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,  
Within His temple walls,  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Zion's golden halls ;

- f* So that, in joy and gladness,  
We reach that home at last ;
- p* When life's short week of sorrow,  
And sin, and strife is past :  
When angel-hands have gathered  
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,
- f* O Father, Lord, Redeemer,  
Most Holy Trinity !

51

L.M. *F. T. Palgrave*

- m* LORD God of morning and of night,  
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light ;  
As in the dawn the shadows fly,  
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
- Fresh hopes have wakened in thine  
Fresh force to do our daily part ; [hear  
Thy slumber gifts our strength restore  
Throughout the day to serve Thee  
more.
- p* Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,  
Oft what we would we cannot do ;  
The sun may stand in zenith skies,  
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
- O Lord of light ! 'tis Thou alone [own  
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine  
Though this new day with joy we see,  
Great Dawn of God ! we cry for Thee.
- f* Praise God, our Maker and our Friend  
Praise Him through time, till time  
shall end,  
Till psalm and song His Name adore  
Through Heaven's great day of Eve  
more.

## MORNING.

52 L.M. T. Ken.

*m* AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talents with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
*p* Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

*m* Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
Glory to the Eternal King.

53 L.M. J. Keble.

*m* NEW every morning is the love  
Our waking and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely  
brought,  
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven;  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of  
heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;  
Some softening gleam of love and  
prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

*p* As for some dear familiar strain  
Untired we ask, and ask again,  
Ever in its melodious store  
Finding a spell unheard before:

*m* Such is the bliss of souls serene, [mean,  
When they have sworn, and stedfast  
Counting the cost, in all to espy  
Their God, in all themselves deny.

54 L.M. Ambrose, *trs.* by J. Chandler.

*m* O JESUS, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou Brightness of the Father's face;  
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night;  
Whose beams disperse the shades of

Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shed down Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inmost hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

*p* O hallowed thus be every day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

*m* O Christ, with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts is borne;  
O may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

55 7s. C. Wesley.

*m* CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only light,  
*f* Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near;  
Daystar, in my heart appear.

*p* Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return  
*m* Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

*f* Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

## EVENING.

56 8s &amp; 4. G. Thring.

*m* THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

*p* Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past !  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,  
Safe home at last.

*m* O by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high :  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky ;  
Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain ;  
Where saints are clothed in spotless  
white,  
And evening shadows never fall ;  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of light,  
Art Lord of all.

57 10s. *C. Wordsworth.*

*m* THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight  
grows ; [Thou  
O brightness of Thy Father's glory,  
Eternal Light of light, be with us now !  
Where Thou art present, darkness can-  
not be, [Thee.  
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with  
*p* Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
Onward to darkness and to death we  
tend ; [guide,  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our  
Be Thou our light in death's dark  
eventide ; [gloom,  
*m* Then in our mortal hour will be no  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.  
Thou, who in darkness walking didst  
appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when  
storms assail, [fail,  
And earthly hopes and human succours  
*p* When all is dark, may we behold Thee  
nigh, [is I !"  
And hear Thy voice "Fear not, for it  
*m* The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;  
In that last sunset, when the stars shall  
fall,  
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide,  
In that blest day which has no eventide !

58

4-7s.

*S. F. Smith*

*p* SOFTLY fades the twilight ray  
Of the holy Sabbath day ;  
Gently as life's setting sun,  
When the Christian's course is run.  
Night her solemn mantle spreads  
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;  
All things tell of calm repose  
At the holy Sabbath's close.

*m* Peace is on the world abroad ;  
'Tis the holy peace of God—  
Symbol of the peace within,  
When the spirit rests from sin.  
Still the spirit lingers near  
Where the evening worshipper  
Seeks communion with the skies,  
Pressing onward to the prize.

Saviour ! may our Sabbaths be  
Days of praise and joy in Thee !  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

59

L.M.

*S. Longfellow*

*m* AGAIN, as evening shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls ;  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.  
May struggling hearts that seek release  
Here find the rest of God's own peace  
And, strengthened here by hymn and  
prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.  
O God, our Light ! to Thee we bow,  
Within all shadows standest Thou ;  
Give deeper calm than night can bring  
Give sweeter songs than life can sing  
Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain ;  
But in the spirit's secret cell,  
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

60

7s & 5.

*R. H. Robinson*

*m* HOLY Father, cheer our way  
With Thy love's perpetual ray ;  
Grant us every closing day  
Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears ;  
Grant us in our latter years  
Light at evening time.



*p* Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;  
Grant us as we come to die  
Light at evening time.

*m* Holy, blessed Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark with Thee;  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening time.

61 *8s & 7s. J. Edmeston.*

*m* SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal,  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

*p* Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
*m* Angel-guards from Thee surround us;  
We are safe, for Thou art nigh.

*p* Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.  
*m* Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

62 *L.M. H. Twells.*

*p* AT even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;  
O, in what divers pains they met!  
O, with what joy they went away!

*m* Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near;  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

*p* O Saviour Christ! our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;

*m* And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not  
free, [pain,  
And some have friends who give them  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
*p* And they who fain would serve Thee  
best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

*m* O Saviour Christ! Thou too art man;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted,  
tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would  
hide;  
Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

63 *S.M. J. Ellerton.*

*m* OUR day of praise is done;  
The evening shadows fall;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightens all!  
Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Sing ceaseless hymns to Thee.

*p* Too faint our anthems here;  
Too soon of praise we tire:

*m* But O, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!  
Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear a humble part.

*p* 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.

*m* A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect anthems blend.

64 *9s & 8s. J. Ellerton.*

*m* THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
*f* To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

*m* We thank Thee that Thy Church  
unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is  
keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.  
As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.



*m* The sun, that bids us rest, is waking  
 Our breth'ren 'neath the western sky,  
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.  
 So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,  
 Like earth's proud empires, pass  
 away ;  
 But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,  
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

65

6s &amp; 4s.

*G. Rawson.*

*m* FATHER of love and power,  
 Guard Thou our evening hour,  
*f* Shield with Thy might ;  
*m* For all Thy care this day  
 Our grateful thanks we pay,  
 And to our Father pray,  
 Bless us to-night !

Jesus Immanuel !  
 Come in Thy love to dwell

*p* In hearts contrite ;  
 For many sins we grieve,  
*m* But we Thy grace receive,  
 And in Thy word believe ;  
*p* Bless us to-night !

*m* Spirit of Holiness,  
 Gentle transforming grace,  
 Indwelling Light ;  
 Soothe Thou each weary breast,  
 Now let Thy peace possess  
 Calm us to perfect rest,  
 Bless us to-night !

66

L.M.

*T. Ken.*

*f* GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light,  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
 Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

*m* Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
 The ill that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;

*p* Teach me to die, that so I may  
 With joy behold the judgment day.

*m* O let my soul on Thee repose,  
 And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep, that shall me more vigorous  
 To serve my God when I awake. [make,

*p* If in the night I sleepless lie,  
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supplied  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No powers of darkness me molest.

*f* Praise God, from whom all blessing  
 flow ;

Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## CLOSE OF SERVICE.

67

C.M.

*J. Ellert.*

*m* THE Lord be with us as we bend  
 His blessing to receive ;

*p* His gift of peace upon us send,  
 Before His courts we leave.

*m* The Lord be with us as we walk  
 Along our homeward road ;

*p* In silent thought, or friendly talk,  
 Our hearts be still with God.

*m* The Lord be with us till the night  
 Shall close the day of rest ;

*p* Be He of every heart the Light,  
 Of every home the Guest.

*m* And when our nightly prayers we say  
 His watch He still shall keep,

*f* Crown with His grace His own blest day  
 And guard His people's sleep.

68

C.M.

*W. Brig.*

*m* AND now the wants are told, th  
 Thy children to Thy knee ; [broug  
 Here lingering still, we ask for nought,  
 But simply worship Thee.

The hope of Heaven's eternal days  
 Absorbs not all the heart

That gives Thee glory, love, and prai  
 For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the One, the Same  
 O'er all things high and bright ;  
 And round us, when we speak Thy Nam  
 There spreads a Heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dw  
 On excellence divine ;

To know that nought in man can tell  
 How fair Thy beauties shine !

O Thou, above all blessing blest,  
 O'er thanks exalted far,  
 Thy very greatness is a rest  
 To weaklings as we are ;

For when we feel the praise of Thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say, "A perfect God is He,  
And He is fully ours."

f All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

6s & 7s.

39 *M. Rinchart, trs. by C. Winkworth.*

f Now thank we all our God,  
With hearts, and hands, and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom His world rejoices;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way,  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

m O, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;

p And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

f All praise and thanks to God  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven;  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

70 *L.M. J. Keble.*

m SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,  
And all the flowers of life unfold,  
Let not my heart within me burn,  
Except in all I Thee discern.

p When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

m Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

p If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

m Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless  
store:

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

f Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

71 *10s. H. F. Lyte.*

m ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me  
abide: [flee,  
When other helpers fail, and comforts  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

p Swift to its close ebbs out life's little  
day; [away;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
Change and decay in all around I see:

m O Thou who changest not, abide with  
me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst  
smile, [meanwhile,  
And though rebellious and perverse  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee;  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples,  
Lord;

Familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of  
Kings; [wings;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of Sinners, thus abide  
with me.

I need Thy presence every passing  
hour; [tempter's power?

m What but Thy grace can foil the  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay  
can be? [with me.  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide

*f* I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to  
 bless, [ness.  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-  
 Where is Death's sting? where, Grave,  
 thy victory?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.  
 Reveal Thyself before my closing eyes,  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me  
 to the skies: [vain shadows flee:  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's  
 In life, in death. O Lord, abide with me.

72

10s.

*J. Ellerton.*

*m* SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we  
 raise [praise;  
 With one accord our parting hymn of  
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship  
 cease, [peace.  
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of  
 Grant us Thy peace upon our home-  
 ward way; [the day;  
 With Thee begun, with Thee shall end  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts  
 from shame, [Thy name.  
 That in this house have called upon  
*p* Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through  
 the coming night,  
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
 From harm and danger keep Thy  
 children free, [Thee.  
 For dark and light are both alike to  
*m* Grant us Thy peace throughout our  
 earthly life, [strife;  
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our  
 conflict cease,  
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

73

L.M. *W. M. Punshon.*

*m* WE rose to-day with anthems sweet,  
 To sing before the mercy-seat,  
 And ere the darkness round us fell,  
 We bade the grateful vespers swell.  
 Whate'er has risen from heart sincere,  
 Each upward glance of filial fear,  
 Each true resolve, each solemn vow,  
*p* Jesus our Lord! accept it now.  
*m* O let each following Sabbath yield  
 For our loved work an ampler field,  
 A sturdier hatred of the wrong,  
 A stronger purpose to grow strong!

Whate'er beneath Thy searching eyes  
 Has wrought to spoil our sacrifice,  
*p* 'Mid this sweet stillness while we bow  
 Jesus our Lord! forgive it now.  
*m* And teach us erring souls to win,  
 And hide a multitude of sin;  
 To tread in Christ's longsuffering way  
 And grow more like Him day by day.  
 So as our Sabbaths hasten past,  
 And rounding years bring nigh the last  
 When sinks the sun behind the hill,  
 When all the weary wheels stand still  
*p* When by our bed the loved ones weep  
 And death-dews o'er the forehead  
 creep,  
*m* And vain is help or hope from men;  
 Jesus our Lord! receive us then.

74

L.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* MILLIONS within Thy courts have me  
 Millions this day before Thee bowed  
 Their faces Zionward were set, [vowe  
 Vows with their lips to Thee the  
 People of many a tribe and tongue,  
 Men of strange colours, climate  
 lands,  
 Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung  
 And offered prayer with holy hand  
 Soon as the light of morning broke  
 O'er island, continent, or deep,  
 Thy far-spread family awoke,  
 Sabbath all round the world to keep  
 From east to west, the sun surveyed,  
 From north to south, adoring throng  
 And still, where evening stretched her  
 shade, [song  
*f* The stars came out to hear the  
 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,  
 Hath failed this day some suit to gain  
 To those in trouble Thou wert nigh;  
 Not one hath sought Thy face in vain  
 Thy poor have all been freely fed, [ro  
 Thy chastened sons have kissed the  
*p* Thy mourners have been comforted,  
 The pure in heart have seen their God  
*m* Yet one prayer more—and be it one  
 In which both heaven and earth  
 Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son, [accor  
 Let all that breathe call Jesus, Lord

75

8s 7s &amp; 4.

J. Fawcett.

*m* LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace:

O, refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.

*p* Thanks we give and adoration,  
For the gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound:

May Thy presence  
With us evermore be found!

So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,

*f* Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,

We shall surely  
Rise to reign in endless day.

76

L.M.

I. Watts.

*f* FROM all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

*m* Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.  
Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;  
In songs of praise divinely sing;

*f* The great salvation loud proclaim,  
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings  
flow;

Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

## SECOND DIVISION.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

77

P.M.

R. Heber.

*f* HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Gratefully adoring, our songs shall  
rise to Thee:

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons! blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore  
Thee, [around the glassy sea;

Casting down their golden crowns  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before Thee, [shalt be.

Who wast, and art, and evermore

*p* Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness  
hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy  
glory may not see; [beside Thee

Only Thou art holy; there is none  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

*f* Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name,  
in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in three persons! blessed Trinity!

78

7s. C. Wordsworth.

*p* HOLY, holy, holy, Lord  
God of Hosts, Eternal King,  
By the heavens and earth adored,

*f* Angels and archangels sing,  
Chanting everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

*m* Since by Thee were all things made,  
And in Thee do all things live,

Be to Thee all honour paid,

*f* Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

*p* Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings;  
Eyes of angels are too dim

To behold the King of Kings,

*f* While they sing eternally  
To the blessed Trinity.

Thee apostles, prophets Thee,  
Thee the noble martyr band,

Praise with solemn jubilee;

Thee the Church in every land;

Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.



*m* To the Father ; and the Son,  
*p* Who for us did deign to die ;  
 And to God the Holy One,  
 Who the Church doth sanctify ;  
*f* Sing we with glad jubilee,  
 Hallelujah ! Lord, to Thee.

79 8-7s. *J. Montgomery.*

*f* HOLY, holy, holy, Lord  
 God of Hosts ! when heaven and earth  
 Out of darkness, at Thy word,  
 Issued into glorious birth ;  
 All Thy works around Thee stood,  
 And Thine eye beheld them good,  
 While they sang with sweet accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

*m* Holy, holy, holy !—Thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore :  
 Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by Thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

*f* Holy, holy, holy !—all  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 While the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King :  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Blending in sublime accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

80 C.M. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* MOST ancient of all mysteries,  
 Before Thy throne we lie ;  
 Eternal Wisdom, Light, and Love !  
 Most holy Trinity !

How wonderful creation is,  
 Thy work, which Thou didst bless ;  
 'Tis but the hiding of Thy power,  
 Divine Almightiness.

How beautiful Thine angels are !  
 Thy saints, in radiant dress,  
 They're but the shadow of Thy light,  
 Eternal loveliness !

Infinite Goodness ! Thou art dear  
 To Thy poor creature's heart ;  
 It blesses Thee that Thou art God,  
 That Thou art what Thou art.

*p* We look up in our littleness  
 To Thy majestic state ;  
 Our comfort is Thou art so good,  
 And that Thou art so great.  
*f* O glorious in Thy holiness,  
 Our souls to Thee would fly ;  
 Inspire us now with fear and love  
 Our God to sanctify.

81 6s & 4s. *E. A. Collier.*

*m* THOU, Lord, art God alone,  
 Veiling Thy burning throne  
 From mortal sight ;  
 Yet Thou our Father art,  
 From whose all-pitying heart  
 Nor life nor death can part,  
 Nor depth nor height.

*f* We praise Thee, Holy One,  
 The Father's only Son,  
 His image bright ;  
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 Who dost redemption bring,  
 Thy matchless grace we sing,  
 Thy saving might.

We praise Thee, Heavenly Guest,  
 Thou great and last bequest  
 Of love to man ;

*p* O blessed Paraclete,  
 Guide Thou our pilgrim feet,  
 Till glory shall complete  
 What grace began.

*f* We praise Thee, Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, Three in One,  
 God of all grace ;  
 Angels and cherubim,  
 With flaming seraphim,  
 Thy name, thrice holy, hymn  
 With veiled face.

L.M.

82 *J. Chandler (trs. Claude de Santeuil)*  
*f* THRICE Holy God, of wondrous might  
 O Trinity of Love Divine,  
 To Thee belongs the changeless light  
 And everlasting joy is Thine.

*p* Before Thy throne dark clouds abound  
 About Thee shine such dazzling rays  
 That angels, as they stand around,  
 For ever tremble as they gaze.

*m* Thy sons anew created, Lord, [Name]  
 Confess Thee in Thine own grace  
 By faith they taste the rich reward  
 Which love already longs to claim.



*p* Grant us, O Father, power to do [each;  
The work which Thou hast laid on  
Grant us, O blessed Son, to know  
The heavenly wisdom Thou dost teach.

*m* And Thou, O Holy Ghost, inspire  
Our wills Thy counsel to approve;  
What Thou desirest, to desire;  
And love whatever Thou dost love.

**83** 8s 7s & 4. *H. Bonar.*

*m* GLORY be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,—  
Great Jehovah, Three in One!  
Glory, glory  
While eternal ages run!

*p* Glory be to Him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain!  
Glory be to Him who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign!  
Glory, glory  
To the Lamb that once was slain!

*f* Glory to the King of Angels,  
Glory to the Church's King,  
Glory to the King of Nations!  
Heaven and earth, your praises bring;  
Glory, glory  
To the King of Glory bring!

**84**

6s & 4s. *Anon., 1757.*

*f* COME, Thou Almighty King,  
Help us Thy name to sing,  
Help us to praise;  
Father, all glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of Days.

*p* Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword;  
Our prayer attend.

*f* Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success;  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

*m* Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour;  
Thou Who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

*f* To the great One in Three  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence, evermore!  
His sovereign Majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

## THIRD DIVISION.

### GOD THE FATHER:

#### PRAISE AND ADORATION.

**85** 6s 8s & 4s. *T. Oliver.*

*f* THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love:  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confest,  
I bow and bless the sacred Name,  
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise!  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all my ways:

*p* He calls a worm His friend!  
He calls Himself my God!  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesu's blood.

*m* He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend;  
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend:  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore!

The goodly land I see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
A land of sacred liberty,  
And endless rest.

There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crowned.

*f* There dwells the Lord our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
The Prince of Peace!  
On Sion's sacred height,  
His kingdom still maintains;  
And, glorious with His saints in light,  
For ever reigns.

The God Who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing,  
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
"Almighty King!  
Who was and is the same,  
And evermore shall be;  
Jehovah! Father! great I AM!  
We worship Thee!"

The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"  
They ever cry;  
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!  
(I join the heavenly lays.)  
All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

86 11s. W. C. Smith.

*m* IMMORTAL, Invisible, God only wise,  
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,  
*f* Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient  
Of Days, [we praise,  
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name  
*p* Unresting, unhasting, and silent as  
light, [in might;  
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest  
*m* Thy Justice, like mountains, high soaring  
above [goodness and love.  
Thy clouds which are fountains of  
To all, life Thou givest—to both great  
and small;  
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;  
*p* We blossom and flourish as leaves on  
the tree, [changeth Thee.  
And wither and perish—but naught  
*m* To-day and to-morrow with Thee still  
are now; [hast Thou;  
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord,

Nor passion doth fever, nor age can  
decay, [terday.  
*f* The same God for ever that was yes-  
*m* Great Father of Glory, pure Father of  
Light, [their sight;  
*p* Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling  
*m* But of all Thy rich graces this grace  
Lord, impart— [from our heart.  
Take the veil from our faces, the veil  
*f* All laud we would render; O help us to  
see, [Thee;  
*p* 'Tis only the splendour of light hideth  
*f* And so let Thy glory almighty impart,  
Through Christ in the story, Thy Christ  
to the heart.

87 L.M. I. Watts.

*f* PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise  
Your hearts and voices in His praise:  
His nature and His works invite  
To make this duty our delight.  
*m* He formed the stars, those heavenly  
flames; [names;  
He counts their numbers, calls their  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are  
drowned.  
*f* Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,  
Who spreads His clouds along the sky:  
There He prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.  
*m* He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
The beasts with food His hands supply  
And the young ravens when they cry.  
What is the creature's skill or force?  
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?  
The piercing wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for Him.  
*p* But saints are lovely in His sight,  
He views His children with delight;  
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,  
And looks and loves His image there.

88 6-8s. I. Watts.

*p* I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last  
Or immortality endures,

*m* Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God ; He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their  
train ;  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.  
*p* The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
He sends the labouring conscience  
peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.  
*f* I'll praise Him while He lends me breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

89 7s. *J. Montgomery.*

*f* SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.  
Songs of praise awoke the morn,  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.  
Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.  
*p* And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
*f* No ! the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.  
*m* Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.  
*p* Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death :  
*f* Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

90 L.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* God is the name my soul adores,  
The almighty Three, the eternal One ;  
Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
Confess the Infinite unknown.

Thy voice produced the sea and spheres,  
Bade the waves roar, the planets shine ;  
But nothing like Thyself appears  
Through all these spacious works of  
Thine.

*p* Still restless nature dies and grows,  
From change to change the creatures  
Thy Being no succession knows, [run ;  
And all Thy vast designs are one.

*m* A glance of Thine runs through the  
globe, [their frame ;  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves  
Of light Thou formst Thy dazzling robe  
Thy ministers are living flame.

*p* How shall polluted mortals dare  
To sing Thy glory or Thy grace ?  
Beneath Thy feet we lie afar,  
And see but shadows of Thy face.

*f* Who can behold the blazing light ?  
Who can approach consuming flame ?  
None but Thy Wisdom knows Thy might,  
None but Thy Word can speak Thy  
name.

91 L.M. *R. Wilton.*

*f* YE sons of men, your glory wake,  
To God your hearts and voices raise,  
He calls on you to lead the lays  
That from His happy creatures break.

*m* All tribes and tongues, your incense  
bring,—  
The fragrant offering of your praise ;  
And beautify life's common ways  
With grateful thoughts that upward  
spring.

Ye faithful servants of the Lord,  
Be works of love your harp of song ;  
In loyal service calm and strong,  
Your daily praises be outpoured.

*p* Ye holy, humble men of heart,  
Be perfect peace your blissful dower,  
With praises fill each tranquil hour,  
*m* And dwell from strife and guile apart.

*f* All people, lift your song above,  
In sweet accord with Nature's choir ;  
And strike your hearts' melodious lyre,  
To laud His name and bless His love !

92

S.M.

*I. Watts.*

- f* COME, sound His praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.
- p* He formed the deeps unknown;  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all His own,  
And all the solid ground.
- m* Come, worship at His throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord;  
We are His works, and not our own;  
He formed us by His word.
- f* To-day attend His voice,  
Nor dare provoke His rod;  
Come, as the people of His choice,  
And own your gracious God.

93

L.M.

*I. Watts.*

- m* GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Be Thou my hope, my joy, my rest:  
The glories that compose Thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blessed.
- Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am Thine by sacred ties, [blood.  
Thy son, Thy servant bought with  
With fainting heart, and lifted hands,  
For Thee I long, to Thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- Should I from Thee, my God, remove,  
Life could no lasting bliss afford;  
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,  
My guard, the presence of my Lord.
- f* I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And fill the circle of my days.

94

8s & 7s.

*Anon., from the Latin (11th Cent.)*

- f* HALLELUJAH! song of gladness,  
Song of everlasting joy;  
Hallelujah! song the sweetest  
That can angel-hosts employ;  
Hymning in God's holy presence  
Their high praise eternally.
- Hallelujah! Church victorious,  
Thou mayst lift this joyful strain:

Hallelujah! songs of triumph

Well befit the ransomed train:

- m* We our song must raise with sadness,  
While in exile we remain.
- p* Hallelujah! strains of gladness  
Suit not souls with anguish torn;  
Hallelujah! notes of sadness  
Best befit our state forlorn:  
For, in this dark world of sorrow,  
We, with tears, our sin must mourn.
- m* But our earnest supplication,  
Holy God, we raise to Thee;  
Bring us to Thy blissful presence,  
Make us all Thy joys to see;
- f* Then we'll sing our Hallelujah,—  
Sing to all eternity.

95

11s & 10s. *M. C. Campbell.*

- m* PRAISE ye Jehovah, praise the Lord  
most holy, [strength the weak;  
Who cheers the contrite, girds with  
Praise Him Who will with glory crown  
the lowly, [meek.  
And with salvation beautify the
- Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-  
kindness, [shown;  
And all the tender mercy He hath  
Praise Him Who pardons all our sin and  
blindness, [His own.  
And calls us sons, and takes us for
- Praise ye Jehovah, Source of all our  
blessing; [wax dim;  
Before His gifts earth's richest boons  
Resting in Him, His peace and joy  
possessing, [in Him
- All things are ours, for we have all
- f* Praise ye the Father, God the Lord,  
Who gave us, [Son;  
With full and perfect love, His only  
Praise ye the Son, Who died Himself  
to save us; [in One.  
Praise ye the Spirit: praise the Three

96

C.M.

*G. MacDonald.*

- f* FATHER, I well may praise Thy name  
In sounds of flowing song;  
And in glad words aloud proclaim  
That I to Thee belong.
- m* I see Thy light, Thy world's wide scope,  
I hear Thy wind abroad:  
All things that give me life and hope  
Are from my Father, God.



This living soul, which I call mine,  
Doth feel and know and love ;

*f* It is an utterance of Thine,  
*p* A breathing from above.

*m* So I would fill a higher part,  
Self-acting, like to Thee ;  
Therefore I'll stir my inmost heart  
To live in action free.

This be my action, henceforth now,  
Ever to will the good ;  
And then, when strength is failing, Thou  
Wilt give my spirit food.

And through the grace of Him Who  
To do Thy will on earth, [willed  
With truth my spirit shall be filled,  
And reach its place of birth.

97 8s 7s & 4. H. F. Lyte.

*m* PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven ;  
To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like me His praise should sing ?

*f* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

*m* Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless :

*f* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

*m* Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes :

*f* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy flows.

*p* Frail as summer's flowers we flourish ;  
Blows the wind and it is gone ;  
But, while mortals rise and perish,  
God endures unchanging on :  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the high eternal One.

*m* Angels, help us to adore Him ;  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;  
Dwellers all in time and space,

*f* Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

98

C.M.

H. Bonar.

*m* FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,  
In every part with praise,  
That my whole being may proclaim  
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,  
Nor e'en the praising heart  
I ask, but for a life made up  
Of praise in every part.

*f* Praise in the common things of life,  
Its goings out and in ;  
Praise in each duty and each deed,  
However small and mean.

Fill every part of me with praise :  
Let all my being speak  
Of Thee, and of Thy love, O Lord,  
Poor though I be, and weak.

*m* So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,  
Receive the glory due ;  
And so shall I begin on earth  
The song for ever new.

So shall no part of day or night  
From sacredness be free ;  
But all my life, in every step,  
Be fellowship with Thee.

HIS ATTRIBUTES AND GLORY.

99

C.M.

F. W. Faber.

*f* O GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright ;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,  
A rapture to the sight.

*m* Yet more than all, and ever more,  
Should we Thy creatures bless,  
Most worshipful of attributes,  
Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind  
Thou dost not meet and still ;  
There's not a wish the heart can have  
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

*f* All things that have been, all that are,  
All things that can be dreamed,  
All possible creations, made,  
Kept faithful, or redeemed—

All these may draw upon Thy power,  
Thy mercy may command ;

*p* And still outflows Thy silent sea,  
Immutable and grand.



O little heart of mine! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
*f* When all this God is all for thee,  
A Father all thine own?

100 6-7s. *G. Thring.*

*m* LORD of power, Lord of might!  
God and Father of us all;  
Lord of day, and Lord of night,  
Listen to our solemn call:  
*p* Listen, whilst to Thee we raise  
*f* Songs of prayer, and songs of praise.  
*m* Light, and love, and life are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good,  
Fill our souls with light divine;  
Give us with our daily food  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,  
Blessings rich for evermore.  
*p* Graft within our heart of hearts  
Love undying for Thy Name,  
Bid us e'er the day departs  
*f* Spread afar our Maker's fame:  
Young and old together bless,  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.  
*m* Full of years, and full of peace,  
May our life on earth be blest,  
*p* When our trials here shall cease,  
And at last we sink to rest,  
*f* Fountain of eternal love!  
Call us to our home above.

101 C.M. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* MY God! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy Majesty how bright!  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!  
*p* How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord!  
By prostrate spirits, day and night,  
Incessantly adored!  
*m* How beautiful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be;  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!  
*p* O how I fear Thee, living God!  
With deepest, tenderest fears;  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.  
*m* Yet may I love Thee, too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art;  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

*f* Father of Jesus, love's Reward!  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze, and gaze on Thee!

102 P.M. *T. Binney.*

*m* ETERNAL Light! Eternal Light!  
How pure the soul must be, [sight,  
When, placed within Thy searching  
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,  
Can live, and look on Thee.  
The angels that surround Thy throne  
May bear the heavenly bliss;  
But that is surely theirs alone,  
Since they have never, never known  
A fallen world like this.  
*p* O, how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before Thy glory, there appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
That uncreated beam?  
There is a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode:  
An offering and a sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit's energies,  
An advocate with God.  
*m* These, these prepare us for the sight  
Of holiness above:  
The sons of ignorance and night  
May dwell in the eternal light,  
Through God's eternal love.

103 L.M. *J. Wesley.*

*m* O GOD, Thou bottomless abyss,  
Thee to perfection who can know?  
O height immense! What words suffice  
Thy countless attributes to show?  
Greatness unspeakable is Thine,  
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,  
*p* When shortlived words are lost, shall  
shine  
When earth and heaven are fled away.  
*m* Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea, [word;  
What lives, and moves, lives by Thy  
It lives, and moves, and is from Thee!  
Thy parent-hand, Thy forming skill,  
Firm fixed this universal chain;  
Else empty, barren darkness still  
Had held his unmolested reign.

Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,  
Or shuns or meets the wandering  
thought,  
Escapes or strikes the searching eye,  
By Thee was to perfection brought!

*f* High is Thy power above all height;  
Whate'er Thy will decrees is done:  
Thy wisdom, equal to Thy might,  
Only to Thee, O God, is known!

**104** L.M. J. Conder.

*f* THE Lord is King: life up thy voice,  
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice:  
From world to world the joy shall ring,  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King: who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
*m* Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His Royal promises?

*p* The Lord is King: child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just:  
Holy and true are all His ways:

*f* Let every creature speak His praise.

*m* O, when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,  
Then may His children cease to sing,  
*f* The Lord Omnipotent is King.

*m* He reigns! ye saints, exalt your strains;  
Your God is King, your Father reigns;  
And He is at the Father's side,  
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

*f* One Lord, one empire, all secures:  
He reigns—and life and death are  
yours. [shall ring,  
Through earth and heaven one song  
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

**105** 6-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* INFINITE God, to Thee we raise  
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;  
By all Thy works on earth adored,  
We worship Thee, the common Lord;  
The Everlasting Father own,  
And bow our souls before Thy throne.

Thee all the choir of angels sings,  
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings;  
Cherubs proclaim Thy praise aloud,  
And seraphs shout the Triune God;  
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,  
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

God of the patriarchal race,  
The ancient seers record Thy praise,  
The goodly apostolic band  
In highest joy and glory stand;  
And all the saints and prophets join  
To extol Thy majesty divine.  
Head of the martyrs' noble host,  
Of Thee they justly make their boast;  
The Church, to earth's remotest bounds,  
Her heavenly Founder's praise re-  
sounds; [throne,  
And strives with those around the  
To hymn the mystic Three in One.  
Father of endless majesty,  
All might and love they render Thee;  
Thy true and only Son adore,  
The same in dignity and power;  
And God the Holy Ghost declare,  
The saints' eternal Comforter.

**106** 6-8s. Samuel J. Stone.

*m* NONE else but Thee for evermore,  
One, All, we dread, believe, adore;  
Great earth and heaven shall have  
their day,

And, worn and old, shall pass away,  
But Thou remainest on Thy throne,  
Eternal, changeless, and alone!

None else we praise! in every form,  
In peace of calm, and power of storm,  
In simple flower, and mystic star,  
In all around, and all afar,  
In grandeur, beauty, truth, but Thee;  
None else we hear, none else we see.

*p* None else we love! for sweeter grace  
That made anew a ruined race:  
The heirs of life, the lords of death,  
With earliest voice and latest breath,  
When days begin, when days are done  
Bless we the Father for the Son.

*m* None else we trust! though flesh may fail,  
Or heart may sink when foes assail,  
Thou, by Thy Spirit, art our stay,  
And peace that shall not pass away:  
None else in life and death have we,  
But we have all in all with Thee.

Yea, none but Thee all worlds confess,  
And those redeemed ones numberless:  
Father, with Son and Spirit, One,  
And evermore beside Thee none,  
Of all that is, has been, shall be,  
We praise, love, trust none else but Thee!

107

L.M.

*E. Lange.*

*m* PARENT of Good, Thy bounteous hand  
Incessant blessings down distills,  
And all in air, or sea, or land, [fills.  
With plenteous food and gladness

All things in Thee live, move, and are;  
Thy power infused doth all sustain:  
Even those Thy daily favours share,  
Who thankless spurn Thy easy reign.

Thy sun Thou bidst his genial ray  
Alike on all impartial pour;  
To all, who hate or bless Thy sway,  
Thou bidst descend the fruitful  
shower.

*p* Yet while, at length, who scorned Thy  
might  
Shall feel Thee a consuming fire,  
How sweet the joys, the crown how  
bright,  
Of those who to Thy love aspire!

*m* All creatures praise the eternal Name!  
Ye hosts that to His court belong,  
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,  
Awake the everlasting song!

Thrice Holy! Thine the kingdom is,  
The power omnipotent is Thine;  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

108

C.M. 6 lines.

*J. Conder.*

*m* BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,  
Above that dome of sky,  
Farther than thought itself can flee,  
Thy dwelling is on high;  
Yet dear the awful thought to me,  
That Thou, my God, art nigh:—

*p* Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind  
Feels after Thee in vain,  
Thee in these works of power to find,  
Or to Thy seat attain;  
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;  
Thy path, the trackless main:—

*m* These speak of Thee with loud acclaim:  
They thunder forth Thy praise,  
The glorious honour of Thy name,  
The wonders of Thy ways;  
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,  
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

*f* We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll  
Through the wild fields of air:  
The waves obey Thy dread control;  
Yet still Thou art not there.  
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,  
Who yet is everywhere?  
O! not in circling depth or height,  
But in the conscious breast,  
Present to faith, though veiled to sight,  
There doth His Spirit rest.  
O come, Thou Presence Infinite!  
And make Thy creature blest.

109

L.M. *Sir John Bowring.*

*m* FATHER and Friend! Thy light, Thy  
love, [see;  
Beaming through all Thy works we  
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,  
And all the earth is full of Thee.

*p* Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,  
Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal  
Involved in clouds—invisible, [sight,  
*f* Reignest the Lord of life and light.

*m* We know not in what hallowed part [be,  
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may  
*f* But this we know, that where Thou art,  
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell  
with Thee.

*m* Thy children shall not faint nor fear,  
Sustained by this delightful thought:  
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,  
They cannot be where Thou art not.

GOD IN CREATION.

110

D.L.M.

*J. Addison*

*m* THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great original proclaim.

*p* The unwearied sun from day to day  
Doth his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

*m* Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth; [burn,  
Whilst all the stars which round her  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

*p* What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst the radiant orbs be found :  
*f* In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice !  
For ever singing as they shine  
"The hand that made us is divine."

**111** *8s & 7s. Foundling Chapel Collection.*

*f* PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore  
Him ;  
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.  
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken ;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :  
*m* Laws which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.  
*f* Praise the Lord, for He is glorious :  
Never shall His promise fail,  
God hath made His saints victorious :  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation,  
Hosts on high His power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name.

**112** *C.M. G. Rawson.*

*f* PRAISE ye the Lord ! immortal choir,  
In heavenly heights above,  
With harp and voice and souls of fire,  
Burning with perfect love.  
Shine to His glory, worlds of light !  
Ye million sons of space,  
Fair moons and glittering stars of night,  
Running your mystic race !  
*m* Ye gorgeous clouds, that deck the sky  
With crystal, crimson, gold,  
And rainbow arches raised on high,  
The Light of light unfold !  
His name, ye forests, wave along ;  
*p* Whisper it, every flower ;  
*m* Birds, beasts, and insects, swell the song  
That tells His love and power.  
*f* And round the wide world let it roll,  
Whilst man shall lead it on ;  
Join every ransomed human soul,  
In glorious unison !

**113** *6-7s. G. W. Conder.*

*m* ALL things praise Thee, Lord most high ;  
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,  
All were for Thy glory made,  
That Thy greatness thus displayed  
Should all worship bring to Thee ;  
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.  
All things praise Thee : night to night  
Sings in silent hymns of light ;  
All things praise Thee ; day to day  
Chants Thy power, in burning ray ;  
Time and space are praising Thee,  
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.  
*p* All things praise Thee ; high and low,  
Rain and dew and seven-hued bow,  
Crimson sunset, fleecy cloud,  
Rippling stream and tempest loud ;  
Summer, winter, all to Thee  
Glory render : Lord, may we.  
*f* All things praise Thee ; Heaven's high  
Rings with melody divine ; [shrine  
Lowly bending at Thy feet,  
Seraph and archangel meet ;  
This their highest bliss to be  
Ever praising : Lord, may we.  
All things praise Thee ; Gracious Lord,  
Great Creator, Powerful Word,  
Omnipresent Spirit, now  
*p* At Thy feet we humbly bow,  
Lift our hearts in praise to Thee ;  
All things praise Thee : Lord, may we.

**114** *C.M. I. Watts.*

*m* ETERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings :  
With Thy loved name rocks, hills, and  
And heaven's high palace rings. [seas,  
Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,  
How glorious to behold !  
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,  
And starred with sparkling gold.  
Lo ! here Thy wondrous skill arrays  
The earth in cheerful green :  
A thousand herbs Thy art displays,  
A thousand flowers between.  
*f* Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
And strike the wondering sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid  
With terror and delight. [ground,



*m* Infinite strength and equal skill  
Shine through Thy works abroad,  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
And speak the builder God.

*p* But the mild glories of Thy grace  
Our softer passions move;  
Pity divine, in Jesu's face,  
We see, adore, and love!

**115** L.M. C. Wesley.

*f* FATHER of all, whose powerful voice  
Called forth this universal frame!  
Whose mercies over all rejoice,  
Through endless ages still the same.  
Thou by Thy word upholdest all;  
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;  
Thou hearst Thy every creature's call,  
And fillest every mouth with good.

*m* In heaven Thou reignst enthroned in  
light, [spread;  
Nature's expanse beneath Thee  
Earth, air, and sea, before Thy sight,  
And hell's deep gloom are open laid.

*p* Wisdom, and might, and love are Thine;  
Prostrate before Thy face we fall,  
Confess Thine attributes divine,  
And hail Thee, sovereign Lord of all.

*f* Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,  
That moves in earth, or air, or sky;  
Revere Thy power, Thy goodness bless,  
Tremble before Thy piercing eye.

All ye who owe to Him your birth,  
In praise your every hour employ:  
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth;  
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

**116** L.M. O. W. Holmes.

*m* LORD of all being! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star,  
Centre and sun of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life! Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope! Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

*p* Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign,  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

*m* Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne [love  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

**117** C.M. I. Watts.

*f* I SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day:  
The moon shines full at His command  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures by His word,  
And then pronounced them good.

*m* Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye!  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

*p* There's not a plant or flower below,  
But makes Thy glories known:  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from Thy throne.

*f* His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He guides me with His eye:  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh?

**118** C.M. J. Keble.

*m* THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts,  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book, to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and  
In peace and order move. [small

*p* One name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.



*m* Thy blessed word and works agree  
Thy goodness to declare ;  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

**119** 6-8s. *T. Moore.*

*m* THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see :  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee :  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.  
When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven :  
Those hues, that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.

*p* When night, with wings of starry gloom  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark beauteous bird whose  
plume  
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;  
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine.

*m* When youthful spring - around us  
breathes,  
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,  
And every flower the summer wreathes  
Is born beneath that kindling eye—  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

**120** L.M. *G. E. L. Cotton.*

*m* We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,  
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;  
For all their beauty, all their worth,  
Their light and glory, come from Thee.  
Thine are the flowers that clothe the  
ground,

The trees that wave their arms above,  
The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

*p* Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,  
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's  
might.

*m* So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye  
On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
Help us in Thee to live and die,  
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

HIS PROVIDENCE.

**121**

C.M.

*W. Cowper.*

*m* GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.  
Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.  
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

*p* Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace :  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

*m* Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain :  
God is His own Interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

**122**

C.M.

*P. Doddridge.*

*m* O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led,

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

*p* Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

*m* O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

123

8-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* MEET and right it is to praise  
God, the Giver of all grace,  
God, whose mercies are bestowed  
On the evil and the good:  
He prevents His creatures' call,  
Kind and merciful to all;  
Makes His sun on sinners rise;  
Showers His blessings from the skies.  
Least of all Thy creatures, we  
Daily Thy salvation see;  
As by heavenly manna fed,  
Through a world of dangers led;  
Through a wilderness of cares;  
Through ten thousand thousand snares;  
More than now our hearts conceive,  
More than we could know, and live!  
Here, as in the lion's den,  
Undevoured we still remain;  
Pass secure the watery flood,  
Hanging on the arm of God:  
Here we raise our voices higher,  
Shout in the Refiner's fire;  
Clap our hands amidst the flame,  
Glory give to Jesu's Name.

124

6-7s.

*J. Conder.*

*m* O GIVE thanks to Him who made  
Morning light and evening shade;  
Source and Giver of all good,  
Nightly sleep and daily food;  
Quickener of our wearied powers;  
Guard of our unconscious hours.  
O give thanks with heart and lip,  
For we are His workmanship;  
And all creatures are His care:  
Not a bird that cleaves the air  
Falls unnoticed; but who can  
Speak the Father's love to man?  
O give thanks to Him who came  
In a mortal, suffering frame—  
Temple of the Deity—  
Came, for rebel man to die;  
In the path Himself hath trod,  
Leading back His saints to God.

125

C.M.

*J. Addison.*

*m* How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence;  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass  
And breathe in tainted air. [hu

When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to heed  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will;  
The sea that roars at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past  
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life  
Thy sacrifice shall be;  
And, O! may death, when death shall come,  
Unite our souls to Thee! [com

126

4-7s.

*J. Milton.*

*m* LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:  
*f* For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*m* He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
*f* For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*m* He the golden-tressed sun  
Caused all day his course to run;  
*f* For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*m* All things living He doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need:  
*f* For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*p* He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:  
*f* For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

127

6-8s.

*J. Addison.*

*n* THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks He shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.  
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wandering steps He leads,  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

*p* Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,

*n* With sudden green and herbage crowned,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

*p* Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
*f* My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me still.  
 Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

128

C.M.

*I. Watts.*

*n* My Shepherd will supply my need,  
 Jehovah is His Name ;  
 In pastures fresh He makes me feed  
 Beside the living stream.  
 He brings my wandering spirit back  
 When I forsake His ways ;  
 And leads me, for His mercy's sake,  
 In paths of truth and grace.

*p* When I walk through the shades of  
 Thy presence is my stay ; [death,  
 A word of Thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.

*m* Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread ;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Thine oil anoints my head.  
 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days :  
 O may Thy house be mine abode,  
 And all my works be praise !  
 There would I find a settled rest,  
 While others go and come ;  
 No more a stranger or a guest,  
 But like a child at home.

129

8s &amp; 7s. (Iambic.)

*Sir H. W. Baker.*

*m* THE King of Love my shepherd is,  
 Whose goodness faileth never :  
 I nothing lack if I am His  
 And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
 My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
 And where the verdant pastures grow  
 With food celestial feedeth.

*p* Perverse and foolish oft I strayed ;  
 But yet in love He sought me,  
 And on His shoulder gently laid,  
 And home rejoicing brought me.

*m* In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
 With Thee, dear Lord, beside me—  
 Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
 Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight ;  
 Thy unction grace bestoweth ;  
*f* And O what transport of delight  
 From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days  
 Thy goodness faileth never ;  
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
 Within Thy house for ever.

130

L.M.

*I. Watts.*

*m* GOD is the refuge of His saints,  
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
 Ere we can offer our complaints,  
 Behold Him present with His aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
 Down to the deep, and buried there—  
 Convulsions shake the solid world—  
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

*f* Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;  
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
 While every nation, every shore,  
 Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

*m* There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God ;  
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
 And watering our divine abode.

This sacred stream, Thy vital word,  
 Thus all our raging fear controls ;  
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting  
 souls

131

7s 5s & 8s. *H. Bonar.*

*m* WHEN the weary, seeking rest,  
To Thy goodness flee;  
When the heavy-laden cast  
All their load on Thee;  
When the troubled, seeking peace,  
On Thy Name shall call;  
When the sinner, seeking life,  
At Thy feet shall fall:

*f* Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

*m* When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his Father's love;  
When the proud man, in his pride,  
Stoops to seek Thy face;

*p* When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace:

*f* Hear then, in love, etc.

*m* When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the suppliant knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee:

*f* Hear then, in love, etc.

*m* When the man of toil and care  
In the city crowd;  
When the shepherd on the moor  
Names the Name of God;  
When the learned and the high,  
Tired of earthly fame,  
Upon higher joys intent,  
Name the blessed Name:

*f* Hear then, in love, etc.

*m* When the child, with grave fresh lip,  
Youth or maiden fair;

*p* When the aged, weak, and grey,  
Seek Thy face in prayer;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,  
Sad and lone and low;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan-woe:

*f* Hear then, in love, etc.

*p* When creation, in her pangs,  
Heaves her heavy groan;  
When Thy Salem's exiled sons  
Breathe their bitter moan;  
When Thy waiting, weeping Church,  
Looking for a home,  
Sendeth up her silent sigh,  
Come, Lord Jesus, come!

*f* Hear then, in love, etc.

132

7s & 6s. *Sarah Doudney*

*m* FOR all Thy care we bless Thee,  
O Father, God of Might!  
For golden hours of morning,  
And quiet hours of night:  
Thine is the arm that shields us  
When danger threatens nigh,  
And Thine the hand that yields us  
Rich gifts of earth and sky.

For all Thy love we bless Thee;  
No mortal lips can speak

*p* Thy comfort to the weary,  
Thy pity for the weak:

*m* By Thee life's path is brightened  
With sunshine and with song;  
The heavy loads are lightened,  
The feeble hearts made strong.

For all Thy truth we bless Thee;  
Our human vows are frail,  
But through the strife of ages  
Thy word can never fail;  
The kingdoms shall be broken,  
The mighty ones will fall,  
The promise Thou hast spoken  
Shall triumph over all.

O teach us how to praise Thee,  
And touch our lips with fire!  
Yea, let Thy Dove descending,  
Our hearts and minds inspire;  
Thus toiling, watching, singing,  
We tread our desert way,  
And every hour is bringing  
Nearer the dawn of day.

133

C.M. *J. Addison*

*m* WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.



Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestowed,  
 Before my infant heart conceived  
 From Whom those comforts flowed.  
 When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

*p* When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
 With health renewed my face;  
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
 Revived my soul with grace.

*f* Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ;  
*m* Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

*f* Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds  
 The glorious theme renew.  
 Through all eternity to Thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 For O! eternity's too short  
 To utter all Thy praise.

**134** L.M. *Sir W. Scott.*  
*m* WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
 Out of the land of bondage came,  
 His father's God before him moved,  
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
 By day, along the astonished lands  
 The clouded pillar glided slow;  
 By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands  
 Returned the fiery column's glow.  
 Thus present still, though now unseen,  
 When brightly shines the prosperous  
 day,  
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,  
 To temper the deceitful ray!

*p* And, O! when gathers on our path  
 In shade and storm the frequent night,  
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
 A burning and a shining light.

**135** L.M. *C. Wesley.*  
*m* FATHER, whose everlasting love  
 Thy only Son for sinners gave;  
 Whose grace to all did freely move,  
 And sent Him down the world to save:

Help us Thy mercy to extol,  
 Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;  
 To praise the Lamb who died for all,  
 The general Saviour of mankind.  
 Thy undistinguishing regard  
 Was cast on Adam's fallen race:  
 For all Thou hast in Christ prepared  
 Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

*p* The world He suffered to redeem:  
 For all He hath atonement made:  
 For those that will not come to Him,  
 The ransom of His life was paid.

*f* Arise, O God, maintain Thy cause!  
 The fulness of the Gentiles call:  
 Lift up the standard of Thy cross,  
 And all shall own Thou diedst for all.

**136** C.M. *I. Watts.*  
*m* FATHER, how wide Thy glory shines!  
 How high Thy wonders rise!  
 Known through the earth by thousand  
 By thousands through the skies. [signs,  
 Part of Thy name divinely stands  
 On all Thy creatures writ;  
 They show the labour of Thy hands,  
 Or impress of Thy feet.

*p* Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe,  
 We love and we adore;  
 The first archangel never saw  
 So much of God before.

*m* Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.

*f* Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains!  
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.  
 O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song!  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

**137** L.M. *H. Bonar.*  
*m* O LOVE of God, how strong and true!  
 Eternal and yet ever new;  
 Uncomprehended and unbought,  
 Beyond all knowledge and all thought.  
 O love of God! how deep and great!  
 Far deeper than man's deepest hate;  
 Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,  
 Changeless, eternal, infinite.



O heavenly love, how precious still,  
In days of weariness and ill !  
In nights of pain and helplessness,  
To heal, to comfort, and to bless.  
O wide embracing, wondrous love !  
We read thee in the sky above ;  
We read thee in the earth below,  
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

*p* We read thee best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame ;  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

*m* O love of God ! our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way ;  
Eternal love, in thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever blessed !

**138** C.M.D. *F. L. Hosmer.*

*m* O THOU who art of all that is  
Beginning both and end,  
We follow Thee through unknown paths,  
Since all to Thee must tend :

*p* Thy judgments are a mighty deep  
Beyond all fathom-line ;  
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,  
Our strength, to trust in Thine.

*f* We bless Thee for the skies above,  
And for the earth beneath,  
For hopes that blossom here below  
And wither not with death ;  
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,  
O heavenly Light within,

*m* Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels  
The darkness of our sin.

*f* Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,  
Our comfort when distressed ;  
Be Thou by day, our strength for toil,  
*p* And Thou by night our rest.

And when these earthly dwellings fail  
And Time's last hour is come,  
*m* Be Thou, O God, our dwelling-place  
And our eternal home !

**139** C.M. *F. L. Hosmer.*

*m* O NAME, all other names above,  
What art Thou not to me ?  
Now I have learned to trust Thy love  
And cast my care on Thee.

*v* What is our being but a cry,  
A restless longing still,

*m* Which Thou alone canst satisfy,  
Alone Thy fulness fill ?

Thrice blessed be the holy souls  
That lead the way to Thee,  
That burn upon the martyr-rolls  
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground  
O'er which their faith hath trod ;

*p* But sweeter far, when Thou art found  
The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms,  
Our anxious burdens fall ;

*f* His crosses turn to triumph-palms  
Who finds in God his all.

**140** C.M.

*m* YES, Thine is love, Thou changeless  
Mysterious, strong and free ; [One  
Love for the worthless, wretched poor ;  
For such is Thine to me.

However lonely be my path,  
Thy presence, Lord, can cheer,  
And I can bear the darkest hour,  
When feeling Thou art near.

*p* E'en death's dark vale shall be to me  
Illumined by Thy love ;  
How sweet the voice that sets me free  
And welcomes me above.

*m* Then shall I in its fulness know  
Thy boundless love to me,  
And, with adoring ones, confess,  
None ever loved like Thee !

*f* O wondrous love ! O matchless love !  
That made me ever Thine ;  
Grant that my life transformed by it  
May in Thy likeness shine.

**141** C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* INFINITE, unexhausted love !  
(Jesus and Love are one :)  
If still to me Thy bowels move,  
They are restrained to none.  
What shall I do my God to love !  
My loving God to praise ! [prove,  
The length, and breadth, and height to  
And depth of sovereign grace !

Thy sovereign grace to all extends,  
Immense and unconfined ;  
From age to age it never ends ;  
It reaches all mankind.

Throughout the world its breadth is  
Wide as infinity ! [known,  
So wide, it never passed by one,  
Or it had passed by me.

*p* My trespass was grown up to heaven ;  
But far above the skies,  
In Christ abundantly forgiven,  
I see Thy mercies rise !

*m* The depth of all redeeming love,  
What angel-tongue can tell !  
O may I to the utmost prove  
The gift unspeakable !

**142** C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.

Thou waitest to be gracious still,  
Thou dost with sinners bear ;  
That saved, we may Thy goodness feel,  
And all Thy grace declare.

*p* Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,  
To every soul, abound ;  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

*m* Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store ;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.

Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are !  
A Rock that cannot move :  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.

*f* Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure ;  
And while the truth of God remains,  
The goodness must endure.

**143** 6-8s. *F. Quarles.*

*f* FOUNTAIN of light and living breath,  
Whose mercies never fail or fade,  
Fill me with life that hath no death,  
Fill me with light that hath no shade ;  
Appoint the remnant of my days  
To see Thy power and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of Gods, before Whose throne  
Stand storms and fires ! O, what shall

*m* Return to Heaven that is our own, [we  
When all the world belongs to Thee ?

*p* We have no offering to impart  
But praises and a wounded heart.

*m* What I possess, or what I crave,  
Brings no content, great God, to me,

If what I would, or what I have,  
Be not possessed and blest in Thee ;  
*f* What I enjoy, O make it mine,  
In making me, that have it, Thine.

*p* When winter fortunes cloud the brows  
Of summer friends, when eyes grow  
strange,

When plighted faith forgets its vows,  
When earth and all things in it change,

*f* Thy mercies, Lord, are ever sure,  
Thy love shall evermore endure.

**144** 7s & 6s. *G. Thring.*

*f* THY love for all Thy creatures  
What tongue, O God, may tell ?  
The morning, noon, and evening,  
Alike our praise compel :  
The morning, noon, and evening,  
When'er they rise or fall,  
Unite to hymn Thy praises,  
Great Maker of them all.

*m* Behold ! the sun in splendour  
Hath lit his fires on high,  
The farther on his journey,  
The higher in the sky ;

*p* And when again he sinketh  
Beneath the western wave,  
A radiant crown of glory  
Shall kindle o'er his grave.

*m* May we to whom in mercy  
A brighter light is given,  
The farther on our journey,  
The nearer be to heaven ;

*p* And when the shades of evening  
Shall lengthen o'er our heads,  
May rays of heavenly glory  
Illume our dying beds.

*f* Shine ! shine ! Thou Sun Eternal,  
And cast a ray divine ;

On those who hymn Thy praises,  
Both now and ever shine ;

*m* For then no cloud of evening  
Shall gather round the past,

*f* But Thou, O Christ, shall light us  
Safe home—safe home at last.

**145** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing ;  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
And the performing God.

*p* Proclaim salvation from the Lord,  
For wretched, dying men ;  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

*m* Engraved as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the powers of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.

His every word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue  
*p* But whisper "Thou art mine,"  
*m* Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

146 L.M. I. Watts.

*m* NATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's name abroad  
And every labour of His hands  
Shows something worthy of a God.

But, in the grace that rescued man,  
His brightest form of glory shines ;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,  
With precious blood, in crimson lines.

Here His whole Name appears complete : [prove,

Nor thought can guess, nor reason  
Which of the letters best is writ,  
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

O ! the sweet wonders of the cross,  
Where God the Saviour loved and died !  
Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.

*p* From His dear wounds and bleeding

*m* I would for ever speak His Name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at His Father's throne.

147 C.M. A. Steele.

*m* YE humble souls, approach your God,  
With songs of sacred praise,  
For He is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all His ways.

All nature owns His guardian care,  
In Him we live and move ;  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of His love.

*p* He gave His Son, His only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms ;  
'Tis here He makes His goodness known  
In its diviner forms.

*m* To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;  
'Tis here our hope relies—  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,  
The souls who trust in Thee ;  
Their humble hope Thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.

Great God ! to Thine almighty love  
What honours shall we raise ?  
Not all the raptured songs above  
Can render equal praise.

148 S.M. I. Watts.

*m* MY soul, repeat His praise  
Whose mercies are so great ;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise—  
So ready to abate.

*p* God will not always chide ;  
And when His strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.

*m* High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of His grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

*p* The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear His name,  
Is such as tender parents feel—  
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

*m* But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

149

S.M. *P. Doddridge.*

f GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.  
Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.  
Grace first inscribed my name  
In God's eternal book;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.  
Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.  
Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

50

C.M. *Eliza Scudder.*

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,  
A shoreless, soundless sea,  
Wherein at last our souls must fall,  
O Love of God most free!  
When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes;  
The other leads us safe and slow,  
O Love of God most wise!  
And though we turn us from Thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou holdst us still in kind embrace,  
O Love of God most strong!  
The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess Thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind!  
And filled and quickened by Thy  
breath,  
Our souls are strong and free,  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to Thee!

51

Ss. *J. Hart.*

THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;  
Whose love is as great as His power,  
And knows neither measure nor end.

'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,  
Whose spirit shall guide us safe  
home;  
f We'll praise Him for all that is past,  
And trust Him for all that's to come.

HIS GOODNESS.

152

L.M. *J. H. Gurney.*

m YES, God is good;—in earth and sky,  
From ocean depths and spreading  
Ten thousand voices seem to cry, [wood,  
God made us all, and God is good.  
The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts all seem to say,  
In accents clear, that God is good.  
The merry birds prolong the strain,  
Their song with every spring renewed;  
p And balmy air and falling rain,  
Each softly whispers, God is good.  
m I hear it in the rushing breeze;  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
The echoing sky and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus, God is good.  
Yes, God is good, all Nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech  
endued;  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that God is good.  
f For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,  
But chiefly for our heavenly food;  
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening  
word, [good,  
These prompt our song that God is

153

C.M. *I. Watts.*

m LET every tongue Thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all;  
Thy strengthening hands uphold the  
And raise the poor that fall. [weak,  
p When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou givest the mourner rest.  
m The Lord supports our infant days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all Thy ways,  
And all Thy words are truth.



Thy mercy never shall remove  
 From men of heart sincere ;  
 Thou savest the souls whose humble  
 Is joined with holy fear. [love  
 My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise,  
 And spread Thy fame abroad :  
 Let all the sons of Adam raise  
 The honours of their God !

154 6-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* WHERE shall my wondering soul begin ?

How shall I all to heaven aspire ?

A slave redeemed from death and sin,

A brand plucked from eternal fire,

*f* How shall I equal triumphs raise,  
 Or sing my great Deliverer's praise !

*m* O how shall I the goodness tell,  
 Father, which Thou to me hast  
 showed ?

That I, a child of wrath and hell,

I should be called a child of God,

*f* Should know, should feel my sins for-  
 given,

Blest with this antepast of heaven !

*p* Come, O my guilty brethren, come,  
 Groaning beneath your load of sin ;

His bleeding heart shall make you room,

His open side shall take you in ;

*f* He calls you now, invites you home—  
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come !

For you the purple current flowed

In pardons from His wounded side ;

Languished for you the Incarnate  
 Word,

For you the Prince of Glory died :

Believe, and all your sin's forgiven ;

Only believe—and yours is heaven !

155 L.M. C. Wesley.

*m* How do Thy mercies close me round !

For ever be Thy Name adored ;

I blush in all things to abound :

The servant is above his Lord

*p* Inured to poverty and pain,

A suffering life my Master led :

The Son of God, the Son of Man,

He had not where to lay His head.

*m* But lo ! a place He hath prepared

For me, whom watchful angels keep :

Yea, He Himself becomes my guard ;

He smooths my bed, and gives me  
 sleep.

Jesus protects ; my fears, begone !

What can the Rock of Ages move

Safe in Thy arms I lay me down,

Thy everlasting arms of love.

While Thou art intimately nigh,

Who, who shall violate my rest ?

Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy :

I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

*p* I rest beneath the' Almighty's shade

My griefs expire, my troubles cease

Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay

Wilt keep me still in perfect peace

*m* Me for Thine own Thou lovest to ta

In time and in eternity :

Thou never, never wilt forsake

A helpless soul that trusts in Thee

156 C.M. H. F. Ly

*m* THE mercies of my God and King

My tongue shall still pursue ;

O happy they who, while they sing

Those mercies, share them too !

As bright and lasting as the sun,

As lofty as the sky,

From age to age Thy word shall run,

And chance and change defy.

The covenant of the King of Kings

Shall stand for ever sure ;

*p* Beneath the shadow of Thy wings

Thy saints repose secure.

*m* Thine is the earth, and Thine the ski

Created at Thy will ;

The waves at Thy command arise,

At Thy command are still.

In earth below, in heaven above,

Who, who is Lord like Thee ?

O spread the Gospel of Thy love

Till all Thy glories see !

157 8s & 7s. Sir J. Bowri

GOD is love ! His mercy brightens

All the path in which we rove ;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens

God is wisdom ! God is love !

Chance and change are busy ever,

Man decays and ages move ;

But His mercy waneth never :

God is wisdom ! God is love !

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth

Will His changeless goodness prov

From the mist His brightness streamet

God is wisdom ! God is love !



He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above ;  
 Everywhere His glory shineth :  
 God is wisdom ! God is love !

158 L.M. J. Wesley.

*From Count Zinzendorf and Anna and  
 John Nitschman.)*

*n* I THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
 To wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;  
 To dwell within Thy wounds : then pain  
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

*p* Take my poor heart, and let it be  
 For ever closed to all but Thee !  
 Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
 That pledge of love for ever there !

*n* How blest are they who still abide  
 Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side !  
 Who life and strength from thence  
 derive,  
 And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

*p* What are our works but sin and death,  
 Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe?  
 Thou givest the power Thy grace to  
 move—

O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

How can it be, Thou heavenly King,  
 That Thou shouldst us to glory bring ?  
 Make slaves the partners of Thy throne,  
 Decked with a never-fading crown ?

*p* Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
 Our words are lost ; nor will we know,  
 Nor will we think of aught beside,  
 " My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

159 6-8s. President Davies.

*n* GREAT God of wonders, all Thy ways  
 Are worthy of Thyself—divine,  
 But the bright glories of Thy grace  
 Beyond Thine other wonders shine.

*f* Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

*n* Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare—  
 This is Thy grand prerogative,  
 And in the honour none shall share.

*f* Is there a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or is there grace so rich and free ?

*m* Pardon—from an offended God,  
 Pardon—for sins of deepest dye,  
 Pardon—bestowed through Jesu's blood,  
 Pardon—that brings the sinner nigh.

*f* Where is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or where the grace so rich and free ?

O may this glorious, matchless love,  
 This God-like miracle of grace,  
 Teach mortal tongues like those above  
 To raise this song of lofty praise :  
 Who is a pardoning God like Thee ?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free ?

160 C.M. I. Watts.

*m* SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,  
 My God, my heavenly King ;  
 Let age to age Thy righteousness  
 In hymns of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines  
 His goodness to the skies ;  
 Through the whole earth His bounty  
 And every want supplies. [shines,  
 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait  
 On Thee for daily food ;  
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
 And fills their mouths with good.

*p* How kind are Thy compassions, Lord !  
 How slow Thine anger moves !  
 But soon He sends His pardoning word  
 To cheer the souls He loves.

*m* Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
 But saints, that taste Thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless Thy name.

161 S.M. I. Watts

*m* O BLESS the Lord, my soul,  
 Let all within me join,  
 And aid my tongue to bless His name,  
 Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul !  
 Nor let His mercies lie  
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
 And without praises die.

*p* 'Tis He forgives thy sins,  
 'Tis He relieves thy pain ;  
*m* 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,  
 And makes thee young again.  
 He crowns thy life with love,  
 When ransomed from the grave ;  
 He that redeemed my soul from hell,  
 Hath sovereign power to save.

*p* He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest;  
*m* The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppress.  
*f* Then bless His holy name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole;  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:  
O bless the Lord, my soul.

**162** C.M. *T. Gibbons.*

*m* THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore.  
Sun, moon, and stars Thy love attest  
In every golden ray:  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love returns the day.  
Thy bounty every season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields;  
*f* With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strengthening grain the fields.  
*m* But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the Gospel seen;  
There, like a sun, Thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.  
Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,  
Through Jesu's Name are given;  
He on the cross was lifted high,  
That we might reign in heaven.

**163** L.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* HIGH in the heavens, Eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens Thy designs.  
For ever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.  
*p* Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is Thy charge,  
But saints are Thy peculiar care.  
*m* My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort  
*p* The sons of Adam in distress [spring!  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.  
*f* Life, like a fountain, rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord;  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in Thy word.

**164**

8-7s.

*C. Wesley*

*m* HAPPY man, whom God doth aid!  
God our souls and bodies made;  
God on us, in gracious showers,  
Blessings every moment pours;  
Compasses with angel bands,  
Bids them bear us in their hands:  
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed  
Life, and all, descend from God.  
He this flowery carpet spread,  
Made the earth on which we tread:  
God refreshes in the air;  
Covers with the clothes we wear;  
Feeds us with the food we eat;  
Cheers us by His light and heat;  
Makes His sun on us to shine;  
All our blessings are divine!  
*f* Give Him then, and ever give,  
Thanks for all that we receive!  
Man we for his kindness love;  
How much more our God above!  
Worthy Thou, our heavenly Lord,  
To be honoured and adored:  
God of all-creating grace,  
Take the everlasting praise!

**165**

8s & 4s.

*A. A. Procter*

*m* MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made  
The earth so bright,  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.  
I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.  
*p* I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours  
That thorns remain:  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide  
And not our chain.  
*m* I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more:  
A yearning for a deeper peace  
Not known before,

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesu's breast.

166 4-7s. R. Grant.

*m* LORD of earth! Thy forming hand  
Well this beauteous frame hath  
planned—

Woods that wave, and hills that tower,  
Ocean rolling in his power.

Yet amid this scene so fair,  
Should I cease Thy smile to share,  
What were all its joys to me?

Whom have I on earth but Thee?

*p* Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight  
Rolls a world of purer light;

There, in love's unclouded reign,  
Parted friends shall meet again.

*m* O that world is passing fair!

Yet if Thou wert absent there,

What were all its joys to me?

Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast

Seeks in Thee its only Rest:

I was lost—Thy accents mild

Homeward lured Thy wandering child,

*p* I was blind—Thy healing ray  
Charmed the long eclipse away;

Source of every joy I know,

Solace of my every woe.

*f* O, if once Thy smile divine

Ceased upon my soul to shine,

What were earth or heaven to me?

Whom have I in each but Thee?

## FOURTH DIVISION.

### THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

#### HIS DIVINITY.

167 8s & 6s. J. Conder.

*m* THOU art the Everlasting Word,

The Father's only Son;

God, manifestly seen and heard,

And Heaven's beloved One.

*f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow.

*m* In Thee, most perfectly expressed,

The Father's glories shine:

Of the full Deity possessed,

Eternally divine.

*f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow.

*m* True Image of the Infinite,

Whose Essence is concealed,

Brightness of Uncreated Light;

The heart of God revealed.

*f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,  
That every knee to Thee should bow.

*m* Throughout the universe of bliss,

The centre Thou, and sun;

The eternal theme of praise is this,

To Heaven's Beloved One:—

*f* Worthy, O Lamb of God, art Thou,

That every knee to Thee should bow.

168 7s & 6s. W. W. How.

*m* O ONE with God the Father

In majesty and might,

The brightness of His glory,

Eternal Light of Light:

O'er this our home of darkness

Thy rays are streaming now;

The shadows flee before Thee,

The world's true Light art Thou.

*p* Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:

O heavenly Light, arise,

Dispel these mists that shroud us,

And hide Thee from our eyes!

*m* We long to track the footprints

That Thou Thyself hast trod;

We long to see the pathway

That leads to Thee, our God.

*f* O Jesus, shine around us

With radiance of Thy grace;

O Jesus, turn upon us

The brightness of Thy face.

We need no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy Light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of Righteousness.

169

6s & 5s.

*C. M. Noel.*

*m* At the name of Jesus  
Every knee shall bow,  
Every tongue confess Him  
King of Glory now;  
'Tis the Father's pleasure  
We should call Him Lord,  
Who from the beginning  
Was the mighty Word.  
*p* Humbled for a season  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom he came;  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last;  
Brought it back victorious  
When from death He passed.  
Name Him, brothers, name Him,  
With love strong as death,  
But with awe and wonder,  
And with 'bated breath;  
He is God the Saviour,  
He is Christ the Lord,  
Ever to be worshipped,  
Trusted and adored.  
*m* In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true:  
*f* Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.  
Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of Glory now.

170

2-6s & 4-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Thy Saviour's sacrifice!  
All the names that love could find,  
All the forms that love could take,

Jesus in Himself hath joined,  
Thee, my soul, His own to make.  
*p* Equal with God, Most High,  
He laid His glory by;  
He, the Eternal God, was born,  
Man with men He deigned to ap-  
Object of His creature's scorn, [pea-  
Pleased a servant's form to wear.  
*f* Hail! Everlasting Lord,  
Divine, Incarnate Word!  
Thee, let all my powers confess;  
Thee, my latest breath proclaim;  
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,  
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!  
*p* Fruit of a virgin's womb,  
The promised Blessing's come;  
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,  
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed  
Christ, the Saviour! long foretold,  
Born to bruise the serpent's head.  
*f* Jesus, to Thee I bow!  
The Almighty's Fellow, Thou!  
Thou, the Father's only Son;  
Pleased He ever is in Thee;  
Just and holy Thou alone,  
Full of grace and truth for me.

171

6-7s.

*S. J. Ston*

*m* GOD the Father's only Son,  
Yet with Him in glory One,  
One in wisdom, One in might,  
Absolute and Infinite:  
Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
Thou art Lord and God to me.  
Preacher of eternal peace,  
Christ, anointed to release,  
Setting wide the dungeon door  
Unto sinners chained before:  
Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
Prophet sent from God to me.  
*p* Low in sad Gethsemane,  
High on dreadful Calvary,  
In the garden, on the cross,  
Making good our utter loss:  
Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
Priest and Sacrifice for me.  
*m* Ruler of Thy ransomed race,  
And Protector by Thy grace,  
Leader in the way we wend,  
And Rewarder at the end:  
*f* Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
Christ, the King of Kings to me.



*m* Light revealed through clouds of pain,  
That the blind might see again;  
Love, content in death to lie,  
That the dead might never die:  
*p* Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
Light, and Love, and Life to me.

*m* All that I am fain to know,  
While I watch and wait below;  
All that I would find above,  
All of everlasting love,  
*f* Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
Thou art all in all to me.

HIS ADVENT.

172 C.M. N. Tate.

*f* WHILE shepherds watched their flocks  
by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

*p* "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind),  
*f* "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

*m* "To you in David's town this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:—

"The heavenly babe you there shall  
To human view displayed, [find,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

*p* Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:—

*f* "All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to  
Begin and never cease." [men

173 10-7s. C. Wesley.  
Alt. by G. Whitfield & M. Madan.

*f* HARK! the herald-angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;

With the angelic host proclaim,  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."  
Hark! the herald-angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!

*m* Christ, by highest heavens adored,  
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
*p* Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!  
Hail the Incarnate Deity!  
*m* Pleased as man with men to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

*f* Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
*p* Lo! He lays His glory by;  
Born, that man no more may die;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth;  
Born, to give them second birth.

*f* Come, Desire of Nations, come,  
Fix in us Thy humble home;  
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head!  
Now display Thy saving power,  
Ruined nature now restore;  
Now in mystic union join  
Thine to ours and ours to Thine!

174 8s & 7s. J. Cawood.

*m* HARK! what mean those holy voices,  
Sweetly sounding through the skies?  
*f* Lo! the angelic host rejoices,  
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

*p* Listen to the wondrous story,  
Which they chant in hymns of joy;  
*f* Glory, in the highest glory!  
Glory be to God most high.

*m* Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found;  
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,  
Loud your golden harps shall sound.  
Christ is born, the great Anointed;  
Heaven and earth His praises sing;  
O receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.  
Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,  
Learn His name, and taste His joy  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
Glory be to God most high.



*f* Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of His glory,  
Till it cover all the earth.

**175** *Latin of C. Coffin, trs. J. R. Woodford.*  
6s.

*m* HARK! on the midnight air  
Celestial voices swell;  
The hosts of heaven proclaim  
"God comes on earth to dwell!"

Haste with the shepherds; see  
The Mystery of Grace;

*p* A manger bed, a Child,  
Is all the eye can trace.

Is this the eternal Son?  
Who on the starry throne,  
Before the worlds begun,  
Was with the Father One?

*m* Yea, faith can pierce the cloud  
Which shrouds His glory now;

*f* And hails Him God and Lord,  
To whom all creatures bow.

Fill us with holy love,  
Heal Thou our earthly pride;  
Born in each lowly heart,  
For ever there abide!

**176** *C.M. S. Medley.*

*m* MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay,  
Joy, love, and gratitude combine  
To hail the auspicious day.

In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And strung and tuned the lyre.

*f* Swift through the vast expanse it flew,  
And loud the echo rolled;  
The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

*f* Hark! the celestial armies shout,  
And glory leads the song: [out  
Good-will and peace are heard through-  
The harmonious, heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,—  
Glory to God on high;  
Good-will and peace are now complete:

*p* Jesus was born to die.

*f* Hail! Prince of Life, for ever hail!  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend:  
Though earth and time and life shall pass,  
Thy praise shall never end. [fa

**177** *868 & 5-6s. F. D. Hemm*

*m* O LOVELY voices of the sky,  
That hymned the Saviour's birth!  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith in days gone by  
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beam  
A heavenly glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the stream  
And on the shepherds' head!  
Be near through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of hope, and joy, and faith,

*f* O clear and shining light!

*m* O star which led to Him, whose love  
Brought hope and mercy free!  
Where art thou? 'Mid the host above  
May we still gaze on thee?  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim;  
Send them to guide us yet,

*f* O star which led to him!

**178** *8s 7s & 4. J. Montgomery*

*m* ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!  
Ye, who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

*p* Come and worship,

*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*m* Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant light:

*p* Come and worship,

*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*m* Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of Nations;  
Ye have seen his Natal star:

*p* Come and worship,

*f* Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord descending,  
In His temple shall appear :  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.  
Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed for guilt to endless pains ;  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains.  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

79 C.M. P. Doddridge.

HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long ;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyeballs of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

80 11s & 10s. R. Heber.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning ! [Thine aid !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid !

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are  
shining, [the stall ;  
Low lies His head with the beasts of  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclin-  
ing,— [all.  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of

m Say, shall we yield Him, in costly  
devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of  
the ocean, [the mine ?  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from  
Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gifts would His favour  
secure :  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the  
poor.

f Brightest and best of the sons of the  
morning ! [Thine aid !  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is  
laid !

181 10s. J. Byrom.

f CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy  
morn [born ;  
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from  
above : [begun  
With them the joyful tidings first  
Of God Incarnate and the virgin's Son.

m Then to the watchful shepherds it was  
told, ["Behold,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfilled His prom-  
ised word, [Lord."  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the  
He spake and straightway the celestial  
choir, [spire :  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, con-  
The praises of redeeming love they  
sang, [rang :  
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias  
God's highest glory was their anthem  
still, [will.  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-

p O may we keep, and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost  
mankind !  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved  
our loss, [cross ;  
From the poor manger to the bitter

Tread in His steps, assisted by His  
 grace, [takes place.  
 Till man's first heavenly state again  
 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts  
 among, [throng,  
 To join, redeemed, a glad, triumphant  
 He that was born upon this joyful day  
 Around us all His glory shall display:  
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall  
 sing [King.  
 Eternal praise to heaven's almighty

182

6-7s. W. C. Dix.

*m* As with gladness men of old  
 Did the guiding star behold,  
 As with joy they hailed its light,  
 Leading onward, beaming bright;  
*p* So, most gracious Lord, may we  
 Evermore be led to Thee.  
*m* As with joyful steps they sped,  
 Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,  
 There to bend the knee before  
 Thee whom heaven and earth adore;  
*p* So may we with willing feet  
 Ever seek the mercy-seat.  
*m* As they offered gifts most rare  
 At Thy cradle rude and bare;  
 So may we with holy joy,  
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
*f* All our costliest treasures bring,  
 Christ, to Thee, our Heavenly King.  
*m* Holy Jesus, every day  
 Keep us in the narrow way;  
*p* And, when earthly things are past,  
 Bring our ransomed souls at last  
*f* Where they need no star to guide,  
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

183

*Latin of Bonaventura, trs. F.  
 P.M. Oakeley.*

*f* O COME, all ye faithful,  
 Joyful and triumphant,  
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
 Come, and behold Him  
 Born the King of angels;  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him, [Lord!  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the  
*p* God of God,  
 Light of Light,  
 Lo, He abhors not the virgin's womb;

Very God,  
 Begotten, not created;  
 O come, let us adore Him, &c.  
*m* Sing, choirs of angels,  
 Sing, in exultation,  
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above.  
 Glory to God  
 In the highest!  
 O come, let us adore Him, &c.  
*f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
 Born this happy morning;  
 Jesus, to Thee be glory given;  
 Word of the Father  
 Now in flesh appearing;  
 O come, let us adore Him,  
 O come, let us adore Him, [Lord!  
 O come, let us adore Him, Christ the

184

C.M.D. E. H. Sears

*m* IT came upon the midnight clear,  
 That glorious song of old,  
 From angels bending near the earth  
 To touch their harps of gold:—  
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men,  
 From heaven's all-gracious King!"  
*p* The world in solemn stillness lay  
 To hear the angels sing.  
*m* Still through the cloven skies they come  
 With peaceful wings unfurled;  
 And still their heavenly music floats  
 O'er all the weary world;  
 Above its sad and lowly plains  
 They bend on hovering wing,  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
 The blessed angels sing.  
 But with the woes of sin and strife  
 The world has suffered long;  
 Beneath the angel strain have rolled  
 Two thousand years of wrong;  
 And man, at war with man, hears no  
 The love-song which they bring;  
*p* O hush the noise, ye men of strife,  
 And hear the angels sing.  
*m* And ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 Whose forms are bending low,  
 Who toil along the climbing way  
 With painful steps and slow,  
 Look now! for glad and golden hours  
 Come swiftly on the wing;  
 O rest beside the weary road,  
 And hear the angels sing.

For, lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold,  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendours fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

HIS LIFE, MINISTRY, AND EXAMPLE.

185

L.M.D. A. P. Stanley.

*p* THE Lord is come! On Syrian soil  
The child of poverty and toil;  
The Man of Sorrows, born to know  
Each varying shade of human woe:  
*m* His joy, His glory, to fulfil,  
In earth and heaven, His Father's will;  
On lonely mount, by festive board,  
*p* On bitter cross, despised, adored.

*m* The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,  
He speaks, as never man yet spake,  
The truth which makes His servants free,  
The royal law of liberty. [away,  
*f* Though heaven and earth shall pass  
His living words our spirits stay,  
And from His treasures, new and old,  
The eternal mysteries unfold.

*m* The Lord is come! In Him we trace  
The fulness of God's truth and grace;  
Throughout those words and acts divine  
Gleams of the eternal splendour shine;  
And from His inmost Spirit flow,  
As from a height of sunlit snow,  
The rivers of perennial life,  
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come! In every heart  
Where truth and mercy claim a part;  
*p* In every land where right is might,  
And deeds of darkness shun the light;  
*f* In every Church where faith and love  
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;  
In every holy, happy home, [come!  
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast

186

4-7s. G. H. Smytten.

*m* FORTY days and forty nights  
Thou wast fasting in the wild;  
Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

*p* Sunbeams scorching all the day,  
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed:  
Prowling beasts about Thy way;  
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

*m* Lord, if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
*f* Thou hast vanquished him before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.

*m* So shall we have peace divine;  
Holier gladness ours shall be;  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side;  
*f* That with Thee we may appear  
At the eternal Eastertide.

187

C.M. J. F. Clarke.

*m* DEAR Friend! whose presence in the  
house,

Whose gracious word benign,  
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,  
Change water into wine,—

Come, visit us, and when dull work  
Grows weary, line on line,  
*f* Revive our souls, and make us see  
Life's water glow as wine.

*m* Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,  
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,  
When Jesus visits us, to turn  
Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,  
The homely household shrine,  
Shall glow with angel-visits when  
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,  
Which knows not mine and thine,  
The miracle again is wrought,  
And water changed to wine.

188

C.M.D. F. D. Hemans

*m* FEAR was within the tossing bark,  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed;

*p* And men stood breathless in their dread,  
And baffled in their skill;  
But One was there who rose, and said  
To the wild sea—"Be still."



*m* O Thou, that in its wildest hour  
 Didst rule the tempest's mood,  
 Send Thy meek Spirit forth in power  
 Soft on our souls to brood.  
 Thou, that didst bow the billow's pride,  
 Thy mandate to fulfil,  
 O speak to passion's raging tide,  
*p* Speak, and say, "Peace, be still."

189 C.M.D. T. T. Lynch.

*f* O WHERE is He that trod the sea,  
 O where is He that spake,  
*m* And demons from their victims flee,  
 The dead their slumbers break:  
 The palsied rise in freedom strong,  
 The dumb men talk and sing,  
 And from blind eyes, benighted long,  
 Bright beams of morning spring?

*f* O where is He that trod the sea,  
 O where is He that spake,  
 And piercing words of liberty  
 The deaf ears open shake;  
*m* And mildest words arrest the haste  
 Of fever's deadly fire,  
 And strong ones heal the weak who  
 Their life in sad desire? [waste

*f* O where is He that trod the sea,  
 O where is He that spake,  
 And dark waves rolling heavily  
 A glassy smoothness take;  
*m* And lepers, whose own flesh has been  
 A solitary grave,  
 See with amaze that they are clean,  
*f* And cry, "'Tis He can save"?

O where is He that trod the sea?  
 'Tis only He can save;  
*m* To thousands hungering wearily  
 A wondrous meal He gave;  
 Full soon, celestially fed,  
 Their rustic fare they take; [bread,  
 'Twas springtide when He blest the  
 And harvest when He brake.

*f* O where is He that trod the sea?  
 My soul! the Lord is here:  
 Let all thy fears be hushed in thee:  
 To leap, to look, to hear  
*m* Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:  
 Art thou diseased or dumb?  
 Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?  
 "I come," saith Christ; "I come."

190 8s & 3. G. Thring

*f* FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep  
*m* Watch did Thine anxious servants keep  
 But Thou wast wrapped in guileless  
*p* Calm and still. [sleep  
*f* "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry  
 "O save us in our agony!"  
 Thy word above the storm rose high,—  
*p* "Peace, be still!"

The wild winds hushed; the angry deed  
 Sank like a little child to sleep,  
 The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
 At Thy will.

*m* So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore  
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more, [shore  
*p* "Peace, be still!"

191 C.M.D. C. Wordsworth

*m* THE Galilean fishers toil  
 All night, and nothing take;

*f* But Jesus comes—a wondrous spoil  
 Is lifted from the lake!

*m* Lord, when our labours are in vain,  
 And vain the help of men,  
 When fruitless is our care and pain,  
 Come, blessed Jesus, then!

The night is dark, the surges fill  
 The bark, the wild winds roar;

*p* But Jesus comes; and all is still,—  
 The ship is at the shore.

*m* O Lord, when storms around us howl,  
 And all is dark and drear,  
 In all the tempests of the soul,  
 O blessed Jesus, hear!

*p* A frail one, thrice denying Thee,  
 Saw mercy in Thine eyes;  
 The penitent upon the tree  
 Was borne to Paradise.

In hours of sin and deep distress,  
 O show us, Lord, Thy face;  
 In penitential loneliness,  
 O give us, Jesus, grace!

*m* The faithful few retire in fear  
 To their closed upper room;  
 But suddenly, with joyful cheer,  
 They see their Master come.

*f* Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,  
 And bid our terrors cease!

*p* Lift over us Thy blessed hands,  
 Speak, holy Jesus, peace!



*m* In days when faith will scarce be found,  
And wolves be in the fold,  
When sin and sorrow will abound,  
And charity wax cold;  
Then hear Thy saints, who to Thee pray  
To bring them to their home;  
*f* Hear, when the Bride and Spirit say,  
"Come, blessed Jesus, come!"

192 L.M.D. A. P. Stanley.

*m* O MASTER, it is good to be  
High on the mountain here with Thee,  
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
The great old saints of other days,  
Who once received, on Horeb's height,  
The eternal laws of truth and right,  
*p* Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

*m* O Master, it is good to be  
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three,  
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock  
Is nerved against temptation's shock;  
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns  
The thought that breathes, the word  
that burns;

Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
With Him whose last, best creed is Love.

Lord, it is good for us to be  
*p* Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee,  
Watching the glistening raiment glow  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine;

*m* Till we too change from grace to grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured face.

O Master, it is good to be  
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee;  
*p* When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly Voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice:  
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,  
*f* "This is My Son! O hear ye Him!"

193 10s. G. Phillimore.

*m* O LORD of health and life, what tongue  
can tell  
How at Thy word the cruel fetters fell;  
How Thy pure touch removed the  
leprous stain, [again?  
And the polluted flesh grew clean

*p* O wash our hearts, restore the contrite  
soul, [make us whole:  
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and  
O bend our stubborn knees to kneel to  
Thee; [are free.

*f* Speak but the word, and we once more  
*m* Yea, Lord, we claim the promise of  
Thy love— [remove;

Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain  
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation  
bring, [no sting.  
Then sickness hath no pang, and death  
We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of  
grace; [face,  
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy  
So, when that face again unveiled we  
see, [shall be.  
Sickness and tears and death no more

194 8s & 7s. W. J. Irons.

*f* "Is not This our King and Prophet?"—  
Ring hosannas, wave the palm,  
Let the children from the temple  
Echo back the people's psalm;  
"Blessed is the Son of David,"  
Blessed is the Christ of God,  
Welcome to the hill of Sion,  
Deck the pathway, strew the sod!

*m* "Meek and lowly One," He cometh,  
And the anthem greets His ears;  
Lo the city lies before Him,

*p* But He sees it through His tears;  
*m* Looking from the Mount of Olives,  
Towers and marble temple rise;—

*p* Is thy peace, O well-loved Salem,  
"Hid for ever from thine eyes?"

Sees He now, in solemn vision,  
Calvary "without the gate?"

Israel fallen—"house and city  
Left unto her desolate?"

*m* Yes, O Saviour all-enduring!  
Thou wast watching every heart—  
Which would love Thee, which forsake  
Which would do the traitor's part. [Thee,

*p* Pity, Lord, man's hollow praises,  
Then or now, which greet Thee thus;  
"By Thy Cross, and by Thy Passion,"  
O have mercy yet on us!

*f* Now Thou reignest with the Father  
And the Spirit evermore;

*m* Lord, look down upon Thy servants,  
Who repent, and would adore.

195

7s & 6s.

*S. Theodulph, trs. J. M. Neale.*

*f* GLORY, and laud, and honour,  
To Thee, Redeemer King!

*m* To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.  
Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's Royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's name comest  
The King and Blessed One.

The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.  
The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went;  
Our praise, and prayer, and anthems,  
Before Thee we present.

*m* To Thee before Thy Passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise:  
*f* To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise!  
*m* Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the praise we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

196

L.M.

*G. Matheson.*

*m* THY home, O Lord, is everywhere,  
Yet nowhere art Thou all revealed;  
For when I say, "Thou dwellest there,"  
One half Thy glory is concealed.

Thou art the rest of crowded life;  
Thou art the life of solitude;  
Thou art the calm that comforts strife;  
Thou art the strife that strengthens good.

Yet most in man, in highest man,  
In Him that made the cross a crown,  
Thy living image, Lord, I scan, [down.  
And hail the heaven to earth brought

In Him who joined the poles of thought,  
Made sorrow joy, made Calvary shine,  
My meanness is to glory wrought,  
And earth is heaven, and man divine.

*p* In Him I hide my raiment vile,  
In Him I clothe myself anew,  
And in His cross my crosses smile,  
And in His joy my joys are true.

*m* And in His love my world is nigh,  
His life my pulse, His breath my air,  
His will my heart, His light my sky,  
His heaven my dwelling everywhere.

197

C.M.

*T. H. G.*

*m* O MEAN may seem this house of clay  
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;  
Our feet may mourn this thorny way  
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

This robe of flesh the Lord did wear  
This watch the Lord did keep;  
These burdens sore the Lord did bear  
These tears the Lord did weep.

*p* Our very frailty brings us near  
Unto the Lord of heaven;  
To every grief, to every tear,  
Such glory strange is given.

*m* But not this robe of flesh alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;  
Not only in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kindred be.

We shall be reckoned for Thine own,  
Because Thy heaven we share;  
Because we sing around Thy throne,  
And Thy bright raiment wear.

Thou who wast clothed in our clay,  
And stricken in our stead,  
Wilt put on us Thy bright array,  
Thy joy on us wilt shed.

O Mighty Grace! our life to live,  
To make our earth divine!

O Mighty Grace! Thy heaven to give  
And lift our life to Thine!

198

6s & 10s. *J. S. B. Monse*

*m* BIRDS have their quiet nest, [ful be  
Foxes their holes, and man his peace  
All creatures have their rest, [hea  
But Jesus had not where to lay His head

And yet He came to give  
The weary and the heavy-laden rest  
To bid the sinner live, [His brea  
And soothe our griefs to slumber

*p* I who once made Him grieve, [mour  
I who once bid His gentle spirit  
Whose hand essayed to weave  
For His meek brow the cruel crown  
of thorn:—

O why should I have peace ? [ing love,  
*m* Why—but for that unchanged, undy-  
 Which would not, could not cease,  
 Until it made me heir of joys above ?  
 Yes, but for pardoning grace,  
 I feel I never should in glory see  
 The brightness of that face, [for me !  
*p* Which once was pale and agonised  
*m* Let the birds seek their nest,  
 Foxes their holes, and man his  
 peaceful bed ;  
 Come, Saviour, in my breast [head !  
 Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected  
 Come ! give me rest, and take [within  
 The only rest on earth Thou lov'st—  
*p* A heart, that for Thy sake [sin.  
 Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for

199

L.M.

*From Fifteenth Century Poem.*

*m* O LOVE how deep, how broad, how high !  
 It fills the heart with ecstasy,  
 That God, the Son of God, should take  
 Our mortal form, for mortals' sake.  
 He sent no angel to our race,  
 Of higher or of lower place,  
 But He Himself to this world came,  
 And wore the robe of human frame.  
 For us He prayed, for us He taught,  
 For us His daily works He wrought—  
 By words and signs and actions thus  
 Still seeking, not Himself, but us.  
*p* For us to wicked men betrayed, [arrayed,  
 Scourged, mocked, in purple robe  
 He bore the shameful cross and death,  
 For us at length gave up His breath.  
*f* For us He rose from death again ;  
 For us He went on high to reign ;  
 For us He sent His Spirit here  
 To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.  
 To Him whose boundless love has won  
 Salvation for us through His Son,  
 To God the Father, glory be  
 Both now and through eternity.

200

C.M. *G. MacDonald.*

*m* O SON of Man—Thy Name by choice—  
 Our hope, our joy, our life,  
*p* Make us like Thee, whose gentle voice  
 Was never heard in strife.

*m* Holy and harmless, undefiled,  
 On earth Thou wert alone ;  
*p* Come from the depths of heaven, a  
 To make the lost Thine own. [child,  
 To be a glory in our night,  
 And bring us from above  
 The way heaven's children live, all  
 With self-forgetting love. [bright  
*m* In all things like Thy brethren made,  
 O teach us how to be  
 With meekness, gentleness, arrayed,  
 In all things like to Thee.

201

L.M.

*A. C. Cowe.*

*m* Howauteous were the marks divine  
 That in Thy meekness used to shine,  
 That lit Thy lowly pathway, trod  
 In wondrous love, O Son of God !  
 O, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,  
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Light of Light ?  
 O, who like Thee did ever go  
 So patient through a world of woe ?  
*p* O, who like Thee so humbly bore  
 The scorn, the scoffs of men before ;  
 So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
 So glorious in humility ?  
*m* O wondrous Lord, our souls would be  
 Still more and more conformed to Thee ;  
 Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
 That burns these fevered veins within,  
 And learn of Thee, the lowly One,  
 And, like Thee, all our journey run  
 Above the world and all its mirth,  
*p* Yet weeping still with weeping earth.  
*m* Be with us as we onward go,  
 Illumine all our way of woe ;  
 And grant us ever on the road  
 To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God :  
 That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed  
 In light, to judge the quick and dead,  
*f* We may to life immortal soar  
 Through Thee who livest evermore.

202

L.M.

*J. Conder.*

*m* How shall I follow Him I serve ?  
 How shall I copy Him I love ?  
 Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve  
 Which lead me to His seat above.

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,  
*p* The life of toil, the mean abode,  
 The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,  
 Are these the consecrated road ?  
 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,  
 Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,  
 Until the perfect work was done,  
 And drunk the bitter cup of gall.  
 Lord ! should my path through suffer-  
 ing lie,  
*m* Forbid it I should e'er repine ;  
 Still let me turn to Calvary, [Thine.  
 Nor heed my griefs, remembering  
 O let me think how Thou didst leave  
 Untasted every pure delight,  
 To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,  
 The toilsome day, the homeless night :  
 To faint, to grieve, to die for me !  
 Thou camest not Thyself to please ;  
 And dear as earthly comforts be,  
 Shall I not love Thee more than these ?  
 Yes, I would count them all but loss  
 To gain the notice of Thine eye ;  
 Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,  
 But Thou canst give the victory.

203 L.M. Anne Steele.

*m* AND is the gospel peace and love ?  
 Such let our conversation be ;  
 The serpent blended with the dove,  
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.  
 When'er the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to  
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes, [strife,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian life !  
*p* O how benevolent and kind,  
 How mild, how ready to forgive !  
 Be this the temper of our mind,  
 And these the rules by which we live.  
*m* To do His heavenly Father's will  
 Was His employment and delight ;  
 Humility and holy zeal [bright.  
 Shone through His life divinely  
 Dispensing good where'er He came—  
 The labours of His life were love ;  
 O ! if we love the Saviour's name,  
 Let His divine example move.

204

C.M.

*E. Dennis*

*m* WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
 Around Thy steps below ;  
 What patient love was seen in all  
 Thy life and death of woe !  
*p* For ever on Thy burdened heart  
 A weight of sorrow hung ;  
*m* Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
 Escaped Thy silent tongue.  
 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
 Thy friends unfaithful prove,  
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
 Thy heart could only love.  
*p* O give us hearts to love like Thee,  
 Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
 Far more for others' sins, than all  
 The wrongs that we receive.  
*m* One with Thyself, may every eye  
 In us, Thy brethren, see  
 The gentleness and grace that spring  
 From union, Lord, with Thee.

205

L.M.

*Sir J. Bowring*

*p* HE wept as He approached the place  
 Where the departed Lazarus slept  
 The clouds of sorrow veiled His face,  
 And in His anguish " Jesus wept."  
 Yes ! sainted are affection's tears,  
 And purified from sin or shame ;  
 Each drop that's shed by virtue bears  
 The sanction of the Saviour's name  
*m* Yet if ye weep, as wept your Lord  
 Over His friend—now weep no more  
 But hear this all-consoling word,  
 And dry the tears He dried before :  
 " I go before you to prepare  
 A mansion of felicity ;  
 And where My faithful servants are,  
 There shall their Lord and Master be  
 " There shall eternal years renew  
 The scenes of peace which death d  
 And God in Me, and I in you, [stroy  
 Dwell amidst unutterable joys."

206

8s & 7s.

*W. W. Ho*

*m* WHO is this so weak and helpless,  
 Child of lowly Hebrew maid,  
 Rudely in a stable sheltered,  
 Coldly in a manger laid ?



*f* 'Tis the Lord of all creation,  
Who this wondrous path hath trod ;  
He is God from everlasting,  
And to everlasting, God.

*m* Who is this, a Man of Sorrows,  
Walking sadly life's hard way,  
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping  
Over sin and Satan's sway ?

*f* 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,  
Who above the starry sky  
Now for us a place prepareth,  
Where no tear can dim the eye.

*p* Who is this ? behold Him shedding  
Drops of blood upon the ground !  
Who is this, despised, rejected,  
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound ?

*f* 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces  
On His Church now poureth down,  
Who shall smite in holy vengeance  
All His foes beneath His throne.

*p* Who is this that hangeth dying  
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,  
Numbered with the malefactors,  
Torn with nails, and crowned with

*f* 'Tis the God who ever liveth [thorns ?  
'Mid the shining ones on high,  
In the glorious golden city  
Reigning everlastingly.

207 6-8s. *J. H. Gurney.*

*m* WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home  
In that despised Nazareth ;  
But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,  
"Forgive, they know not what they  
Yet we believe the deed was done, [do ;"  
Which shook the earth and veiled the  
sun.

*p* We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met Thee in the open way ;  
But we believe that angels said,  
"Why seek the living with the dead ?"

*m* We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst through the clouds  
ascend, [view,  
First lift to heaven their wondering  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.  
And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;  
But we believe Thy faithful word,  
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

208 L.M. *O. W. Holmes.*

*m* O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care :  
We smile at pain while Thou art near !  
Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering  
year :

No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art  
near !

*p* When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

*m* On Thee we fling our burdening woe.  
O Love Divine, for ever dear ;  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near !

209 L.M.D. *A. Tennyson.*

*m* STRONG Son of God, Immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove ;  
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die,  
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.  
Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :  
Our wills are ours, we know not how,  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.  
*p* Our little systems have their day ;  
They have their day and cease to be :  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.



*m* We have but faith: we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see,  
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow.  
Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before.

210 C.M. J. G. Whittier.

*f* IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,  
For ever flowing free,  
For ever shared, for ever whole,  
A never-ebbing sea!

*m* Our outward lips confess the Name  
All other names above;  
Love only knoweth whence it came,  
And comprehendeth love.

*f* Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow  
The mists of earth away!  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray!

*m* We may not climb the heavenly steeps  
To bring the Lord Christ down:  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.

*p* But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;

*m* We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are  
Our lips of childhood frame, [said

*p* The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.

*f* O Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

211 S.M. H. W. Baker.

*m* O PERFECT life of love!  
All, all is finished now—  
All that He left His throne above  
To do for us below.

No work is left undone  
Of all the Father willed;  
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,  
The Scripture have fulfilled.  
No pain that we can share  
But He has felt its smart;  
All forms of human grief and care  
Have pierced that tender heart.

*p* And on His thorn-crowned head,  
And on His sinless soul,  
Our sins in all their guilt were laid  
That He might make us whole.

*m* In perfect love He dies;  
For me He dies, for me.

O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
I cling by faith to Thee.

In every time of need,  
Before the judgment throne,  
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,  
Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me,  
As Thou for me hast wrought;  
And let my love the answer be  
To grace Thy love has brought.

212 L.M. J. Martineau.

*m* A VOICE upon the midnight air,  
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray

*p* Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,  
"O Father, take this cup away!"

*m* Ah, Thou, who sorrowest unto death,  
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;  
And earth for all her children saith,  
"O God, take not this cup away!"

*p* O Lord of sorrow! meekly die,  
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;  
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,  
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

*f* Great Chief of faithful souls! arise;  
None else can lead the martyr-band  
Who teach the brave how peril flies,  
When Faith unarmed uplifts the hand

O King of earth! the cross ascend;  
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne

*m* Where'er Thy fading eye may bend  
The desert blooms, and is Thine own

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:  
Make but one fold below, above;

And when we go the last lone way,  
*f* O, give the welcome of Thy love!

213

8s & 6. *C. F. Alexander.*

His are the thousand sparkling rills  
That from a thousand fountains burst,  
And fill with music all the hills;  
And yet He saith, "I thirst."

All fiery pangs on battle-fields,  
On fever beds where sick men toss,  
Are in that human cry He yields  
To anguish on the cross.

But more than pains that racked Him  
then

Was the deep longing thirst Divine  
That thirsted for the souls of men;  
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

O Love most patient, give me grace;  
Make all my soul athirst for Thee;  
That parched dry lip, that fading face,  
That thirst, were all for me.

214

C.M. *S. Wesley, Sen.*

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
Nailed to the shameful tree!  
How vast the love that Him inclined  
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark, how He groans! while nature  
shakes

And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks;  
The solid marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;  
"Receive my soul," He cries;  
See where He bows His sacred head!  
He bows His head, and dies!

But soon He'll break death's envious  
And in full glory shine: [chain  
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like Thine?

215

6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

WOULD Jesus have the sinner be?  
Why hangs He then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
(Sinners, He prays for you and me:)

"Forgive them, Father, O forgive:  
They know not that by Me they live!"

Adam descended from above,  
Our loss of Eden to retrieve;  
Great God of universal love,  
If all the world through Thee may live,  
In us a quickening Spirit be,  
And witness Thou hast died for me!

*p* Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thee—by Thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away!

*m* O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my  
The story of Thy love repeat, [tears;  
In every drooping sinner's ears;

*f* That all may hear the quickening sound,  
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

*m* O let Thy love my heart constrain,  
Thy love for every sinner free;  
That every fallen soul of man [me;  
May taste the grace that found out

*f* That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

216

6-7s. *J. Ellerton.*

*m* THRONED upon the awful Tree,  
King of grief, I watch with Thee;  
Darkness veils Thine anguished face,  
None its lines of woe can trace,  
None can tell what pangs unknown  
Hold Thee silent and alone.

*p* Silent through those three dread hours,  
Wrestling with the evil powers,  
Left alone with human sin,  
Gloom around Thee and within,  
Till the appointed time is nigh,  
Till the Lamb of God may die.

*m* Hark that cry that peals aloud  
Upward through the whelming cloud!  
Thou, the Father's only Son,  
Thou, His own Anointed One,  
*p* Thou dost ask Him—"Can it be?  
Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

*m* Lord, should fear and anguish roll  
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,  
Thou, who once was thus bereft  
That Thine own might ne'er be left—  
Teach me by that bitter cry  
In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

217

7s & 6s. *P. Gerhardt.*

*m* O SACRED Head, once wounded,  
With grief and pain weighed down,  
How scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown!

How pale art Thou with anguish,  
With sore abuse and scorn!  
How does that visage languish,  
Which once was bright as morn!

O Lord of life and glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine!

I read the wondrous story,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

*p* Thy grief and Thy compassion  
Were all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.

*m* What language shall I borrow  
To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Lord, make me Thine for ever,  
Nor let me faithless prove;  
O let me never, never  
Abuse such dying love.

*p* Be near me, Lord, when dying;  
O show Thy cross to me;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, to set me free:

*m* These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely through Thy love.

218 S.M. I. Watts.

*m* NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain:

*p* But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they.

*m* My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

*p* My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And feels her guilt was there.  
Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

219 L.M. I. Watts.

*m* WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride  
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God  
All the vain things that charm me now  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

*p* See, from His head, His hands, His feet  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown  
Were the whole realm of nature mine  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

220 8s & 7s. Sir. J. Bowring.

*m* IN the cross of Christ I glory;  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*p* When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me;  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

*m* When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more lustre to the day.  
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure  
Joys that through all time abide.

*f* In the cross of Christ I glory;  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

221 7s. E. Charles.

*m* NEVER further than Thy cross,  
Never higher than Thy feet;  
Here earth's precious things seem drooping,  
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

*p* Gazing thus our sin we see,  
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;  
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,  
Love which bore the cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,  
And, rejoicing, self deny;  
Here we gather love to live,  
Here we gather faith to die.

Symbols of our liberty  
And our service here unite;  
Captives, by Thy cross set free,  
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can,  
Still to this our hearts must tend;  
Where our earliest hopes began,  
There our last aspirings end,  
Till amid the Hosts of Light,  
We in Thee redeemed, complete,  
Through Thy cross made pure and white,  
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

22 L.M. T. Kelly.

WE sing the praise of Him who died,  
Of Him who died upon the cross;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the cross we see,  
In shining letters, "God is Love;"  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away;  
It holds the fainting spirit up;  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup;  
It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

23 L.M. F. W. Faber.

O COME and mourn with me awhile,  
O come ye to the Saviour's side;  
O come, together let us mourn:  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m How fast His hands and feet are nailed,  
His throat with parching thirst is  
dried!

His failing eyes are dim with woe:  
p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m Seven times He spoke, seven words of  
love,

And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men:

p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m Come, let us stand beneath the cross;

The fountain opened in His side  
Shall purge our deepest stains away:

p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied;

A broken heart He heals and saves:

p Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

m O love of God! O sin of man!

In this dread act our strength is tried;

p And victory remains with love:

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

224 L.M. S. Stennett

p "'Tis finished!" so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bowed His head, and died;

m "'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the victory won.

p "'Tis finished!" all that Heaven fore-  
By prophets in the days of old; [told

m And truths are opened to our view  
That kings and prophets never knew.

p "'Tis finished!" Son of God, Thy power  
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;

m And yet, our eyes with sorrow see  
That life to us was death to Thee.

p "'Tis finished!" let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;

f "'Tis finished!" let the echo fly  
Through heaven and hell, through  
earth and sky.

7s.

225 J. R. Wreford, S. Longfellow, and  
C. Wesley.

m WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane!



There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades,  
*p* See that suffering, friendless One,  
Weeping, praying there alone.

*m* When my love for man grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek,  
*p* Hill of Calvary! I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe;—  
There behold His agony,  
Suffered on the bitter tree;  
See His anguish, see His faith,  
*f* Love triumphant still in death.

*m* Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the worth of pain,  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.

*f* Sing we then to God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## 226 8s 6s & 4s. A. R. Cousin.

*p* O CHRIST, what burdens bowed Thy  
Our load was laid on Thee; [head!  
Thou stoorest in the sinner's stead,  
Bearing all ill for me:  
A victim led,  
Thy blood was shed;  
*m* Now there's no load for me.

*p* Death and the curse were in our cup;  
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!  
*m* But Thou hast drained the last dark  
'Tis empty now for me: [drop;  
That bitter cup,  
Love drank it up;  
Now blessing's draught for me!

*p* The Holy One did hide His face;  
O Christ, 'twas hid from Thee!  
Dumb darkness wrapt Thy soul a space,  
The darkness due to me:  
*m* But now that face  
Of radiant grace  
Shines forth in light on me.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee;  
Thou'rt risen; my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified,  
Made white and tried,  
Thy glory then for me!

## 227

10s &amp; 6. Jean Ingelow

*p* AND didst Thou love the race that loves  
not Thee? [human brow  
And didst Thou take to heaven  
Dost plead with man's voice by the  
marvellous sea?  
Art Thou His kinsman now?  
*m* O God, O Kinsman loved, but not  
enough! [death  
O Man, with eyes majestic after  
Whose feet have toiled along our path  
ways rough,  
Whose lips drawn human breath!  
By that one likeness which is ours and  
Thine, [us kin  
By that one nature which doth hold  
By that high heaven where, sinless,  
Thou dost shine,  
To draw us sinners in:  
*p* By Thy last silence in the judgment  
hall, [tre  
By long foreknowledge of the death  
By darkness, by the wormwood and  
I pray Thee, visit me. [the gal  
*m* Come, lest this heart should, cold and  
cast away, [tain-  
Die ere the Guest adored she enter  
Lest eyes that never saw Thine earth  
Should miss Thy heavenly reign. [da

### HIS RESURRECTION.

## 228

4-8s &amp; 2-6s.

T. Kelly

*m* COME, see the place where Jesus lay  
And hear angelic watchers say,  
"He lives, Who once was slain:  
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?  
Remember how the Saviour said  
That He would rise again."

*f* O joyful sound! O glorious hour,  
When by His own Almighty power  
He rose, and left the grave!  
Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who burst the bands of death and hell  
And ever lives to save.

*m* The First-begotten of the dead,  
For us He rose, our glorious Head,  
Immortal life to bring;  
What though the saints like Him shall  
They share their Leader's victory, [d  
And triumph with their King.



No more they tremble at the grave,  
 For Jesus will their spirits save,  
 And raise their slumbering dust :  
 O risen Lord, in Thee we live,  
 To Thee our ransomed souls we give,  
 To Thee our bodies trust.

229

6s &amp; 4s. W. W. How.

ON wings of living light,  
 At earliest dawn of day,  
 Came down the angel bright,  
 And rolled the stone away.

Your voices raise  
 With one accord  
 To bless and praise  
 Your risen Lord.

The keepers watching near,  
 At that dread sight and sound  
 Fell down with sudden fear,  
 Like dead men, to the ground.

Your voices raise, &c.

Then rose from death's dark gloom,  
 Unseen by mortal eye,  
 Triumphant o'er the tomb,  
 The Lord of earth and sky.

Your voices raise, &c.

Ye children of the light,  
 Arise with Him, arise ;  
 See how the Daystar bright  
 Is burning in the skies !

Your voices raise, &c.

Leave in the grave beneath  
 The old things passed away ;  
 Buried with Him in death,  
 O live with Him to-day.

Your voices raise, &c.

We sing Thee, Lord Divine,  
 With all our hearts and powers ;  
 For we are ever Thine,  
 And Thou art ever ours,

Your voices raise, &c.

230

6s &amp; 4s. P. Doddridge.

YES! the Redeemer rose;  
 The Saviour left the dead,  
 And o'er our hellish foes  
 High raised His conquering head.

In wild dismay,  
 The guards around  
 Fell to the ground,  
 And sank away.

Lo! the angelic bands  
 In full assembly meet,  
 To wait His high commands,  
 And worship at His feet ;  
 Joyful they come,  
 And wing their way  
 From realms of day  
 To see His tomb.

Then back to heaven they fly,  
 And the glad tidings bear.  
 Hark! as they soar on high  
 What music fills the air!  
 Their anthems say—  
 " Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead ;  
 He rose to-day."

Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
 Redeemed by Him from hell ;  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell :  
 Transported cry—  
 " Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead,  
 No more to die."

All hail! triumphant Lord,  
 Who savest us with Thy blood ;  
 Wide be Thy name adored,  
 Thou rising, reigning God !  
 With Thee we rise,  
 With Thee we reign,  
 And empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

231

7s & 6s. St. John Damascene, trs.  
J. M. Neale.

THE Day of Resurrection !  
 Earth! tell it out abroad !  
 The Passover of gladness !  
 The Passover of God !

From death to life eternal,  
 From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us over,  
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection-light ;

And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear so calm and plain  
 His own All hail! and, hearing,  
 May raise the victor strain !

*f* Now let the heavens be joyful !  
 Let earth her song begin !  
 Let the round world keep triumph,  
 And all that is therein :  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend,—  
 For Christ the Lord is risen—  
 Our Joy that hath no end.

**232** 7s 8s & 4. *C. F. Gellert, trs. by F. E. Cox.*

*f* JESUS lives ! no longer now  
 Can thy terrors, death, appal us ;  
 Jesus lives ! by this we know  
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
 Alleluia !

*p* Jesus lives ! henceforth is death  
 But the gate of life immortal ;  
 This shall calm our trembling breath  
 When we pass its gloomy portal.  
 Alleluia !

*m* Jesus lives ! for us He died !  
 Then, alone to Jesus living,  
 Pure in heart may we abide,  
 Glory to our Saviour giving.  
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well  
 Naught from us His love shall sever ;  
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
 Tear us from His keeping ever.  
 Alleluia !

*f* Jesus lives ! to Him the throne  
 Over all the world is given ;  
 May we go where He is gone,  
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
 Alleluia !

**233** 4-7s. *C. Wesley.*

*f* "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"  
 Sons of men and angels say !  
 Raise your joys and triumphs high ;  
 Sing, ye heavens ; and earth, reply.

*m* Love's redeeming work is done ;  
 Fought the fight, the battle won ;  
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er :  
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;  
 Death in vain forbids His rise ;  
 Christ hath opened Paradise.

*p* Lives again our glorious King !  
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?  
 Once He died our souls to save ;  
 Where thy victory, O grave ?

*m* Soar we now, where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head ;  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise :  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.  
 Hail ! the Lord of earth and heaven :  
 Praise to Thee by both be given.  
 Thee we greet triumphant now :  
 Hail ! the Resurrection Thou !

**234** 7s & 4s. *From the Latin of the Fourteenth Century*

*m* JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
 Alleluia !  
 Our triumphant holy day,  
 Alleluia !  
 Who did once, upon the cross,  
 Alleluia !  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.  
 Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing  
 Alleluia !  
 Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
 Alleluia !

*p* Who endured the cross and grave,  
 Alleluia !  
 Sinners to redeem and save.  
 Alleluia !

But the pain which He endured  
 Alleluia !  
 Our salvation hath procured ;  
 Alleluia !

*m* Now above the sky He's King,  
 Alleluia !  
 Where the angels ever sing,  
 Alleluia !

**235** L.M. *I. Watts*

*m* HE dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !  
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around  
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
 A sudden trembling shakes the  
 ground.

*p* Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
 For Him Who groaned beneath yo  
 load ;  
 He shed a thousand drops for you,  
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree ;  
 The Lord of glory dies for men !  
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see ;  
 Jesus the dead revives again !

The rising Lord forsakes the tomb ;  
 The tomb in vain forbids His rise ;  
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,  
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell  
 How high our great Deliverer reigns !  
 Sing how He spoiled the hosts of hell,  
 And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !  
 Born to redeem, and strong to save : "  
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy  
 sting ? " [grave ? "  
 And, " Where's thy victory, boasting

236 8s & 7s. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

CHRIST is risen ! hallelujah !  
 Risen our victorious Head !  
 Sing His praises ! hallelujah !  
 Christ is risen from the dead !  
 Gratefully our hearts adore Him,  
 As His Light once more appears,  
 Bowing down in joy before Him,  
 Rising up from grief and tears.

Christ is risen ! hallelujah !  
 Risen our victorious Head !  
 Sing His praises ! hallelujah !  
 Christ is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen ! all the sadness  
 Of His earthly life is o'er,  
 Through the open gates of gladness  
 He returns to life once more ;  
 Death and hell before Him bending,  
 He doth rise, the Victor now,  
 Angels on His steps attending,  
 Glory round His wounded brow.

Christ is risen, &c.

Christ is risen ! henceforth never  
 Death or hell shall us enthrall,  
 We are Christ's, in Him for ever  
 We have triumphed over all ;  
 All the doubting and dejection  
 Of our trembling hearts have ceased,  
 'Tis His day of resurrection !  
 Let us rise and keep the feast.

Christ is risen, &c.

237 8s & 7s. *C. Wordsworth.*

f HALLELUJAH ! hallelujah !  
 Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;  
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
 Sing to God a hymn of praise ;

m He who on the cross a victim  
 For the world's salvation bled,  
 f Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,  
 Now is risen from the dead.

m Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
 Of the holy harvest-field,  
 Which will all its full abundance  
 At His second coming yield ;  
 Then the golden ears of harvest  
 Will their heads before Him wave,  
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
 From the furrows of the grave.

p Christ is risen ; we are risen ;  
 Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
 Rain and dew, and gleams of glory  
 From the brightness of Thy face,  
 That we, with our hearts in heaven,  
 Here on earth may fruitful be,  
 And by angel hands be gathered,  
 And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

f Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
 Glory be to God on high ;  
 Hallelujah to the Saviour,  
 Who has gained the victory ;  
 Hallelujah to the Spirit,  
 Fount of love and sanctity :  
 Hallelujah ! hallelujah  
 To the Triune Majesty !

238 9s & 6s. *J. Conder.*

m O SHOW me not my Saviour dying,  
 As on the cross He bled ;  
 Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,  
 For He has left the dead.

Then bid me not that form extended  
 For my Redeemer own,  
 Who, to the highest heavens ascended,  
 In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station,  
 Weep only for thy sins ;  
 View where He lay with exultation,  
 'Tis there our hope begins.

Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,  
 Amid the scenes He trod :  
 Look up, and see Him interceding  
 At the right hand of God.

*p* Still in the shameful cross I glory,  
Where His dear blood was spilt;  
His shameful cross, set forth before me,  
Hath cancelled all my guilt.  
*m* Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,  
Shall strength and honour give?  
He lives, the Captain of Salvation,  
Therefore His servants live.  
By death, He death's dark king  
And overcame the grave: [defeated,  
Rising, the triumph He completed;  
He lives, He reigns to save. [Him:  
Heaven's happy myriads bow before  
He comes, the Judge of men;  
These eyes shall see Him, and adore  
Lord Jesus, own me then. [Him;

**239** C.M. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*f* AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!  
Thy Lord hath risen long:  
Go to His grave, and with thee take  
Both tuneful heart and song.  
*m* The shade and gloom of life are fled  
This resurrection day;  
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,  
The grave hath no more prey.  
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,  
In Christ we wake and rise;  
And the sad tears death makes us weep  
He wipes from all our eyes.  
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,  
With vernal verdure spread,  
The little hills lift up their voice  
And shout that death is dead.  
*f* Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!  
And seek thy risen Lord,  
Joy in His resurrection take,  
And comfort in His word.  
And let thy life through all its ways  
One long thanksgiving be,  
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,  
"Christ died and rose for me."

**240** C.M.D. *Anna L. Waring.*

*m* DEAR Saviour of a dying world,  
Where grief and change must be,  
In the new grave where Thou wast laid  
My heart lies down with Thee:  
O not in cold despair of joy,  
Or weariness of pain,  
But in the hope, that shall not die,  
To rise and live again

*f* I would arise in all Thy strength  
My place on earth to fill;  
To work out all my time of war  
With love's unflinching will;  
Firm against every doubt of Thee  
For all my future way;  
To walk in heaven's eternal light  
Throughout the changing day.  
*m* And then, there shall be yet an end;  
An end how full to bless!  
How dear to those who watch for Thee  
With human tenderness!  
Then shall the saying come to pass  
That makes our hope complete;  
And, rising from the conquered grave,  
Thy parted ones shall meet.  
Yes, they shall meet, and face to face,  
By heart to heart be known,  
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of  
And perfect in their own: [Life  
For this corruptible must rise,  
From its corruption free,  
And this frail mortal must put on  
Thine immortality.  
Shine then, Thou resurrection Light,  
Upon our sorrows shine;  
The fulness of Thy joy be ours,  
As all our griefs were Thine.  
Now in this changing, dying life,  
Our faded hopes restore,  
Till, in Thy triumph perfected,  
We taste of death no more.

**241** 6s & 5s. *Fortunatus, trans.  
J. Ellerton*

*f* "WELCOME, happy morning!"  
Age to age shall say;  
Hell to-day is vanquished;  
Heaven is won to-day!  
Lo! the Dead is living,  
God for evermore!  
Him, their true Creator,  
All His works adore!  
"Welcome, happy morning!"  
Age to age shall say;  
Hell to-day is vanquished;  
Heaven is won to-day!  
*m* Earth her joy confesses,  
Clothing her for Spring,  
All good gifts returned  
With her returning King:

Bloom in every meadow,  
Leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrows ended,  
Hail His triumph now.

"Welcome, happy morning!" &c.

*f* Months in due succession,  
Days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments  
Praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning,  
Sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness,  
Bring their praise to Thee.

"Welcome, happy morning!" &c.

Maker and Redeemer,  
Life and Health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding  
Human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead  
True and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver,  
Manhood didst put on.

"Welcome, happy morning!" &c.

*p* Thou, of Life the Author,  
Death didst undergo,  
Trode the path of darkness,  
Saving strength to show;  
*f* Come, then, True and Faithful,  
Now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning!  
Rise, O buried Lord!

"Welcome, happy morning!" &c.

*m* Loose the souls long prisoned,  
Bound with Satan's chain;  
All that is now fallen  
Raise to life again;  
*f* Show Thy face in brightness,  
Bid the nations see;  
Bring again our daylight:  
Day returns with Thee!

"Welcome, happy morning!" &c.

HIS ASCENSION AND REIGN.

242 C.M. C. F. Alexander.

*m* THE golden gates are lifted up,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of Glory is gone in  
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon God's face.

*p* And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

*m* Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds;  
Let Thy dear grace be given,  
That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven.

That where Thou art, at God's right  
Our hope, our love, may be; [hand,  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

243 L.M. J. Montgomery.

*f* LIFT up your heads, ye gates! and wide  
Your everlasting doors display;  
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,  
And give the King of Glory way.

*p* Who is the King of Glory?—He,  
The Lord, omnipotent to save;  
Whose own right arm, in victory,  
Led captive Death, and spoiled the grave.

*f* Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high  
Your everlasting portals heave;  
Welcome the King of Glory nigh;  
Him must the Heaven of heavens receive.

*p* Who is the King of Glory?—Who?  
*f* The Lord of hosts; behold His name:  
The kingdom, power and honour due,  
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim!

244 C.M. Fanch—Turner.

*m* BEYOND the glittering starry skies,  
Far as the eternal hills,  
There, in the boundless worlds of light,  
Our great Redeemer dwells.

Immortal angels, bright and fair  
In countless armies shine;  
Before Him, in transported lays,  
They offer songs divine.

*p* "Hail! Prince," they cry, "for ever  
Whose unexampled love [hail!  
Moved Thee to quit these glorious  
And royalties above!" [realms



*m* And whilst He stooped on earth to  
And suffer rude disdain, [dwell,  
They cast their honours at His feet,  
And waited in His train.

*p* In all His toils and dangerous paths,  
They did His steps attend;  
Oft paused, and wondered how at last  
The scene of love would end.

*m* As on the torturing tree He hung,  
And darkness veiled the sky,  
Amazed they saw that awful sight,  
The Lord of Glory die!

They saw Him burst the gates of death,  
And quell the tyrant's power;  
And when the Conqueror arose,  
They hailed the blissful hour.

*f* They thronged His chariot up the skies,  
And bore Him to His throne;  
Then swept their golden harps, and  
"The glorious work is done!" [cried

## 245 7s. A. P. Stanley.

*m* HE is gone—beyond the skies;  
A cloud receives Him from our eyes;  
Gone beyond the highest height  
Of mortal gaze or angel's flight,  
Through the veils of time and space  
Passed into the holiest place—  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

*p* He is gone: and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain;  
In the void which He has left  
On this earth, of Him bereft,  
We have still His work to do;  
We can still His path pursue,  
Seek Him both in friend and foe,  
In ourselves His image show.

*m* He is gone: we heard Him say,  
"Good that I should go away."  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone His present grace;  
Though Himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be:  
No! His Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

He is gone: but we once more  
Shall behold Him as before,  
In the heaven of heavens the same  
As on earth He went and came;

In the many mansions there  
Place for us He will prepare;  
In that world unseen, unknown,  
He and we shall yet be one.

## 246 L.M. Bede, trs. E. Charles.

*f* A HYMN of glory let us sing:  
New hymns throughout the world sha  
By a new way none ever trod, [ring  
Christ mounteth to the throne of God

*m* The apostles on the mountain stand—  
The mystic mount, in Holy Land;  
They, with the virgin-mother, see  
Jesus ascend in majesty.

The angels say to the eleven:  
"Why stand ye gazing into heaven?"

*f* This is the Saviour—this is He!  
Jesus hath triumphed gloriously!"

*m* They said the Lord should come again  
As these beheld Him rising then,  
Calm soaring through the radiant sky  
Mounting its dazzling summits high.

May our affections thither tend,  
And thither constantly ascend,

*f* Where, seated on the Father's throne,  
Thee reigning in the heavens we own.

*m* Be Thou our present joy, O Lord!  
Who wilt be ever our reward;  
And, as the countless ages flee,  
May all our glory be in Thee!

## 247 6s & 5s. Frances R. Havergal.

*f* GOLDEN harps are sounding,  
Angel voices sing,  
Pearly gates are opened,  
Opened for the King;

*m* Jesus, King of Glory,  
Jesus, King of Love,  
Is gone up in triumph  
To His throne above.

*f* All His work is ended,  
Joyfully we sing;  
Jesus hath ascended:  
Glory to our King!

*p* He who came to save us,  
He who bled and died,

*f* Now is crowned with glory  
At His Father's side.

*m* Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die;  
Jesus, King of Glory,  
Has gone up on high;  
All His work is ended, &c.

Praying for His children,  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace;  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you;

*f* Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.

All His work is ended, &c.

248

4-7s.

*m* "THIS same Jesus"—blessed words!  
King of Kings and Lord of Lords!  
He who came—the Crucified—  
Liveth now—the Glorified!

*p* "This same Jesus"—that was dead—  
Many crowns upon His head,  
Many names upon His breast—  
Giver of eternal rest.

*m* "This same Jesus"—God of love,  
King of earth and realms above,  
Lord of glory, full of grace,  
Brightness of His Father's face!

"This same Jesus shall so come,"  
As they saw Him going home:  
Blessing—He went up to reign—  
Blessing—He shall come again!

"This same Jesus"—blessed word!  
To be ever with the Lord!

"This same Jesus"—oh, to be  
With Him through eternity!

249

C.M.

*T. Kelly.*

*m* THE head that once was crowned with  
Is crowned with glory now: [thorns  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His by sovereign right:

The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,  
He reigns in glory bright.

The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below

To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know:

*p* To them the cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

*m* They suffer with their Lord below:  
They reign with Him above;  
Their profit and their joy, to know  
The mystery of His love.

250

8s 7s & 4s.

*T. Kelly.*

*m* LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious:  
See the Man of Sorrows now,

*f* From the fight returned victorious:  
Every knee to Him shall bow.  
Crown Him, crown Him:

Crowns become the Victor's brow.

*m* Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him:  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

*f* In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.  
Crown Him, crown Him:

Crown the Saviour, King of Kings!

*p* Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;

*f* Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
Own His title, praise His name.

Crown Him, crown Him:

Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!

Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

Jesus takes the highest station:

O what joy the sight affords!

Crown Him, crown Him,

King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

251

C.M.

*m* AND shall these eyes, these very eyes,  
My glorious Saviour see?

Shall they behold Him face to face,  
A sinner though I be?

Shall they behold Him—not as once  
All marred by sorrow's tears—

When, scoffed and buffeted by man,  
He bore our sins and cares?

Shall they behold Him—not as then  
The meek and lowly One;

But with a royal glory robed,  
High on His heavenly throne?

*p* And shall these eyes, these very eyes,  
By sorrow made so dim—

Shall they, oft clouded now by sin,  
Be looked upon by Him?

*m* They shall, for I shall changed be,  
And made, like Him, divine;  
Though now so vile—all glorious then,  
Shall in His image shine.  
And in that land, so very far  
Removed from sin and care,  
I, with His loved and sainted ones,  
Eternal bliss shall share.

**252** 8s & 7s. *C. Wordsworth.*

*f* SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,  
See the King in royal state  
Riding on the clouds His chariot  
To His Heavenly palace gate;  
Hark! the choirs of angel-voices  
Joyful hallelujahs sing,  
And the portals high are lifted  
To receive their heavenly King.  
*p* While He raised His hands in blessing,  
He was parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,  
*m* He who walked with God, and pleased  
Preaching truth, and doom to come,  
Christ, our Enoch, is translated  
To His everlasting home.  
Thou hast raised our human nature  
In the clouds to God's right hand;  
There we sit in heavenly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand:  
*f* Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension  
We by faith behold our own.

**253** S.M. *M. Bridges.*

*f* CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own.  
*p* Crown Him the Virgin's Son,  
The God Incarnate born,  
Whose arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His brow adorn.  
*m* Crown Him the Lord of love;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified.  
Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.

Crown Him the Lord of heaven,  
One with the Father known,  
And the blest Spirit through Him given  
From yonder Triune throne.

*f* All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise and glory shall not fail  
Throughout eternity.

**254** 7s. *T. Kelly.*

*f* CROWNS of glory ever bright  
Rest upon the Conqueror's head;  
Crowns of glory are His right,  
His, "who liveth and was dead."

*p* He subdued the powers of hell,  
In the fight He stood alone;  
All His foes before Him fell,  
By His single arm o'erthrown.

*m* His the battle, His the toil;  
His the honours of the day;  
His the glory and the spoil;  
Jesus bears them all away.

*f* Now proclaim His deeds afar,  
Fill the world with His renown!  
His alone the victor's car,  
His the everlasting crown!

**255** C.M. *T. Kelly.*

*f* WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,  
Whose sound through heaven rings?  
They welcome Jesus to the sky,  
And crown Him—King of Kings.

At sight of Him, yon seraphs bright  
Exulting clap their wings;  
They hail their Lord with new delight,  
And crown Him—King of Kings.

*m* Look up, ye saints, and, while ye gaze,  
Forget all earthly things;  
Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,  
And crown Him—King of Kings.

*p* While here, He bore our sin and shame;  
From this our comfort springs.  
'Tis meet we should exalt His name,  
And crown Him—King of Kings.

*f* We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds  
To tune celestial strings,  
And join with heaven's exulting crowds  
To crown Him—King of Kings.

HIS PRIESTHOOD AND INTERCESSION.

256

4-6s & 2-8s. *J. Cennick.*

- m* A GOOD High Priest is come,  
Supplying Aaron's place,  
And taking up his room,  
Dispensing life and grace.  
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
But grace and truth by Jesu's name.  
He once temptations knew,  
And woes of every kind,  
That He might succour show  
To every tempted mind.  
In every point the Lamb was tried  
Like us, and then for us He died.
- p* He died, but lives again,  
And by the altar stands;  
There shows how He was slain,  
Opening His pierced hands.
- m* Our Priest abides, and pleads our cause,  
Transgressors of His righteous laws.  
I other priests disclaim,  
Their laws and offerings too:  
None but the bleeding Lamb  
The mighty work can do:  
He shall have all the praise, for He  
Hath loved and lived and died for me.

*f* Before the throne my Surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands.

- m* He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
*f* His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- p* Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me;  
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

- m* The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear Anointed One;  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

*f* My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child,  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!

257

4-6s & 2-8s.

- m* WE have no priest but Christ;  
His precious blood alone  
Can wash away our guilt,  
And for our sins atone;  
He died upon the accursed tree  
That we by faith might pardoned be.
- p* We ask no friend but Christ  
To intercede above;  
He pleads for sinners there,  
Blest objects of His love;
- m* At God's right hand our Saviour lives,  
Whence life, and peace, and joy He gives.  
Almighty Priest and Friend,  
Protect us by Thy grace,  
Till, free from sin and death,  
We see Thee face to face;  
Then shall we join with saints to sing  
Praises to Thee, our Lord and King.

259

C.M.

*I. Watts.*

- m* WITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
And still doth yearn with love.  
Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For He hath felt the same.
- p* He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out His cries and tears;  
And, though exalted, feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- m* He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame;  
The bruised reed He never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.  
Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and His power;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

258

4-6s & 2-8s. *C. Wesley.*

- m* ARISE, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears;



260

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,  
And ever prays for me;  
A token of His love He gives,  
A pledge of liberty.  
I find Him lifting up my head,  
He brings salvation near;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.  
*p* He wills that I should holy be:  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfil.  
*m* Jesus, I hang upon Thy word;  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.  
*f* Joyful in hope, my spirit soars  
To meet Thee from above,  
Thy goodness thankfully adores;  
And sure I taste Thy love.  
The bliss of those that fully dwell,  
Fully in Thee believe,  
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,  
Or angel-minds conceive.

261

L.M.

*S. Medley.*

*m* I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;  
O, the sweet joy this sentence gives;  
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead;  
He lives, my everlasting Head.  
He lives to bless me with His love,  
And still He pleads for me above;  
He lives to raise me from the grave,  
And me eternally to save.  
He lives, my wise and powerful Friend,  
Who still will keep me to the end;  
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,  
Jesus, my Prophet, Priest, and King.  
*p* He lives that He may in me dwell,  
And save me from the power of hell;  
To comfort me whene'er I faint,  
And soothe my heaviest complaint.  
*m* He lives, my mansion to prepare,  
And He will bring me safely there;  
He lives, all glory to His name,  
Jesus, unchangeably the same.

262

L.M.

*H. Bruce*

*m* WHERE high the heavenly temple stands  
The house of God not made with hands  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The guardian of mankind appears.  
He who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood  
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,  
The Saviour and the Friend of man.  
Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.  
*p* Our fellow-sufferer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains;  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, His agonies and cries.  
In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of Sorrows had a part;  
He sympathises with our grief,  
And to the sufferer sends relief.  
*m* With boldness, therefore, at the throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known;  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

263

8s & 7s.

*J. Bakewell*

*f* HAIL! Thou once despised Jesus,  
Hail! Thou Galilean King;  
Thou didst suffer to release us;  
Thou didst free salvation bring.  
Hail! Thou glorious God and Saviour,  
Bearer of our sin and shame,  
By Thy merits we find favour;  
Life is given through Thy name.  
*m* Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee were laid:  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made for man with God.  
*p* Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side;  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.



*f* Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give :  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

264 8s & 6. *C. Elliot.*

*m* O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,  
 Who, loving, lovest to the end,  
 On this alone my hopes depend,  
 That Thou wilt plead for me.

When, weary in the Christian race,  
 Far off appears my resting-place,  
 And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
 Then, Saviour, plead for me.

*p* When I have erred and gone astray,  
 Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
 And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
 Still, Saviour, plead for me.

*m* When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
 And plead, O plead for me.

*p* And when my dying hours draw near,  
 Darkened with conflict, pain, and fear,  
 Then to my fainting sight appear,  
 Pleading in heaven for me.

265 7s & 6s. *J. Hamilton.*

*m* O JESUS, Lord most merciful,  
 Low at Thy cross I lie ;  
 O Sinners' Friend, most pitiful,  
 Hear my bewailing cry.  
 I come to Thee with mourning,  
 I come to Thee in woe,  
 With contrite heart returning,  
 And tears that overflow.

O gracious Intercessor,  
 O Priest within the veil,  
 Plead for a lost transgressor  
 The blood that cannot fail.  
 I spread my sins before Thee ;  
 I tell them one by one ;

O, for Thy name's great glory,  
 Forgive all I have done.

*p* O, by Thy cross and passion,  
 Thy tears and agony,  
 And crown of cruel fashion,  
 And death on Calvary,

By all that untold suffering  
 Endured by Thee alone,  
 O Priest, O spotless Offering,  
 Plead, for Thou didst atone.

*m* And in this heart now broken  
 Re-enter Thou and reign ;  
 And say, by that dear token,  
 I am absolved again ;  
 And build me up, and guide me,  
 And guard me day by day ;  
 And in Thy presence hide me,  
 And keep my soul away.

TITLES AND OFFICES.

266 L.M. *I. Watts.*  
*Life of Men.*

*m* FROM the rich treasures of His word  
 I borrow titles for my Lord ;  
 Nor art nor nature can supply  
 Sufficient forms of majesty.

Bright image of the Father's face,  
 Shining with undiminished rays ;  
 The Eternal Father's equal Son,  
 The Heir and Partner of His throne.

But when for works of peace He comes,  
 What gracious titles He assumes :  
 Light of the World, and Life of Men ;  
 Nor bears those characters in vain.

With tender pity in His heart,  
 He acts the Mediator's part ;  
 A Friend and Brother He appears,  
 And well fulfils the names He wears.

The King of Kings, the Lord most high,  
 He leads the armies of the sky,  
 Clad in a vesture dyed in blood,  
 And breaks the nations with His rod.

At length the Judge His throne ascends,  
 Divides the rebels from His friends ;  
 And saints in full fruition prove  
 His boundless plenitude of love.

267 6-7s. *A. M. Toplady.*  
*Rock of Ages.*

*m* ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee,  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
 Be of sin the double cure—  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

*p* In my hand no price I bring ;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Leprous to the Fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

*m* While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

**268** 4-7s. *J. Newton.*  
*Shield and Sun.*

*m* SWEETER sounds than music knows  
Charm me in Immanuel's name ;  
All her hopes my spirit owes  
To His birth and cross and shame.  
When He came the angels sung  
" Glory be to God on high !"  
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue :  
Who should louder sing than I ?

*p* Did the Lord a man become  
That He might the law fulfil,  
Bleed and suffer in my room—  
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

*m* No ! I must my praises bring,  
Though they worthless are, and weak ;  
For, should I refuse to sing,  
Sure the very stones would speak.

*f* O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,  
Shepherd, Brother, Husband,  
Friend—  
Every precious name in one—  
I will love Thee without end.

**269** 11s & 6s. *H. Bonar.*  
*Light of the World.*

*m* LIGHT of the World ! for ever, ever  
There is no change in Thee ; [shining,  
True Light of Life, all joy and health  
enshrining,  
Thou canst not fade nor flee.

Thou hast arisen, but Thou descendest  
To-day shines as the past ; [never  
All that Thou wast Thou art, and shalt be  
Brightness from first to last. [be ever

Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, no  
Day fills up all its blue— [sadness  
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering  
And love for ever new. [gladness

*f* Light of the World ! undimming and  
O shine each mist away ; [unsettling  
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the  
Be our unchanging Day. [fretting

**270** *Rosenorth, tr.*  
7s & 3. *by H. L. L.*  
*Sun of Righteousness.*

*f* JESUS, Sun of Righteousness,  
Brightest Beam of love Divine,  
With the early morning rays,  
Do Thou on our darkness shine,  
And dispel with purest light  
All our night.

*m* As on drooping herb and flower  
Falls the soft refreshing dew,  
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power  
All our weary souls renew ;  
Showers of blessing over all  
Softly fall.

Like the sun's reviving ray,  
May Thy love with tender glow  
All our coldness melt away,  
Warm and cheer us forth to go,  
Gladly serve Thee and obey  
All the day.

O our only Hope and Guide,  
Never leave us nor forsake ;  
Keep us ever at Thy side  
Till the eternal morning break,  
Moving on to Zion's hill,  
Homeward still.

*p* Lead us all our days and years  
In Thy strait and narrow way ;  
Lead us through the vale of tears  
To the land of perfect day,  
Where Thy people, fully blest,  
Safely rest.

271

6-8s. *E. H. Plumptre.*

*Light, Way, Truth, Life.*

O LIGHT! whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall  
That lead our wandering feet astray;

At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
That youth may love, and age endure.

O Way! through whom our souls draw  
To yon eternal home of peace, [near  
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wandering  
cease;

In strength or weakness may we see  
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through  
Thee.

O Truth! before whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,  
Thy love will bless the pure and  
meek; [sight,

When dreams or mists beguile our  
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

O Life! the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?  
Thy joy supreme, what words can  
paint?

In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

O Light! O Way! O Truth! O Life!  
O Jesus, born mankind to save!  
Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,  
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;  
Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,  
Lord of the living and the dead!

272

4-6s & 2-8s. *I. Watts.*

*Counsellor, Pattern, Shepherd.*

JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore:  
All are too mean to speak His worth,  
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

But O what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach His heavenly grace!  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love He bears for me.

*p* Arrayed in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in His Hands:  
Commissioned from His Father's throne  
To make His grace to mortals known.

*m* Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless Thy name:  
By Thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came—  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

Be Thou my Counsellor,  
My Pattern and my Guide;  
And through this desert land  
Still keep me by Thy side.  
O let my feet ne'er run astray,  
Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep  
My wandering soul among  
The thousands of His sheep;  
He feeds His flock, He calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

273

C.M.

*J. Mason.*

*Prophet, Priest, and King.*

*m* I've found the pearl of greatest price,  
My heart doth sing for joy;  
And sing I must, for Christ is mine—  
Christ shall my song employ.

Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King:  
My Prophet full of light,  
My great High Priest before the throne,  
My King of heavenly might.

For He indeed is Lord of Lords,  
And He the King of Kings;  
He is the Sun of Righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

*p* Christ is my peace: He died for me;  
For me He gave His blood;  
And, as my wondrous sacrifice,  
Offered Himself to God.

*m* Christ Jesus is my All in All,  
My comfort and my love,  
My life below; and He shall be  
My glory-crown above.

274

L.M.

C. Wesley.

*Physician.*

- m* JESUS, Thy far-extended fame  
 My drooping soul exults to hear;  
 Thy name, Thy all-restoring name,  
 Is music in a sinner's ear.  
 Sinners of old Thou didst receive,  
 With comfortable words and kind,  
 Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,  
 Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.  
 And art Thou not the Saviour still,  
 In every place and age the same?  
 Hast Thou forgot Thy gracious skill,  
 Or lost the virtue of Thy name?  
 Faith in Thy changeless name I have;  
 The good, the kind Physician, Thou  
 Art able now our souls to save,  
 Art willing to restore them now.
- p* All my disease, my every sin,  
 To Thee, O Jesus, I confess.  
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
 And perfect it in holiness.
- m* That token of Thine utmost good  
 Now, Saviour, now on me bestow;  
 And purge my conscience with Thy  
 blood,  
 And wash my nature white as snow.

275

C.M.

W. Cowper.

*Immanuel.*

- m* HEAL us, Immanuel, we are here  
 Waiting to feel Thy touch;  
 Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair;  
 And, Saviour, we are such.  
 Our faith is feeble, we confess;  
 We faintly trust Thy word:  
 But wilt Thou pity us the less?  
 Be that far from Thee, Lord.
- p* Remember him who once applied  
 With trembling for relief:—  
 “Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,  
 “O help my unbelief.”  
 She, too, who touched Thee in the press,  
 And healing virtue stole,  
 Was answered—“Daughter, go in peace,  
 Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- m* Concealed amid the gathering throng,  
 She would have shunned Thy view;  
 And if her faith was firm and strong,  
 Had strong misgivings too.

Like her, with hopes and fears we come  
 To touch Thee, if we may;  
 O send us not despairing home;  
 Send none unhealed away.

276

10s &amp; 11s.

J. Han

*The Fountain.*

- f* THE fountain of Christ, Lord, help  
 to sing, [King  
 The blood of our Priest, our crucifix  
 The fountain that cleanses from s  
 and from filth, [healt  
 And richly dispenses salvation a  
 This fountain so dear, He'll free  
 impart; [from His hea  
 When pierced by the spear, it flow  
 With blood and with water, the fi  
 to atone, [but o  
 To cleanse us the latter, the fountai
- p* This fountain from guilt not on  
 makes pure,  
 And gives, soon as felt, infallible cur  
 But if guilt removed return and rema  
 Its powers may be proved again a  
 again.
- m* This fountain, unsealed, stands op  
 for all [the sma  
 Who long to be healed, the great a  
 Here's strength for the weakly th  
 hither are led, [for the de  
 Here's health for the sickly, and l  
 This fountain, though rich, from chan  
 is quite clear; [he  
 The poorer the wretch, the welcom
- f* Come needy and guilty; come loa  
 some and bare: [as you a  
 Though leprous and filthy, come j  
 This fountain in vain has never be  
 tried;  
 It takes out all stain whenever applic  
 The fountain flows sweetly with vir  
 divine, [leprous as mi  
 To cleanse souls completely, thou

277

7s &amp; 6s.

L. Tutti

*Shepherd.*

- m* O JESU, ever present,  
 O Shepherd, ever kind,  
 Thy very Name is music  
 To ear, and heart, and mind.  
 It woke my wondering childhood  
 'To muse on things above;

It drew my harder manhood  
 With cords of mighty love.  
 How oft to sure destruction  
 My feet had gone astray,  
 Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,  
 The Guardian of my way.  
 How oft in darkness fallen,  
 And wounded sore by sin,  
 Thy hand has gently raised me,  
 And healing balm poured in.  
 O Shepherd good, I follow  
 Wherever Thou wilt lead ;  
 No matter where the pasture  
 With Thee at hand to feed.  
 Thy voice, in life so mighty,  
 In death shall make me bold :  
 O bring my ransomed spirit  
 To Thine eternal fold.

78 7s 6s & 7s. H. Bonar.

*Various Titles.*

JESUS, Sun and Shield art Thou,  
 Sun and Shield for ever !  
 Never canst Thou cease to shine,  
 Cease to guard us, never !  
 Cheer our steps as on we go,  
 Come between us and the foe.  
 Jesus, Bread and Wine art Thou,  
 Wine and Bread for ever !  
 Never canst Thou cease to feed  
 Or refresh us, never !  
 Feed us still on bread divine,  
 Drink we still this heavenly wine !  
 Jesus, Love and Life art Thou,  
 Life and Love for ever !  
 Ne'er to quicken shalt Thou cease,  
 Or to love us, never !  
 All of life and love we need  
 Is in Thee, in Thee indeed.  
 Jesus, Peace and Joy are Thou,  
 Joy and Peace for ever !  
 Joy that fades not, changes not,  
 Peace that leaves us never !  
 Joy and peace we have in Thee  
 Now and through eternity.  
 Jesus, Song and Strength art Thou,  
 Strength and Song for ever !  
 Strength that never can decay,  
 Song that ceaseth never !  
 Still to us this strength and song  
 Through eternal days prolong.

279

8s 7s & 7s. J. Newton.

*Friend and Brother.*

- m* ONE there is, above all others,  
 Well deserves the name of Friend ;  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end :  
 They who once His kindness prove  
 Find it everlasting love.
- p* Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed their blood ?  
 But our Jesus died to have us  
 Reconciled in Him to God :  
 This was boundless love indeed !  
 Jesus is a Friend in need.
- m* When He lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of Sinners was His name ;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same ;  
 Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
 And to all their wants attends.
- p* Could we bear from one another  
 What He daily bears from us ?  
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother  
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus ;  
 Though for good we render ill,  
 He accounts us brethren still.
- m* O for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love :  
 We, alas ! forget too often  
 What a Friend we have above ;  
 But when home our souls are brought,  
 We will love Thee as we ought.

280

L.M. J. Brewer.

*Hiding Place.*

- m* HAIL ! Sovereign Love, that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man.  
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
- Against the God that rules the sky,  
 I fought with hand uplifted high :  
 Despised the mention of His grace,  
 Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- p* Enwrap in thick Egyptian night,  
 And fond of darkness more than light,  
 Madly I ran the sinful race,  
 Secure without a hiding place.



*m* But thus the eternal counsel ran—  
 "Almighty Love, arrest that man."  
 I felt the arrows of distress,  
 And found I had no hiding place.

Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
 And Mercy's angel-form appeared;  
 She led me on, with gentle pace,  
 To Jesus, as my hiding place.

A few more rolling suns at most  
 Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;  
 There shall I sing the song of grace,  
 And see my glorious hiding place.

HIS NAME.

281 C.M. *E. Peronett.*

*f* ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
 Who from His altar call:  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*m* Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*p* Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*m* Let every kindred, every tribe  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*f* O that with yonder sacred throng  
 We at His feet may fall,  
 Join in the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all!

282 C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*f* O FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.

*m* My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread through all the earth abroad  
 The honours of Thy Name.

*p* Jesus, the Name that charms our fears  
 That bids our sorrows cease,  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

*f* He speaks, and, listening to His voice,  
 New life the dead receive;

*p* The mournful, broken hearts rejoice.  
 The humble poor believe.

*f* Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb  
 Your loosened tongues employ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Look unto Him, ye nations; own  
 Your God, ye fallen race;  
 Look, and be saved by faith alone,  
 Be justified by grace.

283 C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*f* JESUS, the Name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or sky,  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,  
 The Name to sinners given;  
 It scatters all their guilty fear,  
 And turns their hell to heaven.

*m* Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,  
 And bruises Satan's head;  
 Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
 And life into the dead.

*f* O that the world might taste and see  
 The riches of His grace;  
 The arms of love which compass me,  
 Would all mankind embrace.

*m* O that my Jesu's heavenly charms  
 Might every bosom move!  
 Fly, sinners, fly into those arms  
 Of Everlasting Love.

*f* Happy, if with my latest breath  
 I may but gasp His Name;  
 Preach Him to all, and cry in death,  
 "Behold, behold the Lamb!"

284 C.M. *J. Newton.*

*m* How sweet the Name of Jesus sound  
 In a believer's ear!  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!  
My Prophet, Priest, and King!  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then, I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death.

285 C.M. F. Whitfield.

THERE is a Name I love to hear,  
I love to speak its worth;  
It sounds like music in mine ear,  
The sweetest Name on earth.

It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood—  
The sinner's perfect plea.

It tells me of a Father's smile  
Beaming upon His child;  
It cheers me through this "little while,"  
Through desert, waste, and wild.

It bids my trembling soul rejoice,  
It dries each rising tear;  
It tells me, in a "still small voice,"  
To trust and never fear.

Jesus! the Name I love so well,  
The Name I love to hear!  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.

This Name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.

And there, with all the blood-bought  
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesu's love to me.

286

6-8s.

C. Elliott.

m O, SPEAK of Jesus! other names  
Have lost for me their interest now;  
His is the only one that claims  
To be an antidote for woe:  
It falls like music on the ear,  
When nothing else can soothe or cheer.

O, speak of Jesus!—of His power,  
As perfect God and perfect Man,  
Which, day by day and hour by hour,  
As Hewrought out the wondrous plan,  
Led Him, as God, to save and heal;  
As Man, to sympathise and feel.

p O, speak of Jesus!—of His death!  
For us He lived, for us He died;  
"Tis finished," with His latest breath,  
The Lord, Jehovah-Jesus, cried;  
That death of shame and agony  
Won life, eternal life, for me!

m Yes, speak of Jesus, while mine ear  
Can listen to a human voice!  
That Name my parting soul will cheer,  
Will bid me even in death rejoice:  
Then prove, when these clay bonds are riven,  
My passport at the gates of heaven.

287

6-8s.

C. Wesley.

m SURROUNDED by a host of foes,  
Stormed by a host of foes within,  
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,  
Single against hell, earth, and sin,  
f Single, yet undismayed I am;  
I dare believe in Jesu's Name.

m What though a thousand hosts engage,  
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake?  
I have a shield shall quell their rage,  
And drive the alien armies back;  
f Portrayed it bears a bleeding Lamb;  
I dare believe in Jesu's Name.

m Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,  
Me from this evil world to free,  
To purge my sins, and loose my bands,  
And save from all iniquity,  
f My Lord and God, from heaven He  
I dare believe in Jesu's Name. [came;

m Salvation in His Name there is—  
Salvation from sin, death, and hell,  
Salvation into glorious bliss;  
How great salvation who can tell!  
f But all He hath for mine I claim;  
I dare believe in Jesu's Name.

288

4-6s & 2-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* LET earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind;  
*f* To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesu's Name.  
*m* Jesus, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given,  
*f* By which we can salvation have;  
But Jesus came the world to save.  
*m* Jesus, harmonious Name!  
It charms the hosts above;  
They evermore proclaim  
And wonder at His love;  
*f* 'Tis all their happiness to gaze;  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesu's face.  
*m* His Name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory;  
*f* New songs do now his lips employ,  
And dances his glad heart for joy.  
*m* O unexampled love!  
O all-redeeming grace!  
How swiftly didst Thou move  
To save a fallen race!  
*f* What shall I do to make it known  
What Thou for all mankind hast done?  
O for a trumpet-voice,  
On all the world to call!  
To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him who died for all!  
For all, my Lord was crucified:  
For all, for all, my Saviour died!

289

6-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* THOU hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,  
My help and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if Thou art mine:  
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,  
I hide me, Jesus, in Thy Name.  
Thy mighty Name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love;  
To me, with Thy dear Name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

*p* Jesus, my all-in-all Thou art—

My rest in toil; my ease in pain;  
The medicine of my broken heart;  
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown  
In shame, my glory and my crown;  
*m* In want, my plentiful supply;  
In weakness, my Almighty power;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty;  
My light in Satan's darkest hour;  
In grief, my joy unspeakable;  
My life in death; my heaven in hell.

290

C.M. J. Cennicott

*m* THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of Thee;  
No music's like Thy charming Name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.  
O may we ever hear Thy voice  
In mercy to us speak;  
And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
Thou great Melchizedek.  
Jesus shall still be all our theme,  
While in this world we stay:  
We'll sing our Saviour's lovely Name,  
When all things else decay.  
*p* When we appear in yonder cloud  
With all the ransomed throng,  
*f* Then will we sing more sweet, mo  
And Christ shall be our song. [lou

291

C.M. P. Doddridge

*m* JESUS, I love Thy charming Name;  
'Tis music to mine ear;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear  
Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.  
All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.  
Thy grace still dwells upon my heart  
And sheds its fragrance there;—  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.  
I'll speak the honours of Thy Name  
With my last labouring breath;  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms  
The antidote of death. [arm

292

4-7s.

W. W. How.

*m* JESUS! Name of wondrous love!  
Name all other names above!  
Unto which must every knee  
Bow in deep humility.

Jesus! Name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth!  
For the promise that it gave,  
"Jesus shall His people save."

*p* Jesus! Name of mercy mild,  
Given to the Holy Child,  
When the cup of human woe  
First He tasted here below.

*n* Jesus! only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven.  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!  
Human Name of God above;  
Pleading only this, we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

293 *From the German of J. G. Lavater.*  
8s & 7s (Irreg.). A. T. Russell.

O NAME, than every name more dear,  
The heavens Thy praise are telling;  
Blest Name, that doth our spirits cheer,  
Midst sin and sorrow dwelling.  
O Jesus, who shall not love Thee?  
Or who disdain to bow the knee  
To Jesus, our Redeemer?

Thee the eternal Son we own,  
Our King for ever blessed;  
High on the everlasting throne,  
Of boundless power possessed.  
All wisdom, life, and light are Thine;  
From Thee upon our souls doth shine  
The light of love unfailing.

High over all Thy Name doth rise;  
O'er all the world Thou reignest;  
Our Prophet, Priest, King, Sacrifice,  
Our Guide—Thou all sustainest;  
The depths—the heights confess Thee  
Lord,  
Above all kings our King adored,  
All—all is Thine, O Jesus!

294 8s & 7s. *Latin trs. by J. M. Neale.*

*m* JESUS is the Name we treasure,  
Name beyond what words can tell;  
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
Ear and heart delighting well;

*p* Name of sweetness, passing measure,  
Saving us from sin and hell.

*m* 'Tis the Name for adoration,  
Name for songs of victory.

*p* Name for holy meditation  
In this vale of misery,  
Name for joyful veneration  
By the citizens on high.

*m* 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
Speaks like music to the ear;  
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth  
Sweetest comfort findeth near;  
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted  
Over every other name;  
In this Name, whenc'er assaulted,  
We can put our foes to shame;  
Strength to them who else had halted,  
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

*f* Therefore we, in love adoring,  
This most blessed Name revere,  
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring  
So to write it in us here  
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,  
We may sing with angels there.

295

8s. F. T. Palgrave.

*f* THRICE-holy Name!—that sweeter  
sounds [run,  
Than streams which down the valley  
And tells of more than human love,  
And more than human power, in one;  
*m* First o'er the manger-cradle heard,  
Heard since through all the choirs  
on high;—

O Son of Man, O Son of God,  
Eternal, hear Thy children's cry!

*p* While at Thy blessed Name we  
bow,  
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

*m* Within our earth-dimmed souls call up  
The vision of Thy human years;  
The mount of the transfigured form;

*p* The garden of the bitter tears;



The cross upreared in darkening skies;  
The thorn-wreathed head; the  
bleeding side;  
And whisper in the heart, "For you,  
For you, I left the heavens, and died."  
While at the blessed Name we  
bow,  
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

*m* Ah! with faith's surest inmost eye  
The riven rock-hewn bed we see,  
Untreasured of its heavenly guest,—  
Triumphant over death in Thee!  
And O! when Thou, our Saviour Judge,  
Again shall come in glory here,  
With love upon Thy children look,  
And bid us read our pardon clear!  
*p* While at the blessed Name we  
bow,  
Lord Jesus, be amongst us now!

HIS LOVE.

296 4-8s & 2-6s. C. Wesley.

*m* O LOVE Divine, how sweet Thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by Thee?  
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of Christ to me!  
Stronger His love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable:  
The firstborn sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

*p* God only knows the love of God:  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine:  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part!

*m* O that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice:  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

297

8s & 7s.

C. Wesley.

*m* LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;  
Pure unbounded love Thou art;  
Visit us with Thy salvation;  
Enter every trembling heart.  
*p* Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave:  
*m* Thee we would be always blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing  
Glory in Thy perfect love.  
Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee:  
*f* Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

298

8-7s.

C. Wesley.

*m* JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!  
Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.  
*p* Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:  
Just and holy is Thy Name;  
I am all unrighteousness:  
False and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.



Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

299

6-8s. *Paul Gerhardt, trs.*

*J. Wesley.*

JESUS, Thy boundless love to me [clare;  
No thought can reach, no tongue de-  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there;  
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;  
Be Thou alone my constant flame!

O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell but Thy pure love alone:  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;  
Strange flames far from my heart  
remove;

My every act, word, thought, be love!

O Love, how cheering is Thy ray!  
All pain before Thy presence flies;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:

O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee!

Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;

And day and night be all my care  
To guard the sacred treasure there.

In suffering be Thy love my peace,  
In weakness be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that important hour,

In death as life be Thou my Guide,  
And save me, Who for me hast died.

300

4-7s. *J. Langford.*

Now begin the heavenly theme:

Sing aloud in Jesu's Name;

Ye who His salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

p Mourning souls, dry up your tears;  
Banish all your guilty fears;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove;  
Listen to redeeming love.

m Welcome all by sin oppressed:

Welcome to His sacred rest:  
Nothing brought Him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

Hither, then, your tribute bring:  
Strike aloud each joyful string:  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

301

4-7s. *Albert Midlane.*

m SWEET the theme of Jesu's love!

Sweet the theme all themes above:  
Love unmerited and free,  
Our triumphant song shall be.

Love, so vast that naught can bound;  
Love, too deep for thought to sound;  
Love, which made the Lord of all  
Drink the wormwood and the gall.

p Love, which led Him to the cross,  
Bearing there unuttered loss;  
Love, which brought Him to the gloom  
Of the cold and darksome tomb.

m Love, which made Him hence arise

Far above the starry skies,  
There with tender, loving care  
All His people's griefs to share.

Love, which will not let Him rest  
Till His chosen all are blest;  
Till they all for whom He died  
Live rejoicing by His side.

302

L.M. *Ray Palmer.*

*From an Ancient Latin Hymn.*

m JESUS, Thou joy of loving hearts!

Thou Fount of Life! Thou Light of  
Men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts  
We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.

Thy truth, unchanged, hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good.  
To them that find Thee—All in All!

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head;  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill!

*p* Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

*m* O Jesus, ever with us stay! [bright!  
Make all our moments calm and  
Chase the dark night of sin away—  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

**303** C.M. *Anne Steele.*

*f* To our Redeemer's glorious Name  
Awake the sacred song;  
O may His love, immortal flame,  
Tune every heart and tongue.

*m* His love, what mortal thought can  
What mortal tongue display? [reach?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.

He left His radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die—  
Was ever love like this?

*p* Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to Thee;  
May every heart with rapture say,—  
The Saviour died for me.

*m* O may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue;  
Till strangers learn Thy glorious Name,  
And join the sacred song.

**304** L.M. *S. Medley.*

*f* AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me;  
His loving-kindness, O how free!

*m* He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all!  
He saved me from my lost estate;  
His loving-kindness, O how great!

Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along;  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud;  
He near my soul has ever stood;  
His loving-kindness, O how good!

*p* Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death!

*f* Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

**305** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

*p* With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
Beheld our helpless grief;  
He saw, and O, amazing love!  
He ran to our relief.

*m* Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste He fled;  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

*f* O, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak!  
Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold!  
But, when you raise your highest note  
His love can ne'er be told.

**306** C.M. *James G. Deane.*

*m* LORD Jesus, are we one with Thee?  
O height, O depth of love!  
Thou one with us upon the tree,  
We one with Thee above!

*p* Such was Thy grace that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down  
With us of flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery one.

Our sins, our guilt, in love Divine  
Confessed and borne by Thee;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath we  
To set Thy members free. [Thine]

*f* Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us Thou art:  
Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height  
Thy saints and Thee can part.

O teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That Thou with us art truly one  
And we are one with Thee.  
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That Thou with us art one.

307 C.M. *Joseph Swain.*

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,  
Ye saints, to praise His Name!  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
Whose love's a constant flame.  
When most we need His helping hand,  
This Friend is always near;  
With heaven and earth at His command,  
He waits to answer prayer.  
His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one Eternal Source.  
When frowns appear to veil His face,  
And clouds surround His throne,  
He hides the purpose of His grace,  
To make it better known.  
And, if our dearest comforts fall  
Before His sovereign will,  
He never takes away our all,  
Himself He gives us still!  
Our sorrows in the scale He weighs,  
And measures out our pains;  
The wildest storm His word obeys,  
His word its rage restrains.

308 4-7s. *W. Cowper.*

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord:  
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee—  
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"  
"I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.  
"Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.  
"Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above;  
Deeper than the depths beneath;  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My reign shalt be;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"  
Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore:  
O, for grace to love Thee more.

309 C.M. *C. Wesley.*

m JESUS, Thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore;  
Open the door to preach Thy Word,  
The great, effectual door.  
Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin and Satan's power;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour.  
Lover of souls! Thou knowest to prize  
What Thou hast bought so dear;  
Come then, and in Thy people's eyes  
With all Thy wounds appear.  
p The hardness from their hearts remove,  
Thou Who for all hast died;  
Show them the tokens of Thy love,  
Thy feet, Thy hands, Thy side.  
m Thy feet were nailed to yonder tree,  
To trample down their sin:  
Thy hands stretched out they all may see,  
To take Thy murderers in.  
Thy side an open fountain is,  
Where all may freely go,  
And drink the living streams of bliss,  
And wash them white as snow.  
Ready Thou art the blood to apply,  
And prove the record true;  
And all Thy wounds to sinners cry—  
"I suffered this for you!"

HIS PRECIOUSNESS.

310 8s & 7s. *J. Kent*

m PRECIOUS is the Name of Jesus!  
Who can half its worth unfold?  
Far beyond angelic praises,  
Sweetly sung to harps of gold.  
Precious—as the Mediator,  
By the Father raised on high;  
Precious—when He took our nature,  
Laid His awful glory by.

*p* Precious—when to Calvary groaning  
He sustained the cursed tree;  
Precious—when His death atoning  
Made an end of sin for thee.

*m* Precious—in His death victorious,  
He the host of hell o'erthrows;  
In His Resurrection glorious,  
Victor crowned o'er all His foes.  
Precious, Lord, beyond expressing,  
Are Thy beauties all divine;  
Glory, honour, power, and blessing  
Be henceforth for ever Thine.

### 311 13s & 14s. *C. A. H.*

*m* MY Saviour! Thou art precious, more  
dear than life to me,  
Ah! whom have I in heaven above, or  
whom on earth but Thee?  
And while Thy works reviewing, I  
wonder and adore,  
I love Thee for Thy tender love, still  
more, and more, and more.

I see Thy form of beauty reflected in  
the deep,  
When sunny beams, like chains of gold,  
across the billows sweep;  
And when I cannot number, like waves,  
Thy mercies o'er,  
I love Thee for Thy tender love, still  
more, and more, and more.

To earth Thou art returning, and this  
fair world shall be  
A holy temple, Lord, at last, whence  
praise shall rise to Thee;  
Then, all Thy rule obeying, shall all  
Thy grace adore,  
And love Thee for Thy tender love, still  
more, and more, and more.

*p* 'Tis sweet, though oft in sorrow, to call  
my Lord my own,  
And bend in heartfelt silent praise  
before Thy heavenly throne;  
But soon, each cloud of sadness, each  
fear, each danger o'er,  
The endless sunshine of Thy love shall  
bless me more and more.

*m* To fairer, purer regions my soul shall  
soar away,  
And ever see Thee as Thou art, in all  
Thy bright array;

Yet while in wonder gazing, Thy glory  
I explore,  
Thy love shall claim my ceaseless song  
still more, and more, and more.

### 312 6-7s.

*m* PRECIOUS Jesus—Fount of Life;  
Healing every inward strife,  
Drawing every thought above  
By Thy beams of heavenly love;  
Precious art Thou still to me,  
All I want I find in Thee.

*p* Precious Jesus—Quickening Breath,  
Scattering darkness, fear, and death  
Life, when all around is dead,  
Hope, when every joy has fled.  
Precious art Thou still to me,  
All I want I find in Thee.

Precious Jesus—Friend Divine,  
O make all my interests Thine,  
Listening to my oft-told tale,  
Patient, when all else would fail.  
Precious art Thou still to me,  
All I want I find in Thee.

Precious Jesus—Perfect Rest,  
Where the weary lean their breast,  
Where in safety they can lie  
When the tempest riseth high.  
Precious art Thou still to me,  
All I want I find in Thee.

Precious Jesus—Father's Love,  
Beaming from the heights above,  
Breathing life and love around,  
Making joy and peace abound.  
Precious art Thou still to me,  
All I want I find in Thee.

### 313 C.M.

*Bernard of Clairvaux, trs. E. Caswall*

*f* O JESUS, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned,  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,  
In Whom all joys are found—

*m* When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of life and fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire;—



May every heart confess Thy Name,  
And ever Thee adore ;  
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.  
Thee, may our tongues for ever bless ;  
Thee, may we love alone :  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine own.

314 C.M.

*J. C. Lavater, trs. Mrs. H. B. Smith.*  
O JESUS CHRIST, grow Thou in me,  
And all things else recede ;  
My heart be daily nearer Thee,  
From sin be daily freed.  
Each day let Thy supporting might  
My weakness still embrace ;  
My darkness vanish in Thy light,  
Thy life my death efface.  
In Thy bright beams which on me fall,  
Fade every evil thought ;  
That I am nothing, Thou art all,  
I would be daily taught.  
Make this poor self grow less and less,  
Be Thou my life and aim ;  
O make me daily, through Thy grace,  
More worthy of Thy Name.  
Daily more filled with Thee my heart,  
Daily from self more free ;  
Thou, to whom prayer did strength  
Of my prayer Hearer be. [impart,  
Let faith in Thee, and in Thy might,  
My every motive move,  
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,  
My passion and my love.

315 6s 4s & 10s. C. E. Mudie.

I LIFT my heart to Thee,  
Saviour Divine ;  
For Thou art all to me,  
And I am Thine.  
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,  
That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His" ?  
Thine am I by all ties,  
But chiefly Thine,  
That through Thy sacrifice  
Thou, Lord, art mine.  
By Thine own cords of love so sweetly  
wound  
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb,  
I all things owe ;  
All that I have and am,  
And all I know.  
All that I have is now no longer mine,  
And I am not my own ; Lord, I am Thine.

How can I, Lord, withhold  
Life's brightest hour  
From Thee ; or gathered gold,  
Or any power ?  
Why should I keep one precious thing  
from Thee, [Self for me ?  
When Thou hast given Thine own dear  
p I pray Thee, Saviour, keep  
Me in Thy love,  
Until death's holy sleep  
Shall me remove  
m To that fair realm, where, sin and  
sorrow o'er, [more.  
Thou and Thine own are one for ever.

316 7s & 6s. F. R. Havergal.

m O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love,  
O Name of might and favour,  
All other names above :  
f We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King !  
m O Bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought :  
f We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King !  
m In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine ;  
The glory that excellet,  
O Son of God, is Thine :  
f We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King !  
m O grant the consummation  
Of this our song above,  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love :



*f* Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King!

**317** 8s & 7s. *E. H. Nevin.*

*m* ALWAYS with us, always with us,  
Words of cheer, and words of love;  
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,  
From His dwelling-place above.

With us when with sin we struggle,  
Giving strength and courage too,  
Bidding us to falter never,  
But to Him be ever true.

*p* With us when we toil in sadness,  
Sowing much and reaping none;  
Telling us that in the future  
Golden harvest shall be won.

*m* With us when the storm is sweeping  
O'er our pathway dark and drear;  
Waking hope within our bosoms,  
Stillling every anxious fear.

*p* With us in the lonely valley,  
When we cross the chilling stream;

*f* Lighting up the steps to glory,  
With salvation's radiant beam.

**318** 11s & 10s. *Ellen Ellis.*

*m* WE would see Jesus; for the shadows  
lengthen

Across this little landscape of our life:  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to  
strengthen

For the last weariness, the final strife.

*p* We would see Jesus; for life's hand  
hath rested [and brow;

With its dark touch upon both heart  
And though our souls have many a  
billow breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

*m* We would see Jesus; other lights are  
paling, [joyed to see;

Which for long years we have re-  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are  
failing, [go to Thee.

We would not mourn them, for we

We would see Jesus; yet the spirit  
lingers [so long,

Round the dear objects it has loved

And earth from earth can scarce un-  
clasp its fingers; [less strong.

Our love to Thee makes not this love

*f* We would see Jesus; the great rock  
foundation [sovereign grace,

Whereon our feet were set by

Nor life, nor death, with all the

agitation, [face,

Can thence remove us if we see His

HIS PRAISE.

**319** C.M. *J. H. Newman.*

*m* PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;

In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God!  
When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,

Should strive afresh against the foe—  
Should strive and should prevail!

O generous love! that He, who smote  
In man for man the foe,

The double agony in man  
For man should undergo.

*p* And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,

Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die!

*f* Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;

In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

**320** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst His Father's throne;

Prepare new honours for His Name,  
And songs before unknown.

*m* Let elders worship at His feet,  
The Church adore around,

With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweetest sound:—

*p* Those are the prayers of saint  
redeemed,

And these the hymns they raise;  
To Jesus let our songs ascend,

He loves to hear our praise.

*f* Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
For ever on Thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with  
Hast set the prisoners free; [blood.  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.

**321** C.M. *P. Mogridge.*

*m* THE Son of God! the Lord of Life!  
How wondrous are His ways!  
O for a harp of thousand strings,  
To sound abroad His praise!  
How passing strange, to leave the seat  
Of heaven's eternal throne,  
And hosts of glittering seraphim,  
For guilty man alone!

*p* And did He bow His sacred head,  
And die a death of shame?  
Let men and angels magnify  
And bless His holy Name!

*m* O let us live in peace and love,  
And cast away our pride,  
And crucify our sins afresh,  
As He was crucified!

He rose again; then let us rise  
From sin, and Christ adore,  
And dwell in peace with all mankind,  
And tempt the Lord no more.

*f* The Son of God! the Lord of Life!  
How wondrous are His ways!  
O for a harp of thousand strings,  
To sound abroad His praise!

**322** S.M. *W. Hammond.*

*f* AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's Name.

*p* Sing of His dying love;  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above,  
For those whose sins He bore.

*m* Sing, till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues;  
Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.  
Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;

Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ the eternal King.

Soon shall we hear Him say,—  
“Ye blessed children, come;”

Soon will He call us hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.

*f* There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sing in sweeter notes the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

**323** C.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* SING we the song of those who stand  
Around the eternal throne,  
Of every kindred, clime, and land—  
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
To-day the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and His flock appear  
One Shepherd and one fold.

*p* Toil, trial, suffering, still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
Yet learn we in our low estate  
The saints' triumphant song.

*m* “Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain!”  
Cry the redeemed above,  
“Blessing and honour to obtain,  
And everlasting love!”

“Worthy the Lamb!” on earth we sing,  
“Who died our souls to save;  
Henceforth, O death! where is thy  
Thy victory, O grave?” [sting?

*f* Then hallelujah, power, and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all who now this anthem raise  
Renew the strain in heaven.

**324** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their  
But all their joys are one. [tongues,

*p* “Worthy the Lamb that died,” they  
“To be exalted thus!” [cry,  
“Worthy the Lamb!” our hearts reply;  
“For He was slain for us.”

*m* Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine!

# THE LORD JESUS CHRIST:

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

*f* The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

325

C.M.

*I. Watts.*

*f* SALVATION! O the joyful sound!  
What music to our ears!  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

*p* Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.

*m* Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound!

*f* Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb,  
To Thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb for ever;  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Shout His praises, ceasing never:  
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord!

326

C.M. *W. H. Havergal.*

*f* HOSANNA! raise the pealing hymn  
To David's Son and Lord;  
With cherubim and seraphim  
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

*m* Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue  
No lofty strains can raise;  
But Thou wilt not despise the young  
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free!  
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast;  
Thy Name, our only plea.

Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring  
Our offerings to Thy throne;  
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
But hearts to be Thine own.

Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear  
Approved a lisping throng;  
Be gracious still, and deign to hear  
Our poor but grateful song.

*f* O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,  
Thy temple we behold,  
Hosannas through eternity  
We'll sing to harps of gold.

327

L.M.

*R. Palmer.*

*m* O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven, to Thee,  
Clothed with all majesty divine,  
Eternal power and glory be;  
Eternal praise and right is Thine.

*f* Reign, Prince of Life, Who once Thy  
brow [thorn]  
Didst yield to wear the wounding  
Reign, throned beside the Father now,  
Adored, the Son of God, firstborn.

*m* From angel hosts that round Thee  
stand, [snow]  
With forms more pure than spotless  
From the bright burning seraph band,  
Let praise in loftiest numbers flow.

To Thee, the Lamb, our mortal songs,  
Born of deep fervent love, shall rise;  
All honour to Thy Name belongs;  
Our lips would sound it to the skies.

*f* Jesus! all earth shall speak the word  
Jesus! all heaven resound it still:  
Immanuel, Saviour, Conqueror, Lord,  
Thy praise the universe shall fill.

328

L.M.

*I. Watts.*

*m* Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in His face what wonders meet!  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord;  
Nature, to make His beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is He a temple? I adore  
The indwelling majesty and power;  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.

*p* Is He a star? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light  
I know His glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning star.

*n* Is He a sun? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness;  
Nations rejoice when He appears  
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heaven, His full resemblance bears:  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold Him face to face.

**329** L.M. J. Newton.

*n* Now let us join with hearts and tongues,  
And emulate the angels' songs;  
Yea, sinners may address their King  
In songs that angels cannot sing.

They praise the Lamb who once was slain;  
But we can add a higher strain;  
Not only say, He suffered thus,  
But that He suffered all for us.

*p* Jesus, who passed the angels by,  
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;  
And still He makes it His abode;  
As Man He fills the throne of God.

*n* Our next of kin, our brother now,  
Is He to whom the angels bow;  
They join with us to praise His name,  
But we the nearest interest claim.

But ah! how faint our praises rise!  
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies  
That we, who share His richest love,  
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

*f* O glorious hour! it comes with speed,  
When we, from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see the God who died for man,  
And praise Him more than angels can.

**330** L.M. S. Medley.

*n* Now, in a song of grateful praise,  
To Jesus Christ my voice I'll raise;  
*f* With all His saints I'll join to tell  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

*n* For, since my soul has known His love,  
What mercies has He made me prove!  
*f* Mercies which do all praise excel:  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

*n* Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
Has on me laid His gentle rod,  
*f* I know, in all that has befall,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

*n* Sometimes my Lord His face doth hide,  
To make me pray, or kill my pride;  
*f* Yet then it on my mind doth dwell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

*p* Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
And in His arms shall lose my breath;  
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

*n* And when to that bright world I rise  
And join the anthems in the skies,  
*f* Above the rest this note shall swell:  
My Jesus hath done all things well.

**331** 4-7s.

*From the Latin, trs. by J. Chandler.*

*n* 'Tis for conquering kings to gain  
Glory o'er their myriads slain;  
Jesus, Thy more glorious strife  
Hath restored a world to life.

So none other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead to rise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, mortals, say,  
Will you madly cast away?

*p* Rather gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death, but victory.

*n* Jesus, dost Thou condescend  
To be called the sinner's Friend?  
Ours then shall it always be  
Thus to make our boast of Thee.

**332** 6s.

*W. E. Caswall, trs. from the German.*

*n* WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries,  
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"  
Alike at work and prayer  
To Jesus I repair:

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"  
When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"



HIS SECOND COMING.

334

S.M.

H. Bonar.

- m* COME, Lord, and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
O, why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?  
Come, for Thy saints still wait;  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;—  
Dost Thou not hear the cry?  
Come, for Thy Israel pines,  
An exile from Thy fold;  
O call to mind Thy faithful word,  
And bless them as of old.  
*p* Come, for the good are few;  
They lift the voice in vain;  
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,  
And love is on the wane.  
*m* Come in Thy glorious might,  
Come with the iron rod,  
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
Most mighty Son of God.  
Come, spoil the strong man's house  
Bind him and cast him hence;  
Show Thyself stronger than the strong  
Thyself Omnipotence.  
Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.  
*f* Come, and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of Righteousness.

335

8s 7s & 4.

J. R. Macduff

- f* CHRIST is coming! let creation  
From her groans and travail cease;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore and faith increase:  
Christ is coming!  
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace  
*m* Earth can now but tell the story  
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;  
She shall yet behold Thy glory,  
When Thou comest back to reign:  
Christ is coming!  
Let each heart repeat the strain:  
Long Thine exiles have been pining  
Far from rest, and home, and Thee

Doth sadness fill my mind?

A solace here I find,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

Or fades my earthly bliss?

My comfort still is this,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

In heaven's eternal bliss

The loveliest strain is this,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

The powers of darkness fear

When this sweet chant they hear,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

*f* Let earth's wide circle round

In joyful notes resound,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

Let air and sea and sky,

From depth to height, reply,

"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

333

6-7s. F. S. Pierpoint.

- m* For the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
*f* Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

- m* For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light,  
*f* Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

- m* For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight,  
*f* Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

- m* For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild,  
*f* Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.

- m* For each perfect gift of Thine  
To our race so freely given,  
Graces human and divine,  
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,  
*f* Christ, our God, to Thee we raise  
This our sacrifice of praise.



But, in heavenly vestures shining,  
They their loving Lord shall see :  
Christ is coming !  
Haste the joyous jubilee.

f With that blessed hope before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll from tongue to tongue :  
" Christ is coming !  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come ! "

### 336 6s & 4s. *Revival Magazine.*

m HARK ! 'tis the watchman's cry,  
" Wake, brethren, wake ! "  
Jesus our Lord is nigh ;  
Wake, brethren, wake !  
Sleep is for sons of night !  
Ye are children of the light !  
Yours is the glory bright ;  
Wake, brethren, wake !  
Call to each waking band,  
" Watch brethren, watch ! "  
Clear is our Lord's command !  
Watch, brethren, watch !  
Be ye as men that wait  
Always at the Master's gate,  
Even though He tarry late ;  
Watch, brethren, watch !  
Heed we the steward's call,  
" Work, brethren, work ! "  
There's room enough for all :  
Work, brethren, work !  
This vineyard of the Lord  
Constant labour will afford ;  
Yours is a sure reward ;  
Work, brethren, work !  
Hear we the Shepherd's voice,  
" Pray, brethren, pray ! "  
Would ye His heart rejoice ?  
Pray, brethren, pray !  
Sin calls for constant fear,  
Weakness needs the Strong One near,  
Long as ye struggle here ;  
Pray, brethren, pray !  
f Now sound the final chord,  
" Praise, brethren, praise ! "  
Thrice holy is our Lord ;  
Praise, brethren, praise !  
What more befits the tongues  
Soon to lead the angels' songs,  
While heaven the note prolongs !  
Praise, brethren, praise !

### 337 8s 7s & 4. *C. Wesley.*

m Lo ! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain ;  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train ;  
Hallelujah !  
God appears on earth to reign.  
Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful Majesty ;  
p Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.  
m The dear tokens of His passion  
Still His dazzling body bears ;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers :  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars !  
f Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thy eternal throne :  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own !  
Jah ! Jehovah !  
Everlasting God ! come down.

### 338 4-6s & 2-8s. *C. Wesley.*

m YE virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead awake !  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take ;  
f Upstarting at the midnight cry, [night ! "  
" Behold the heavenly Bridegroom  
m He comes, He comes, to call  
The nations to His bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are :  
f Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.  
m Go, meet Him in the sky,  
Your everlasting Friend :  
Your Head to glorify,  
With all His saints ascend :  
f Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace  
To see, without a veil, His face !  
m Ye that have here received  
The unction from above,  
And in His Spirit lived,  
Obedient to His love,  
f Jesus shall claim you for His bride :  
Rejoice with all the sanctified !

## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- m* The everlasting doors  
 Shall soon the saints receive,  
 Above yon angel powers  
 In glorious joy to live;  
*f* Far from a world of grief and sin,  
 With God eternally shut in.
- m* Then let us wait to hear  
 The trumpet's welcome sound;  
 To see our Lord appear,  
 Watching, let us be found;  
*f* When Jesus doth the heavens bow,  
 Be found—as, Lord, Thou findest us now!

### 339 L.M. C. F. Alexander.

- m* WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,  
 He came in weakness and in woe;  
 He wore no form of angel mould,  
 But took our nature, poor and low.  
 But, when He cometh back once more,  
 Then shall be set the great white throne;  
 And earth and heaven shall flee before  
 The face of Him That sits thereon.
- p* O Son of God, in glory crowned,  
 The Judge ordained of quick and  
 O Son of Man, so pitying found [dead,  
 For all the tears Thy people shed,  
 Be with us in this darkened place,  
 This weary, restless, dangerous night;  
 And teach, O teach us by Thy grace  
 To struggle onward into light.
- m* And by the love that brought Thee here,  
 And by the cross and by the grave,

- Give perfect love for conscious fear,  
 And in the day of judgment save.  
*f* And lead us on while here we stray,  
 And make us love our heavenly home  
 Till from our hearts we love to say,  
 “Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come.”

### 340 C.M. E. Denney.

- m* LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart,  
 Star of the coming day,  
 Arise, and with Thy morning beams  
 Chase all our griefs away.
- f* Come, blessed Lord, bid every shore  
 And answering island sing  
 The praises of Thy royal Name,  
 And own Thee as their King.  
 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
 To the bright world above,  
 Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
 In memory of Thy love.
- m* Lord, Lord, Thy fair creation groans—  
 The air, the earth, the sea—  
 In unison with all our hearts,  
 And calls aloud for Thee.
- Come then, with all Thy quickening  
 With one awakening smile, [power  
 And bid the serpent's trail no more  
 Thy beauteous realms defile.
- Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
 Of grace and peace divine;  
*f* Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
 The palm of victory Thine.

## FIFTH DIVISION.

### THE HOLY SPIRIT.

### 341 C.M. Wesley.

- m* COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,  
 Let us Thine influence prove;  
 Source of the old prophetic fire,  
 Fountain of Light and Love.  
 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee  
 The prophets wrote and spoke;  
 Unlock the truth, Thyself the Key,  
 Unseal the sacred Book.

- Expand Thy wings, Celestial Dove,  
 Brood o'er our nature's night;  
*p* On our disordered spirits move,  
 And let there now be light.

- m* God, through Himself, we then shall  
 know,  
 If Thou within us shine;  
 And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
 The depths of Love Divine.

342 C.M. I. Watts.

*m* COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

*p* And shall we, Lord, for ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?

*m* Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

343 6s & 4s

*Robert II. of France, trs. by R. Palmer.*

*m* COME, Holy Ghost, in love,  
Shed on us from above  
Thine own bright ray:  
Divinely good Thou art,  
Thy sacred gifts impart  
To gladden each sad heart;  
O come to-day.

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,  
Our most delightful Guest,  
With soothing power;  
Rest which the weary know,  
Shade 'mid the noon-tide glow,  
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow;  
Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light serene and still,  
Our inmost bosoms fill;  
Dwell in each breast:

*p* We know no dawn but Thine;  
Send forth Thy beams divine,  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.

*m* Exalt our low desires,  
Extinguish passion's fires,  
Heal every wound:  
Our stubborn spirits bend,  
Our icy coldness end,  
Our devious steps attend,  
While heavenward bound!  
Come, all the faithful bless!  
Let all who Christ confess  
His praise employ;

*f* Give virtue's rich reward,  
Victorious death accord,  
And, with our glorious Lord,  
Eternal joy!

344 S.M. J. Montgomery.

*m* LORD God the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power!

We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all Grace.

Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe.

*p* The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above,  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love.

*m* Spirit of Light, explore  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day!

Spirit of Truth, be Thou  
In life and death our Guide!  
O Spirit of Adoption, now  
May we be sanctified!

345 6-8s. Wesley.

*m* COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenng Fire,  
Come, and in me delight to rest;  
Drawn by the love of strong desire,  
O come and consecrate my breast!  
The temple of my soul prepare,  
And fix Thy sacred Presence there!

If now Thine influence I feel,  
If now in Thee begin to live,  
Still to my heart Thyself reveal;  
Give me Thyself, for ever give:  
A point my good, a drop my store,  
Eager I ask, I pant for more.  
Eager for Thee I ask and pant;  
So strong the Principle Divine;  
Carries me out with sweet constraint,  
Till all my hallowed soul is Thine;  
Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,  
And lost in Thine immensity.

*p* My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,  
 My treasure, and my all Thou art !  
 True witness of my sonship, now  
 Engraving pardon on my heart,  
*m* Seal of my sins in Christ forgiven,  
 Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven.  
 Come, then, my God, mark out Thine  
 heir ;  
 Of heaven a larger earnest give !  
 With clearer light Thy witness bear ;  
 More sensibly within me live :  
 Let all my powers Thine entrance feel,  
 And deeper stamp Thyself the seal !

**346** L.M. *S. Browne.*

*m* COME, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
 With light and comfort from above ;  
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,  
 O'er every thought and step preside.  
 Oh, turn us, with a Father's care,  
 From every sin and hurtful snare ;  
 Lead to Thy word, that rules must give,  
 And teach us lessons how to live.

The light of truth to us display,  
 And make us know and choose Thy  
 Plant holy fear in every heart, [way :  
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

*p* Lead us to holiness—the road  
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;  
 Lead us to Christ—the living way,  
 Nor let us from His pastures stray.

*m* Lead us to God—our final rest,  
 To be with Him for ever blest ;  
 Lead us to heaven, that we may share  
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

**347** 6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* I WANT the Spirit of Power within,  
 Of love, and of a healthful mind :  
 Of power, to conquer imbred sin ;  
 Of love to Thee and all mankind ;  
 Of health, that pain and death defies,  
 Most vigorous when the body dies.

*p* When shall I hear the Inward Voice,  
 Which only faithful souls can hear ?  
 Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,  
 Attend the promised Comforter ;  
 O come, and righteousness divine,  
 And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine !

*m* O that the Comforter would come,  
 Nor visit as a transient guest,

But fix in me His constant home,  
 And keep possession of my breast,  
 And fix in me His loved abode,  
 The temple of indwelling God !  
 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire,  
 Attest that I am born again ;  
 Come and baptise me now with fire,  
 Nor let Thy former gifts be vain :  
 I cannot rest in sins forgiven ;  
 Where is the earnest of my heaven ?  
 Where the indubitable seal  
 That ascertains the kingdom mine ?  
 The powerful stamp I long to feel,  
 The signature of Love Divine !  
 O shed it in my heart abroad,  
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God !

**348** 4-7s. *S. Longfellow*

*m* HOLY Spirit, Truth Divine !  
 Dawn upon this soul of mine ;  
 Word of God and inward Light,  
 Wake my spirit, clear my sight.  
 Holy Spirit, Love Divine !  
 Glow within this heart of mine ;  
 Kindle every high desire ;  
 Perish self in Thy pure fire !  
 Holy Spirit, Power Divine !  
 Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
 By Thee may I strongly live,  
 Bravely bear, and nobly strive !  
 Holy Spirit, Right Divine !  
 King within my conscience reign ;  
 Be my Lord, and I shall be  
 Firmly bound, for ever free.

*p* Holy Spirit, Peace Divine !  
 Still this restless heart of mine ;  
 Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
 Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

*m* Holy Spirit, Joy Divine !  
 Gladden Thou this heart of mine ;  
 In the desert ways I'll sing,  
 Spring, O Well, for ever spring !

**349** C.M. *A. Reed*

*m* SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayers,  
 And make this house Thy home ;  
 Descend with all Thy gracious powers  
 O come—Great Spirit—come !  
 Come as the light—to us reveal  
 Our emptiness and woe ;  
 And lead us in those paths of life  
 Where all the righteous go.



Come as the fire—and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's Name.

*p* Come as the dew—and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilising power.

Come as the dove—and spread Thy  
The wings of peaceful love; [wings,  
And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.

*m* Come as the wind—with rushing sound  
And pentecostal grace;  
That all of woman born may see  
The glory of Thy face.

Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,  
Make a lost world Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
O come—Great Spirit—come!

**350** 6-7s. T. T. Lynch.

*n* GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would gracious be,  
And with words that help and heal  
Would Thy life in mine reveal;  
And with actions bold and meek  
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would truthful be;  
And with wisdom kind and clear  
Let Thy life in mine appear;  
And with spirit bold and free  
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would tender be;  
Shut my heart up like a flower  
At temptation's darksome hour;  
Open it when shines the sun,  
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would quiet be;  
Quiet as the growing blade  
Which through earth its way has made;  
Silently, like morning light,  
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would mighty be;  
Mighty, so as to prevail  
Where unaided man must fail;

Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up.  
Holy Spirit, dwell with me—  
I myself would holy be;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good;  
And whatever I can be  
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.

**351** 7s & 5. C. Wordsworth.

*m* GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most,  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,

*p* Holy, heavenly love.

*f* Faith, that mountains could remove,  
Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,

*p* Without heavenly love.

*m* Though I as a martyr bleed,  
Give my goods the poor to feed,  
All is vain—if love I need;

*f* Therefore, give me love.

*m* Love is kind, and suffers long;  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;  
Love than death itself more strong;

*f* Therefore, give us love.

*m* Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;

*f* Therefore, give us love.

*m* Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;

*f* Therefore, give us love.

*m* Faith and hope and love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree;

*f* But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

*p* From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly love.

**352** S.M. E. Hatch.

*m* BREATHE on me, Breath of God,  
Fill me with life anew,  
That I may love what Thou dost love,  
And do what Thou wouldst do.  
Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Until my heart is pure,  
Until with Thee I will one will,  
To do or to endure.



*p* Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
Till I am wholly Thine,  
Till all this earthly part of me  
*f* Glows with Thy fire divine.  
Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
So shall I never die,  
But live with Thee the perfect life  
Of Thine eternity.

**353** 4-6s & 2-8s. *W. Pennefather.*

*m* O LORD! "with one accord"  
We gather round Thy throne,  
To hear Thy holy word,  
To worship Thee alone.  
*f* Now send from heaven the Holy Ghost,  
Be this another Pentecost!  
*p* We have no strength to meet  
The storms that round us lower,  
Keep Thou our trembling feet  
In every trying hour;  
*f* More than victorious shall we be  
If girded with Thy panoply.  
*m* Where is the mighty wind  
That shook the holy place,  
That gladdened every mind,  
And brightened every face,  
And where the cloven tongues of flame  
That marked each follower of the Lamb?  
There is no change in Thee,  
Lord God the Holy Ghost,  
Thy glorious majesty  
Is as at Pentecost!  
*f* O may our loosened tongues proclaim  
That Thou, our God, art still the same!  
*m* And may that living wave,  
That issues from on high,  
Whose golden waters lave  
Thy throne eternally,  
Flow down in power on us to-day,  
And none shall go unblest away!

**354** C.M. *J. Keble.*

*m* WHEN God of old came down from  
heaven,  
In power and wrath He came;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame:  
But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered His holy Dove.

And when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad  
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills  
The sinful world around:  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.

*p* To other strains our souls are set:  
A giddy whirl of sin  
Fills ear and brain, and will not let  
Heaven's harmonies come in.  
*f* Come, Lord, come, wisdom, love, and  
Open our ears to hear; [power]  
Let us not miss the accepted hour;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

**355** 7s & 6. *T. B. Pollock.*

*m* SPIRIT Blest, Who art adored  
With the Father and the Word  
One eternal God and Lord,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.  
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
Dew descending from above,  
Breath of life, and Fire of love,  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.  
*p* Come, to raise us when we fall;  
And, when snares our souls enthrall,  
Lead us back with gentle call:  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.  
*m* Come, to strengthen all the weak;  
Give Thy courage to the meek;  
Teach our faltering tongues to speak  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.  
Come, to aid the souls who yearn  
More of truth Divine to learn,  
And with deeper love to burn:  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.  
*f* Holy, loving, as Thou art,  
All Thy sevenfold gifts impart:  
Nevermore from us depart;  
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

**356** 7s & 5. *G. Rawson.*

*m* COME to our poor nature's night  
With Thy blessed inward light,  
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,  
*p* Comforter Divine.

*m* We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord,  
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford,  
Lost—until by Thee restored,  
*p* Comforter Divine.

*m* Like the dew Thy peace distil;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
*p* Comforter Divine.

*m* With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
*p* Comforter Divine.

*m* In us "Abba, Father," cry,  
Earnest of the bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
*p* Comforter Divine.

*f* Search for us the depths of God;  
Upwards by the starry road  
Bear us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter Divine.

**357** C.M. *T. Haweis.*

*m* ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,  
Thy Holy Ghost send down;  
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,  
And all Thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire  
Their wondrous powers impart,  
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,  
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Spirit of life, and light, and love!

Thy heavenly influence give:  
Quicken our souls born from above,  
That we in Christ may live.

*p* To our benighted minds reveal  
The glories of His grace;  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of His face.

*m* His love within us shed abroad,  
Life's ever-springing well;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

**358** 6-8s. *Charlemagne, trs. by J. Dryden.*

*m* CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit every humble mind;  
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated heat,  
The Father's promised Paraclete,  
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

*f* Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

**359** 6-7s (Triplet).

*Robert II. of France, trs. E. Caswall.*

*m* HOLY Spirit! Lord of Light!  
From the clear celestial height  
Thy pure beaming radiance give:  
Come, Thou Father of the poor!  
Come, with treasures which endure!  
Come, Thou Light of all that live!

Thou, of all consolers best,  
Thou the soul's delightful guest,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou in toil art comfort sweet;  
Pleasant coolness in the heat;  
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light Immortal! Light Divine!  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill;

*p* If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay;  
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew:  
On our dryness pour Thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt away;

*m* Bend the stubborn heart and will;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;  
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore  
Thee confess and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts, descend:  
*f* Give them comfort when they die,  
Give them life with Thee on high,  
Give them joys that never end.

360

6s. *Elizabeth Wigham.*

*p* GOD sets a still small voice  
 Deep every soul within;  
*m* It guideth to the right,  
 And warneth us of sin.  
 If we that voice obey,  
 Clearer its tones will be,  
*f* Till all God's will for us  
 Clear as noonday we see.  
*p* If we that voice neglect,  
 Fainter will be its tone;  
 If still unheeded, it  
 Will leave us quite alone.  
 O grief! to be allowed  
 To go our own wild way;  
*m* Lord, hold Thy children back,  
 Lest we so sadly stray.  
 And help us to attend  
 To Thy sweet voice divine;  
*f* Then in the judgment day  
 Own us, good Lord, as Thine.

361

8s 6 & 4. *H. Auber.*

*m* OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
 His tender last farewell,  
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
 With us to dwell.  
 He came in semblance of a dove,  
 With sheltering wings outspread,  
 The holy balm of peace and love  
 On each to shed.  
 He came in tongues of living fire  
 To teach, convince, subdue;  
 All-powerful as the wind He came—  
 As viewless too.  
 He came sweet influence to impart,  
 A gracious, willing Guest,  
 While He can find one humble heart  
 Wherein to rest.  
*p* And His that gentle voice we hear,  
 Soft as the breath of even,  
 That checks each fault, that calms  
 And speaks of heaven. [each fear,  
*m* And every virtue we possess,  
 And every conquest won,  
 And every thought of holiness,  
 Are His alone.  
 Spirit of purity and grace,  
 Our weakness pitying see;  
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
 And meet for Thee!

362

L.M. *S. G. Bulfinch*

*p* HATH not thy heart within thee burned  
 At evening's calm and holy hour,  
 As if its inmost depths discerned  
 The presence of a loftier Power?  
*m* Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades  
 While ancient rivers murmured by,  
 A voice from forth the eternal shades,  
 That spake a present Deity?  
*p* And as upon the sacred page  
 Thine eye in rapt attention turned  
 O'er records of a holier age, [burned?  
 Hath not thy heart within thee  
 It was the voice of God, that spake  
 In silence to thy silent heart;  
*m* And bade each holier thought awake,  
 And every dream of earth depart.  
*p* Voice of our God, O yet be near!  
 In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;  
*m* Direct us on our pathway here; [cease  
 Then bid in heaven our wanderings

363

L.M. *C. Wesley*

*p* STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
 Though I have done Thee such despite  
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.  
 Though I have steeled my stubborn  
 heart,  
 And still shook off my guilty fears;  
 And vexed, and urged Thee to depart,  
 For many long rebellious years:  
 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
 Of all whome'er Thy grace received;  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen  
 Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
 grieved:  
*m* Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,  
 In honour of my great High Priest;  
 Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear  
 To exclude me from Thy people's rest.  
 This only woe I deprecate,  
 This only plague, I pray, remove,  
 Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
 Nor curse me with this want of love  
 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,  
 Upraise me with Thy gracious hand  
 And guide into Thy perfect peace,  
 And bring me to the Promised Land

## SIXTH DIVISION.

## THE WORD OF GOD.

364 C.M. J. Fawcett.

*m* How precious is the Book Divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide our souls to heaven.  
Its light, descending from above,  
Our gloomy world to cheer,  
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,  
And brings His glories near.

*p* It shows to man his wandering ways,  
And where his feet have trod ;  
And brings to view the matchless grace  
Of a forgiving God.

*m* When once it penetrates the mind,  
It conquers every sin ;  
The enlightened soul begins to find  
The path of peace divine.  
It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.  
O'er all the strait and narrow way  
Its radiant beams are cast,  
A light whose ever-cheering ray  
Grows brightest at the last.  
This lamp through all the tedious night  
Of life shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

365 L.M. I. Watts.

*m* THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,  
In every star Thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold Thy Word,  
We read Thy name in fairer lines.  
The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days Thy power  
confess ;  
But the blest volume Thou has writ,  
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

*f* Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise  
Round the whole earth and never  
Sowhen Thy truth began its race, [stand ;  
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,  
Till through the world Thy truth has  
run—  
Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly  
light ;  
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgment  
right.

*m* Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make Thy Word my guide to  
heaven.

366 8s 7 &amp; 4. T. Mackellar.

*m* BOOK of grace, and Book of glory !  
Gift of God to age and youth,  
Wondrous is thy sacred story,  
Bright, bright with truth.

*p* Book of love ! in accents tender  
Speaking unto such as we ;  
May it lead us, Lord, to render  
All, all to Thee.

*m* Book of hope ! the spirit, sighing,  
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,  
As it hears the Saviour crying,  
" Come, come to Me ! "

*p* Book of peace ! when nights of sorrow  
Fall upon us drearily,  
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,  
Full, full of thee.

*m* Book of life ! when we, reposing,  
Bid farewell to friends we love,  
Give us, for the life then closing,  
Life, life above.

367 C.M. Edwin Hodder.

*m* THY Word is like a garden, Lord,  
With flowers bright and fair ;  
And every one who seeks may pluck  
A lovely blossom there.



Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine,  
And jewels rich and rare  
Are hidden in its mighty depths  
For every searcher there.

Thy Word is like the starry host;  
A thousand rays of light  
Are seen to guide the traveller,  
And make his pathway bright.

*f* Thy Word is like a glorious choir,  
And loud its anthems ring:  
Though many tongues and parts unite,  
It is one song they sing.

*m* O, may I love Thy precious Word,  
May I explore its mine,  
May I its fragrant flowers glean,  
May light upon me shine!

O, may I find my armour there:  
Thy Word my trusty sword,  
I'll learn to fight with every foe  
The battle of the Lord.

**368** C.M. *A. Steele.*

*m* FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimar sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

*p* O may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

*m* Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near:  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my Saviour there.

**369** C.M. *W. Cowper.*

*m* THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,  
And brings the truth to sight:  
Precepts and promises afford  
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

The Hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
Its truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

*f* Let everlasting thanks be Thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

**370** L.M. *Sir J. Bowring.*

*m* UPON the Gospel's sacred page  
The gathered beams of ages shine;  
And as it hastens, every age  
But makes its brightness more divine.

On mightier wing, in loftier flight,  
From year to year does knowledge  
And as it soars, the Gospel light [soar;  
Adds to its influence more and more.

*f* More glorious still as centuries roll,  
New regions blessed, new powers  
unfurled,

Expanding with the expanding soul,  
Its waters shall o'erflow the world.

Flow to restore, but not destroy;  
As when the cloudless lamp of day  
Pours forth its flood of light and joy,  
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

**371** C.M. *B. Barton.*

*m* LAMP of our feet, whereby we trace  
Our path when wont to stray;  
Stream, from the fount of heavenly  
Brook, by the traveller's way: [grace,

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky:

Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
And radiant cloud by day;  
When waves would whelm our tossing  
Our anchor and our stay: [bark,



Word of the Everlasting God,  
Will of His Glorious Son;  
Without Thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?  
Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, child-like hearts.

**372** 6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*p* WHEN quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy Book be my companion still;  
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

*m* O may the gracious words divine  
Subject of all my converse be:  
So will the Lord His follower join,  
And walk and talk Himself with me;  
So shall my heart His presence prove,  
And burn with everlasting love.

*p* Oft as I lay me down to rest,  
O may the reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast!  
While, on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.

*f* Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long;  
And let Thy precious word of grace  
Flow from my heart, and fill my  
tongue;  
Fill all my life with purest love,  
And join me to the Church above.

**373** 6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* INSPIRER of the ancient seers,  
Who wrote from Thee the sacred page,  
The same through all succeeding years,  
To us in our degenerate age,  
The spirit of Thy Word impart,  
And breathe the life into our heart.

While now Thine oracles we read,  
With earnest prayer and strong desire,  
O let Thy Spirit from Thee proceed,  
Our souls to awaken and inspire;  
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,  
And guide us by the light of grace!

*p* Whene'er in error's paths we rove,  
The living God through sin forsake,

Our conscience by Thy Word reprove,  
Convince and bring the wanderers  
back,

Deep wounded by Thy Spirit's sword,  
And then by Gilead's balm restored.

*m* The sacred lessons of Thy grace,  
Transmitted through Thy Word, re-  
And train us up in all Thy ways, [peat;  
To make us in Thy will complete;  
Fulfil Thy love's redeeming plan,  
And bring us to a perfect man.

Furnished out of Thy treasury,  
O may we always ready stand  
To help the souls redeemed by Thee,  
In what their various states demand;  
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,  
And build them up in holiest love!

**374** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* GREAT God, with wonder and with  
On all Thy works I look; [praise,  
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace  
Shine brightest in Thy Book.

Here are my choicest treasures hid:  
Here my best comfort lies:  
Here my desires are satisfied;  
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand Thy law,  
Show what my faults have been;  
And from Thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

*p* Here would I learn how Christ has died  
To save my soul from hell;  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

*m* Then let me love the Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight  
By day to read those wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

**375** L.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down  
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

*p* In vain our trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With long despair our spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Thee alone.

*m* How well Thy blessed truths agree !  
 How wise and holy Thy commands !  
 Thy promises, how firm they be ; [stands !  
 How firm our hope and comfort  
*f* Should all the forms that men devise  
 Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
 I'd call them vanity and lies,  
 And bind Thy Gospel to my heart.

**376** 7s & 6s. *W. W. How.*

*m* O WORD of God Incarnate,  
 O Wisdom from on high,  
 O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
 O Light of our dark sky ;  
 We praise Thee for the radiance  
 That from the hallowed page,  
 A lantern to our footsteps,  
 Shines on from age to age.  
 The Church from her dear Master  
 Received the gift Divine,  
 And still that light she lifteth  
 O'er all the earth to shine.  
 It is the golden casket  
 Where gems of truth are stored ;  
 It is the heaven-drawn picture  
 Of Christ the living Word.  
 It floateth like a banner,  
 Before God's host unfurled ;  
 It shineth like a beacon  
 Above the darkling world ;  
 It is the chart and compass  
 That o'er life's surging sea,  
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.  
 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
 A lamp of purest gold,  
 To bear before the nations  
 Thy true light as of old ;  
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
 By this their path to trace,  
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
 They see Thee face to face.

**377** 8s 6 & 4. *G. Thring.*

*f* To Thee, O God, we render thanks,  
 That Thou to us hast given  
 A light that shineth on our path—  
 A light from heaven.  
*m* That Thou into the hearts of men  
 Didst breathe Thy Breath Divine,  
 And madest their lips the source from  
 Flowed words of Thine. [whence

The words that speak of lives that live,  
 And life beyond the grave,  
 Of Him Who came that life to give—  
 Those lives to save.

*p* Of Him Who lowly came as Man—  
 To come as Man again  
 On clouds of glory throned on high,  
 As Judge of men.

*m* Who lived on earth, on earth Who died,  
 To set His servants free,  
 And left this message as their guide—

*p* "Remember Me."

*m* Then teach us humbly so to tread  
 The path that Saviour trod,  
*f* Till, by His quickening Spirit led,  
 We meet our God.

**378** 6s. *H. W. Baker.*

*m* LORD, Thy Word abideth,  
 And our footsteps guideth ;  
 Who its truth believeth  
 Light and joy receiveth.

*p* When our foes are near us,  
 Then Thy Word doth cheer us,  
 Word of consolation,  
 Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,  
 And dark clouds before us,  
 Then its light directeth  
 And our way protecteth.

*m* Who can tell the pleasure,  
 Who recount the treasure,  
 By Thy Word imparted  
 To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving  
 Succour to the living ;  
 Word of life, supplying

*p* Comfort to the dying !

*m* O that we discerning  
 Its most holy learning,  
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
 Evermore be near Thee !

**379** L.M. *G. W. Conder*

*m* O GOD, Who didst Thy will unfold  
 In wondrous modes to saints of old,  
 By dream, by oracle, or seer,  
 Wilt Thou not still Thy people hear ?  
 What though no answering voice is  
 Thine oracles, the written Word, [heard  
 Counsel and guidance still impart,  
 Responsive to the upright heart.

What though no more by dreams is shown  
That future things to God are known ;  
Enough the promises reveal :  
Wisdom and love the rest conceal.

Faith asks no signal from the skies,  
To show that prayers accepted rise ;  
Our Priest is in the holy place,  
And answers from the throne of grace.

No need of prophets to inquire :  
The Sun is risen ; the stars retire ;  
The Comforter is come, and sheds  
His holy unction on our heads.

*p* Lord, with this grace our hearts inspire ;  
Answer our sacrifice by fire :  
And by Thy mighty acts declare  
Thou art the God Who heareth prayer.

## SEVENTH DIVISION.

### EVANGELISTIC HYMNS.

#### (MISSION SERVICES.)

#### PENITENCE AND CONTRITION.

380 8s 6s & 4. *M. S. Dana.*

*p* NOTHING but leaves ! The Spirit grieves  
Over a wasted life ; [slept,  
O'er sins indulged while conscience  
O'er vows and promises unkept ;  
And reaps, from years of strife,  
Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves ! No gathered  
Of life's fair ripening grain : [sheaves  
We sow our seeds ; lo, tares and weeds ;  
Words, idle words for earnest deeds ;  
We reap, with toil and pain,  
Nothing but leaves !

Nothing but leaves ! Sad memory  
No veil to hide the past ; [weaves  
And as we trace our weary way,  
Counting each lost and misspent day,  
Sadly we find at last,  
Nothing but leaves !

Ah ! who shall thus the Master meet,  
Bearing but withered leaves ?  
Ah ! who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat,  
Lay down, for golden sheaves,  
Nothing but leaves ?

381 L.M. *C. Elven.*

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,  
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry ;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me !

*m* I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,  
Christ and His Cross my only plea,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me !

*m* Far off I stand with tearful eyes,  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me !

*m* Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,  
Can for a single sin atone ;  
To Calvary alone I flee,  
*p* O God, be merciful to me !

*m* And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
*p* God has been merciful to me !

382 8s & 4. *C. Elliott.*

*m* THERE is a holy sacrifice  
Which God in heaven will not despise,  
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,  
*p* The contrite heart.

*m* That lofty One, before Whose throne  
The countless hosts of heaven bow down,  
Another dwelling-place will own,  
*p* The contrite heart.

*m* The Holy One, the Son of God,  
His pardoning love will shed abroad,  
And consecrate as His abode  
*p* The contrite heart.

*m* The Holy Spirit from on high  
Will listen to its faintest cry,  
And cheer and bless and purify  
*p* The contrite heart.

*m* Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee ;  
Such as Thou art, I fain would be ;  
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me  
*p* The contrite heart.

**383** S.M. *A. Bronte.*

*m* OPPRESSED with sin and woe,  
A burdened heart I bear :  
Opposed by many a mighty foe,  
Yet will I not despair.  
With this polluted heart  
I dare to come to Thee—  
Holy and mighty as Thou art—  
For Thou wilt pardon me.

*p* I feel that I am weak,  
And prone to every sin ;  
But Thou Who givest to those who seek,  
Wilt give me strength within.

*m* I need not fear my foes ;  
I need not yield to care ;  
I need not sink beneath my woes,  
For Thou wilt answer prayer.  
In my Redeemer's Name,  
I give myself to Thee ;  
And, all unworthy as I am,  
My God will welcome me.

**384** C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* O FOR that tenderness of heart  
Which bows before the Lord,  
Acknowledging how just Thou art,  
And trembles at Thy word !

*p* O for those humble, contrite tears  
Which from repentance flow ;  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long-suspended blow !

*m* Saviour, to me in pity give  
The sensible distress ;  
The pledge Thou wilt, at last, receive,  
And bid me die in peace :  
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,  
Before the evil come ;  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
My body in the tomb.

**385** 7s & 6s. *F. Whitfield.*

*m* I NEED Thee, precious Jesus !  
For I am full of sin ;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within ;

I need the cleansing fountain,  
Where I can always flee,  
The blood of Christ most precious,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
For I am very poor ;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store ;  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

*p* I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
I need a friend like Thee ;  
A friend to soothe and sympathise,  
A friend to care for me.  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every want to,  
And all my sorrows share.  
*m* I need Thee, blessed Jesus !  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on Thy throne ;  
*f* There with Thy blood-bought children  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

**386** 4-7s. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*m* SINFUL, seeking to be blest,  
Bound, and longing to be free,  
Weary, waiting for my rest :  
God be merciful to me.

Goodness I have none to plead,  
Sinfulness in all I see,  
I can only bring my need :  
God be merciful to me.

*p* Broken heart and downcast eyes  
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;  
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :  
God be merciful to me.

From this sinful heart of mine  
To Thy bosom I would flee ;  
I am not my own, but Thine :  
God be merciful to me.

*m* There is One beside the throne,  
And my only hope and plea  
Are in Him, and Him alone :  
God be merciful to me.



He my cause will undertake,  
My interpreter will be;  
He's my all; and for His sake  
God be merciful to me.

387

8s & 7s.  
*A. N. (Scottish Hymnal.)*

*m* LORD, Thy mercy now entreating,  
Low before Thy throne we fall;  
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,  
On Thy Name we humbly call.

Sinful thoughts and words unloving  
Rise against us one by one,  
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,  
Good that we have left undone;

Hearts that far from Thee were straying  
While in prayer we bowed the knee;  
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,  
Lifted not the soul to Thee;

Precious moments idly wasted,  
Precious hours in folly spent;  
Christian vow and fight unheeded;  
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

*p* Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,  
We with shame our sins would own;  
*n* From henceforth, the time redeeming,  
May we live to Thee alone.

Heavenly Father, bless Thy children;  
Hearken from Thy throne on high;  
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,  
Hear and grant our humble cry.

388

C.M. *W. Cowper.*

*n* FOR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?

*p* Alas! from such a heart as mine,  
What can I bring Him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.

*n* Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all He has bestowed:  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

The best return for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask Him still for more.

389

L.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from Thy book.

Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse from sin;  
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without Thy light,  
Cast out and banished from Thy sight;  
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

*p* A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

*m* O may Thy love inspire my tongue;  
Salvation shall be all my song;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my Strength and Righteous-  
ness.

Then will I teach the world Thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

390

L.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in Thee?  
The fulness of Thy promise prove;  
The seal of Thine eternal love?

A poor, blind child, I wander here,  
If haply I may feel Thee near!  
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,  
Amidst the blaze of Gospel day.

Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind;  
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,  
Of all Thou hast in earth and heaven.

*p* Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt!  
Thou wilt in nowise cast me out,  
A helpless soul that comes to Thee,  
With only sin and misery.

Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure;  
I want—do Thou enrich the poor;  
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the abject sinner up!



*m* Lord, I am blind—be Thou my sight ;  
 Lord, I am weak—be Thou my might ;  
 A helper of the helpless be,  
 And let me find my All in Thee !

391

7s & 8.

*L. F. (Metrical Litany.)*

*m* ALL our sinful words and ways,  
 All our wasted hours and days,  
 All our pride and love of praise,  
*p* Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

*m* Every time from truth we've erred,  
 Every bad or idle word  
 Which Thy holy ears have heard,  
*p* Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

*m* All the mischief we have wrought,  
 All forbidden things we've sought,  
 All the sin to others taught,  
*p* Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

*m* All our sloth and vanity,  
 All our sinful levity,  
 All forgetfulness of Thee,  
*p* Forgive, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.

*m* All the help we need each day,  
 That we may not fall away,  
 Or from Jesus go astray,  
 O give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.

Faith, to see Thee ever near,  
 Hope, to check each foolish fear,  
 Constant strength, to persevere,  
 O give us, Lord, for Jesus' sake.

392

8-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* DEPTH of mercy ! can there be  
 Mercy still reserved for me ?  
 Can my God His wrath forbear ?  
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?  
 I have long withstood His grace,  
 Long provoked Him to His face ;  
 Would not hearken to His calls ;  
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

I have spilt His precious blood,  
 Trampled on the Son of God ;  
 Filled with pangs unspeakable !  
 I, who yet am not in hell !  
 Whence to me this waste of love ?  
 Ask my Advocate above ;  
 See the cause in Jesus' face,  
 Now before the throne of grace.

*p* Lo ! I cumber still the ground ;  
 Lo ! an Advocate is found !  
 " Hasten not to cut him down ;  
 Let this barren soul alone : "

*m* There for me the Saviour stands ;  
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands  
 God is love ! I know, I feel ; [hands  
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still !

393

L.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* WHEREWITH, O God, shall I draw near,  
 And bow myself before Thy face ?  
 How in Thy purer eyes appear ?  
 What shall I bring to gain Thy grace ?

Will gifts delight the Lord Most High ?  
 Will multiplied oblations please ?  
 Thousands of rams His favour buy,  
 Or slaughtered hecatombs appease ?

Can these avert the wrath of God ?  
 Can these wash out my guilty stain ?  
 Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,  
 Alas ! they all must flow in vain.

What have I, then, wherein to trust ?  
 I nothing have, I nothing am ;  
 Excluded is my every boast,  
 My glory swallowed up in shame.

*p* Guilty I stand before Thy face ;  
 On me I feel Thy wrath abide ;  
 'Tis just the sentence should take  
 place ; [died  
 'Tis just ;—but, O ! Thy Son hath

*m* Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled ;  
 He bore our sins upon the tree ;  
 Beneath our curse He bowed His head  
 'Tis finished ! He hath died for me

394

L.M.

*I. Watts*

*m* BLEST are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty ;  
 Treasures of grace to them are given,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

*p* Blest are the men of broken heart,  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all their woes.

*m* Blest are the souls who long for grace  
 Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;  
 They shall be well supplied, and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are  
From the defiling power of sin; [clean  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife;  
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God—the God of peace.

**395** C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* JESU, if still Thou art to-day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of Thy Name.

If still Thou goest about to do  
Thy needy creatures good,  
On me, that I Thy praise may show,  
Be all Thy wonders showed.

*p* Now, Lord, to Whom for help I call,  
Thy miracles repeat;  
With pitying eyes behold me fall  
A leper at Thy feet.

Thou seest me deaf to Thy commands,  
Open, O Lord, my ear:  
Bid me stretch out my withered hands,  
And lift them up in prayer.

*n* For Thou, they say, art passing by:  
O let me find Thee near;  
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear!

Behold me waiting in the way  
For Thee, the heavenly Light;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
“Sinner, receive thy sight.”

**396** C.M. C. Wesley.

*n* O THAT I could my Lord receive,  
Who did the world redeem;  
Who gave His life, that I might live  
A life concealed in Him!

O that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire;  
Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in His arms expire!

*p* Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That, kept by mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve Thee more!

*m* Now, if Thy gracious will it be,  
E'en now, my sins remove;  
And set my soul at liberty  
By Thy victorious love.

In answer to ten thousand prayers,  
Thou pardoning God, descend!  
Number me with salvation's heirs,  
My sins and troubles end!

Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven,  
But let me feel Thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven.

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

**397** 7s & 6s. W. C. Dix.

*m* “COME unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.”  
O blessed voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts oppressed.  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending, |  
Of love which cannot cease.

“Come unto Me, dear children,  
And I will give you light.”  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night.

*p* Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way,  
*f* But morning brings us gladness,  
And songs the break of day.

*p* “Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life.”  
O peaceful voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to end our strife.

*f* The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long,  
But Thou hast made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

“And whosoever cometh  
I will not cast him out.”

*p* O patient love of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt;  
Which calls us very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
*f* To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

**398** 8s & 6 or L.M. *R. S. Cook.*

*m* JUST as thou art, without one trace  
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,  
Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
*p* O guilty sinner, come! [O come!]  
*m* Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be  
blest?  
Trust not the world—it gives no rest;  
I bring relief to hearts oppressed:  
*p* O weary sinner, come!  
*m* Come, leave thy burden at the cross;  
Count all thy gains but empty dross;  
My grace repays all earthly loss:  
*p* O needy sinner, come!  
*m* Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;  
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:  
*p* O trembling sinner, come!  
*m* "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"  
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;  
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may  
come;  
Thy Saviour bids thee come.

**399** L.M. *C. Wesley.*

*f* COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind,  
For God hath bidden all mankind.  
Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all:  
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou,  
All things in Christ are ready now.  
*m* Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,  
Ye restless wanderers after rest, [blind,  
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.  
My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;  
O let His love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.  
His love is mighty to compel;  
His conquering love consent to feel;  
Yield to His love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more.  
*p* See Him set forth before your eyes!  
That precious bleeding Sacrifice!  
His offered benefits embrace,  
And freely now be saved by grace.

*f* This is the time; no more delay;  
This is the acceptable day;  
Come in, this moment, at His call,  
And live for Him who died for all.

**400** L.M. *J. Wesley.*

*f* "Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh!  
( 'Tis God invites the fallen race; )  
" Mercy and free salvation buy;  
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace  
" Come to the living waters, come!  
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;  
Return, ye weary wanderers, home;  
And find My grace is free for all.  
*m* " See from the Rock a fountain rise!  
For you in healing streams it rolls;  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick soul  
*p* " Nothing ye in exchange shall give;  
Leave all you have and are behind;  
*m* Frankly the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.  
*f* " Your willing ear and heart incline,  
My words believingly receive;  
Quickened your souls by faith divine,  
An everlasting life shall live."

**401** S.M. *A. Midland.*

*m* " ALL things are ready," come,  
Come to the supper spread;  
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young  
Come, and be richly fed. [young  
" All things are ready," come,  
The invitation's given  
Through Him who now in glory sits  
At God's right hand in heaven.  
" All things are ready," come,  
The door is open wide;  
O feast upon the love of God!  
For Christ, His Son, has died.  
*p* " All things are ready," come,  
All hindrance is removed;  
And God, in Christ, His precious love  
To fallen man has proved.  
*m* " All things are ready," come,  
To-morrow may not be;  
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits  
This hour to welcome thee!

**402** L.M. *W. Sanders.*

*m* BEHOLD a table richly spread [bread,  
With wine and milk, and heavenly  
*f* A plenteous feast of Gospel grace,  
A feast prepared for all our race.  
*m* The Saviour's Name is now adored  
By thousands who surround the board;  
*f* Jesus invites poor sinners still,  
And all may come whoever will.  
*m* Ye sons of earth, no longer doubt,  
The Saviour will not cast you out;  
*p* Why should you meet an awful doom,  
While Jesus cries there yet is room?  
*m* Room in the precious means of grace;  
Room in the Saviour's sweet embrace;  
Room in the fountain of His blood;  
Come now and plunge beneath the flood.  
Room in the kingdom of His love;  
Room in the Father's house above;  
*f* Ten thousand saints His Name adore,  
But still He cries there's room for more.

**403** 8s 7s & 4. *J. Hart.*

*Variation partly by Montgomery.*  
*m* COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Come in this accepted hour;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
*p* He is able;  
He is willing: doubt no more.  
*f* Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh—  
*p* Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.  
*f* Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall!  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
*p* Not the righteous,  
*f* Sinners, Jesus came to call.  
*p* Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
This He gives you;  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.  
*f* Saints and angels joined in concert  
Sing the praises of the Lamb;

While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with His Name.  
Hallelujah!  
Sinners here may sing the same.

**404** 8s & 7s. *Mrs. A. Shipton.*

*m* "CALL them in!" the poor, the wretched,  
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;  
Peace and pardon freely offer,  
Can you weigh their worth with gold?  
"Call them in!" the weak, the weary,  
Laden with the doom of sin;  
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;  
He is waiting: "Call them in!"  
*p* "Call them in!" the Jew, the Gentile;  
Bid the stranger to the feast;  
"Call them in!" the rich, the noble,  
From the highest to the least.  
*m* Forth the Father runs to meet them,  
He hath all their sorrows seen;  
*f* Robe and ring and royal sandals  
Wait the lost ones: "Call them in!"  
"Call them in!" the broken-hearted,  
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;  
Speak love's message, low and tender,  
"Twas for sinners Jesus came."  
See, the shadows lengthen round us,  
Soon the day-dawn will begin;  
Can you leave them lost and lonely?  
Christ is coming: "Call them in!"

**405** 12s & 11s. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* O COME to the merciful Saviour Who  
calls you, [forgets,  
O come to the Lord Who forgives and  
*p* Though dark be the fortune on earth  
that befalls you, [the sun never sets.  
*f* There's a bright home above where  
*m* O come, then, to Jesus, Whose arms  
are extended [embrace;  
To fold His dear children in closest  
*f* O come, for your exile will shortly be  
ended, [face.  
And Jesus will show you His beautiful  
*m* Then come to the Saviour, Whose  
mercy grows brighter [His love;  
The longer you look at the depth of  
And fear not! 'tis Jesus! and life's cares  
grow lighter [glory above.  
As you think of the home and the



*f* O come, then, to Jesus, and say how  
you love Him, [His grace ;  
And vow at His feet you will keep in  
*p* For one tear that's shed by a sinner  
will move Him, [tender embrace.  
*m* And your sins will be lost in His

**406** 5s & 11s or 10s & 11s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* ALL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh ; [die ?  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should  
Your ransom and peace,  
Your surety He is : [His.

*p* Come, see if there ever was sorrow like

*m* He dies to atone  
For sins not His own ;

Your debt He hath paid, and your work  
Ye all may receive [He hath done.  
The peace He did leave, [forgive."

Who made intercession, " My Father,

*p* For you and for me  
He prayed on the tree : [free.

The prayer is accepted, the sinner is  
The sinner am I,

Who on Jesus rely, [deny.

And come for the pardon God cannot

*m* His death is my plea ;  
My Advocate see,

And hear the blood speak that hath  
answered for me :

He purchased the grace

Which now I embrace ; [my place !

O Father, Thou knowest He hath died in

**407** 4-6s & 2-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*f* BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound :

Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,

The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

*m* Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :

Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad :

*f* The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

*m* Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;

Redemption through His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :

*f* The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

*m* Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive ;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :

*f* The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

*m* The Gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
*f* Return to your eternal home.

PLEADINGS AND ENTREATIES.

**408** 8s 5 & 3.

*Stephen of Saba, trs. by J. M. Neale.*

*p* ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed ?

*m* " Come to Me," saith One, " and coming  
Be at rest."

*p* Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide ?

*m* " In His feet and hands are wound  
And His side." [prints

*p* Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns ?

*m* " Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

*p* If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here ?

*m* " Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
' Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last ?

*p* " Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan passed."

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay ?

*m* " Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling  
Is He sure to bless ?

*f* " Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer, ' Yes.'"

**409** 8s & 7s. *F. W. Faber*

*m* SOULS of men, why will ye scatter,  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?

Foolish hearts, why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep ?



*p* Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour, Who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet ?

*m* There's a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea ;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.

*p* There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed ;

*f* There is joy for all the members

*p* In the sorrows of the Head.

*m* For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word,  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

410 L.M. A. B. Hyde.

*m* SAY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whispered to thy secret soul ;  
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control ?

Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldliness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warned thee from that wrath to flee ?

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,  
It was the Spirit's gracious call ;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
Regard in time the warning kind ;  
That call thou mayest not always slight  
And yet the gate of mercy find.

*p* God's Spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man ;  
Ye who persist His love to grieve  
May never hear His voice again.

Sinner, perhaps this very day  
Thy last accepted time may be ;  
O shouldst thou grieve Him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee !

411 4-7s. S. Dyer.

*p* TIME is earnest, passing by ;  
Death is certain, drawing nigh :  
*m* Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?  
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest : when 'tis o'er,  
Thou returnest nevermore.  
Soon to meet eternity,  
Wilt thou never serious be ?

*p* God is earnest : kneel and pray,  
Ere thy season pass away ;  
Ere He sets His judgment throne ;  
Ere the day of grace be gone.

*m* Christ is earnest, bids thee come ;  
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum ;  
Wilt thou spurn thy Saviour's love,  
Pleading with thee from above ?

O be earnest, do not stay ;  
Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.  
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee ;  
Lo ! thy Saviour waits for thee.

412 L.M. E. Reed.

*m* O DO not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light ;  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart ;

*p* Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?

*m* To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long deluded sight ;  
This is the time, O then be wise ; [night ?

*p* Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-

*m* Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus His love requite ?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will ;

*p* Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?

*m* The world hath nothing left to give,  
It has no new, no pure delight ;  
O try the life which Christians live !

*p* Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?

*m* Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to Him their souls unite ;  
Then be the work of grace begun ;

*p* Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-  
night ?

413

L.M.

*T. Scott.*

- m* HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun;  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.
- O hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's stage be run.
- O hasten, sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
*p* For fear thy lamp should cease to burn  
Before salvation's work is done.
- O hasten, sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear that death should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.
- m* O Lord, do Thou the sinner turn,  
O rouse him from his senseless state;  
Nor let him Thy salvation spurn,  
Nor rue his fatal course too late.

414

L.M.

*J. Grigg.*

- m* BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!  
He gently knocks, has knocked before;  
Has waited long; is waiting still;  
You use no other friend so ill.
- But will He prove a friend indeed?  
He will—the very friend you need;  
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,  
*p* With garments dyed at Calvary.
- m* O lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and open hands;  
O matchless kindness! and He shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.
- Admit Him, for the human breast  
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest:  
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,  
With whom He condescends to dwell.
- Yet know, nor of the terms complain,  
Where Jesus comes, He comes to reign;  
To reign, and with no partial sway;  
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.
- f* Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of  
Peace,  
O may Thy gentle reign increase!  
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;  
And be His empire all mankind.

415

L.M. *F. J. Van Alstyne.*

- m* BEHOLD Me standing at the door!  
And hear Me pleading evermore,  
With gentle voice: O, heart of sin,  
May I come in? May I come in?
- p* Behold Me standing at the door!  
And hear Me pleading evermore:  
Say, weary heart, oppress with sin,  
May I come in? May I come in?
- I bore the cruel thorns for thee,  
I waited long and patiently:  
Say, weary heart, oppress with sin,  
May I come in? May I come in?
- I would not plead with thee in vain;  
Remember all My grief and pain!  
I died to ransom thee from sin;  
May I come in? May I come in?
- f* I bring thee joy from heaven above,  
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love:  
Say, weary heart, oppress with sin,  
May I come in? May I come in?

416

8s 7s & 6s (Irreg.).

*Nathanael Norton.*

- m* O, WHAT will you do with Jesus?  
The call comes low and sweet;  
And tenderly He bids you  
Your burdens lay at His feet;  
O soul, so sad and weary,  
That sweet voice speaks to thee:  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
O, what shall the answer be?
- p* What shall the answer be?  
What shall the answer be?  
What will you do with Jesus?
- m* O, what will you do with Jesus?  
The call comes low and clear;  
The solemn words are sounding  
In every listening ear;  
Immortal life's in the question,  
And joy through eternity:  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
O, what shall the answer be?
- O, think of the King of Glory—  
From heaven to earth come down;  
His life so pure and holy;  
His death, His cross, His crown;  
Of His divine compassion,  
His sacrifice for thee:  
Then what will you do with Jesus?  
O, what shall the answer be?

**417** 9s & 8s (Irreg.).

*m* SOME one will enter the pearly gate  
*p* By-and-by, by-and-by;  
*m* Taste of the glories that there await:  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*m* Some one will travel the streets of gold,  
 Beautiful visions will there behold,  
 Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*m* Some one at last will his cross lay down  
*p* By-and-by, by-and-by; [crown:  
*m* Faithful, approved, shall receive a  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*m* Some one the glorious King will see,  
 Ever from sorrow of earth be free,  
 Happy with Him through eternity:  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*m* Some one will knock when the door is  
*p* By-and-by, by-and-by; [shut—  
*m* Hear a voice saying, "I know you not":  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*m* Some one will call and shall not be  
 heard, [barred;  
 Vainly will strive when the door is  
 Some one will fail of the saints' reward:  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*m* Some one will sing the triumphant song  
*p* By-and-by, by-and-by; [throng:  
*m* Join in the praise with the blood-bought  
*p* Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?  
*f* Some one will greet, on the golden shore,  
 Loved ones of earth who have gone  
 Safe in the glory for evermore: [before,  
 Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

**418** 8s & 7s. *El. Nathan.*

*m* HAVE you any room for Jesus—  
 He Who bore your load of sin?  
 As He knocks and asks admission,  
 Sinner, will you let Him in?  
*f* Room for Jesus, King of Glory!  
 Hasten now, His word obey!  
 Swing the heart's door widely open!  
 Bid Him enter while you may!  
*m* Room for pleasure, room for business:  
 But for Christ the crucified—  
 Not a place that He can enter,  
 In the heart for which He died!

Have you any time for Jesus,  
 As in grace He calls again?  
 O, "to-day" is "time accepted,"  
 To-morrow you may call in vain.  
 Room and time now give to Jesus;  
 Soon will pass God's day of grace;  
 Soon thy heart be cold and silent,  
 And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

**419** 9s 6s & 4. *P. Bliss.*

*m* "ALMOST persuaded" now to believe,  
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive;  
 Seems now some soul to say?—  
*p* "Go, Spirit, go Thy way:  
 Some more convenient day  
 On Thee I'll call."  
*m* "Almost persuaded:" come, come to-  
 day!  
 "Almost persuaded:" turn not away!  
 Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are lingering near,  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;  
 O wanderer, come!  
*pp* "Almost persuaded:" harvest is past!  
 "Almost persuaded:" doom comes at  
 "Almost" cannot avail; [last!  
 "Almost" is but to fail:  
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—  
 "Almost"—but lost!

**420** 9s 6s & 7 (Irreg.).  
*F. J. Van Alstyne.*

*m* JESUS is pleading with my poor soul—  
*p* Shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* If I believe He will make me whole—  
*p* Shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* Tenderly, sadly, I hear Him say,  
 "How can you grieve Me from day to  
 Shall I go on in the old, old way, [day?"  
*p* Or shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* Jesus was nailed to the cross for me—  
*p* Shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* How can my heart so ungrateful be?—  
*p* Shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* Now He will save me by grace divine;  
 Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;  
 Can I the pleasures of earth resign?  
*p* O, shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* Jesus is knocking at my poor heart—  
*p* Shall I be saved to-night?  
*m* What if His Spirit should now depart—  
*p* Shall I be saved to-night?

*m* Over and over His voice I hear,  
Sweetly it falls on my listening ear;  
Shall I reject Him—a friend so dear?

*p* O, shall I be saved to-night?

*m* What if that voice I should hear no

*p* Shall I be saved to-night? [more—

*m* Quickly I'll open this bolted door—

*p* Save me, O Lord, to-night.

*f* Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in;

Pity my sorrow, forgive my sin;

Now let Thy work in my soul begin,

For I will be saved to-night.

421

8-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* WHAT could your Redeemer do  
More than He hath done for you?

To procure your peace with God,

Could He more than shed His blood?

After all His waste of love,

All His drawing from above,

*p* Why will you your Lord deny?

Why will you resolve to die?

*m* Turn, He cries, ye sinners, turn;

By His life your God hath sworn,

He would have you turn and live,

He would all the world receive.

If your death were His delight,

Would He you to life invite?

Would He ask, obtest, and cry,

*p* Why will you resolve to die?

*m* Can you doubt if God is love?

If to all His pity move?

Will you not His word receive?

Will you not His oath believe?

See! the Son of God appears!

*p* Jesus weeps; believe His tears!

Mingled with His blood, they cry,

"Why will you resolve to die?"

422

8-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?

God, your Maker, asks you why:

God, Who did your being give,

Made you with Himself to live;

He the fatal cause demands,

Asks the work of His own hands,

Why, ye thankless creatures, why

Will ye cross His love, and die?

*p* Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

God, your Saviour, asks you why:

He, Who did your souls retrieve,

Died Himself, that ye might live.

Will you let Him die in vain?

Crucify your Lord again?

Why, ye ransomed sinners, why

Will you slight His grace, and die?

*m* Sinners, turn, why will ye die?

God, the Spirit, asks you why:

He Who all your lives hath strove,

Wooed you to embrace His love:

Will you not His grace receive?

Will you still refuse to live?

Why, ye long-sought sinners, why

Will you grieve your God, and die?

423

6-6s. *Frances R. Havergal*

*m* I GAVE My life for thee,

My precious blood I shed,

That thou might'st ransomed be,

And quickened from the dead:

I gave My life for thee;

*p* What hast thou given for Me?

*m* I spent long years for thee,

In weariness and woe,

That an eternity

Of joy thou mightest know:

I spent long years for thee;

*p* Hast thou spent one for Me?

*m* My Father's home of light,

My rainbow-circled throne,

I left for earthly night,

For wanderings sad and lone:

I left it all for thee;

*p* Hast thou left aught for Me?

*m* I suffered much for thee,

More than thy tongue can tell,

Of bitterest agony,

To rescue thee from hell:

I suffered much for thee;

*p* What canst thou bear for Me?

*m* And I have brought to thee,

Down from My home above,

Salvation full and free,

My pardon and My love:

Great gifts I brought to thee;

*p* What hast thou brought to Me?

*f* O, let thy life be given,

Thy years for Me be spent,

World-fetters all be riven,

And joy with suffering blent:

I gave Myself for thee;

Give thou thyself to Me.



424

4-7s. J. F. Clarke.

*m* BROTHER, hast thou wandered far  
From thy Father's happy home,  
With thyself and God at war?  
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!  
Hast thou wasted all the powers  
God for noblest uses gave?  
Squandered life's most golden hours?  
Turn thee, brother: God can save!  
*p* Is a mighty famine now  
In thy heart and in thy soul?  
Discontent upon thy brow?  
Turn thee: God will make thee whole!  
Fall before Him on the ground,  
Pour thy sorrow in His ear;  
*m* Seek Him, for He may be found;  
Call upon Him, He is near.

425

6-7s. C. Wesley.

*m* WEARY souls, that wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to Jesus crucified,  
Fly to those dear wounds of His:  
*p* Sink into the purple flood;  
Rise into the life of God.  
*m* Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown:  
By His pain He gives you ease,  
Life by His expiring groan:  
*p* Rise, exalted by His fall;  
Find in Christ your All in All.  
*m* O believe the record true,  
God to you His Son hath given!  
Ye may now be happy too;  
Find on earth the life of heaven:  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.  
*f* This the universal bliss,  
Bliss for every soul designed;  
God's original promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind;  
Blest in Christ this moment be!  
Blest to all eternity!

426

7s & 4s. W. E. Witter.

*m* WHILE Jesus whispers to you,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* While we are praying for you,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!

*m* Now is the time to own Him,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* Now is the time to know Him,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* Are you too heavy-laden?  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* Jesus will bear your burden,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* Jesus will not deceive you,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* Jesus will now receive you,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* O hear His tender pleading;  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* Come, and receive the blessing!  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* While Jesus whispers to you,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!  
*m* While we are praying for you,  
*p* Come, sinner, come!

BACKSLIDERS RETURNING.

427

S.M. C. Wesley.

*m* WHEN shall Thy love constrain,  
And force me to Thy breast?  
When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest?  
Ah! what avails my strife,  
My wandering to and fro?  
Thou hast the words of endless life:  
Ah! whither should I go?  
*p* Lord, at Thy feet I fall;  
I groan to be set free:  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for Thee.  
*m* To rescue me from woe,  
Thou didst with all things part;  
Didst lead a suffering life below,  
To gain my worthless heart.  
*p* My worthless heart to gain,  
The God of all that breathe  
Was found in fashion as a man,  
And died a cursed death.  
*m* And can I yet delay  
My little all to give?  
To tear my soul from earth away,  
For Jesus to receive?  
Nay, but I yield, I yield;  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own Thee conqueror.

428

C.M.

*W. Cowper.*

*m* O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb!

*p* Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?  
What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

*m* Return, O holy Dove! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

429

L.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess  
My thirst for creature happiness;  
By base desires I wronged Thy love,  
And forced Thy mercy to remove.

Yet would I not regard Thy stroke;  
But, when Thou didst Thy grace revoke,  
And when Thou didst Thy face conceal,  
Thy absence I refused to feel.

I knew not that the Lord was gone,  
In my own froward will went on,  
And lived to the desires of men,  
And Thou hast all my wanderings seen.

Yet, O the riches of Thy grace!  
Thou, Who hast seen my evil ways,  
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.

*p* For this I at Thy footstool wait,  
Till Thou my peace again create;  
Fruit of Thy gracious lips, restore  
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

*m* Far off, yet at Thy feet, I lie,  
Till Thou again Thy blood apply;  
Till Thou repeat my sins forgiven,  
As far from God as hell from heaven.

430

6-8s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* WEARY of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod;  
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn;  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of Love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek Thy face;  
Open Thine arms, and take me in;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou knowest the way to bring me  
My fallen spirit to restore: [back,  
O! for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

*p* Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at the approach of sin;  
A godly fear of sin impart;

*m* Implant, and root it deep within;  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare to offend Thee more.

431

L.M.

*W. B. Collyer.*

*m* RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injured Father's face;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart;  
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
Whose hand can heal thy inward smart.

Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;

*p* Go to His bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;

*m* 'Tis God Who says—No longer mourn,  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

432

C.M.

*J. Morrison.*

- m* COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.  
His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave:  
And though His arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.  
*p* Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;  
The dawn shall bring us light;  
*m* God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.  
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.  
*p* As dew upon the tender herb,  
Diffusing fragrance round;  
As showers that usher in the spring,  
And cheer the thirsty ground:  
*m* So shall His Presence bless our souls,  
And shed a joyful light;  
That hallowed morn shall chase away  
The sorrows of the night.

433

6-8s.

*W. M. Bunting.*

- m* O GOD! how often hath Thine ear  
To me in loving mercy bowed!  
While worshipping Thine altar near,  
Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed:  
But ah! the feebleness of man!  
Have I not vowed and wept in vain?  
Return, O Lord of Hosts, return!  
Behold Thy servant in distress;  
*p* My faithlessness again I mourn;  
Again forgive my faithlessness;  
And to Thine arms my spirit take,  
*m* And bless me for the Saviour's sake.  
This day the covenant I sign,  
The bond of sure and promised peace;  
Nor can I doubt its power divine,  
Since sealed with Jesus' blood it is:  
That blood I trust, that blood alone,  
And make the covenant peace mine own.  
But, that my faith no more may know  
Or change, or interval, or end,  
Help me in all Thy paths to go,  
And now, as e'er, my voice attend,  
*f* And gladden me with answers mild,  
And commune, Father, with Thy child!

434

4-8s & 2-6s.

*M. Luther, trs. Anon.*

- p* O THOU Who hast our sorrows borne,  
Help us to look on Thee and mourn—  
On Thee Whom we have slain;  
Have pierced a thousand, thousand  
And by reiterated crimes [times,  
Renewed Thy mortal pain.  
Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see  
The man transfix on Calvary,  
To know Thee, Who Thou art,  
The One Eternal God and True!  
And let the sight affect, subdue,  
And break my stubborn heart.  
*m* Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
Reveal the charity divine  
That suffered in my stead,  
That made Thy soul a sacrifice, [eyes,  
And quenched in death those loving  
And bowed that sacred head.  
*p* The veil of unbelief remove;  
And by Thy manifested love,  
And by Thy sprinkled blood,  
Destroy the love of sin in me,  
And get Thyself the victory,  
And bring me back to God.

- m* Now by Thy dying love constrain  
My soul to love its God again,  
Its God to glorify:  
And lo! I come Thy cross to share,  
Echo Thy sacrificial prayer,  
And with my Saviour die!

DECISION FOR CHRIST.

435

8s & 6.

*C. Elliott.*

- m* JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come!  
*m* Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,  
*m* Just as I am—though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
*m* Yea, all I need in Thee I find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !  
Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
*p* O Lamb of God, I come !  
*f* Just as I am—Thy Love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down—  
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

436 4-7s. *W. Macdonald.*

*p* I AM coming to the cross,  
I am poor, and weak, and blind,  
I am counting all but dross,  
I shall full salvation find.  
*m* I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow ;  
Save me, Jesus, save me now.  
*p* Long my heart has sighed for Thee,  
Long has evil reigned within,  
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
“ I will cleanse thee from all sin.”  
Here I give my all to Thee,  
Friends, and time, and earthly store,  
Soul and body Thine to be,  
Wholly Thine for evermore.  
*m* In the promises I trust,  
Now I know the blood applied ;  
I am prostrate in the dust,  
I with Christ am crucified.  
*f* Jesus comes ! He fills my soul !  
Perfect in Him I am,  
I am every whit made whole,  
Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
Still I'm trusting, Lord, in Thee,  
Blessed Lamb of Calvary ;  
Humbly at Thy cross I bow ;  
Jesus saves me, saves me now.

437 9s & 8s (Irreg.). *W. Macdonald.*

*m* I AM coming to Jesus for rest—  
Rest such as the purified know,  
My soul is athirst to be blest, [snow.  
To be washed and made whiter than  
*f* I believe Jesus saves,  
And His blood washes whiter  
than snow.

*m* In coming, my sin I deplore,  
My weakness and poverty know ;  
I long to be saved evermore— [snow.  
To be washed and made whiter than  
To Jesus I give up my all,  
Every treasure and idol I know ;  
For His fulness of blessing I call [snow.  
Till His blood makes me whiter than  
I am trusting in Jesus alone,  
Trusting now His salvation to know ;  
And His blood doth so fully atone, [snow.  
I am washed and made whiter than

438 S.M. *L. Hartsough.*

*m* I HEAR Thy welcome voice  
That calls me, Lord, to Thee,  
For cleansing in Thy precious blood  
That flowed on Calvary.  
*f* I am coming, Lord ! coming now  
to Thee !  
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood  
that flowed on Calvary.  
*p* Though coming weak and vile,  
Thou dost my strength assure :  
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse  
Till spotless all and pure.  
*m* 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.  
'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace  
Where reigned the power of sin.  
And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.  
*f* All hail, atoning blood !  
All hail, redeeming grace !  
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness !

439 6s & 7s (Irreg.). *E. M. Hall.*

*m* I HEAR the Saviour say,  
“ Thy strength indeed is small :  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thine all in all.”  
*f* Jesus paid it all—all to Him I owe ;  
Sin had left a crimson stain ;  
He washed it white as snow.



*m* Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy blood, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.  
For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim:  
I'll wash my garments white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

*p* When from my dying-bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all!"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

*f* And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.

**440** L.M. *W. T. Matson.*

*p* LORD, I was blind, I could not see  
In Thy marred visage any grace;  
*m* But now the beauty of Thy face  
In radiant vision dawns on me.

*p* Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear  
The thrilling music of Thy voice;  
*m* But now I hear Thee and rejoice,  
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear.

*p* Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak  
The grace and glory of Thy Name;  
*m* But now, as touched with living flame,  
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

*p* Lord, I was dead, I could not stir  
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;  
*m* But now, since Thou hast quickened  
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre. [me,

For Thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,  
*f* The dead to live; and lo, I break  
The chains of my captivity!

**441** 9s 6s & 4. *J. B. Atchinson.*

*m* FULLY persuaded—Lord, I believe!  
Fully persuaded—Thy Spirit give:  
I will obey Thy call,  
Low at Thy feet I fall;  
Now I surrender all,  
Christ to receive.

*p* Fully persuaded—no more oppress,  
Fully persuaded—now I am blest;

*m* Jesus is now my Guide,  
I will in Christ abide;  
My soul is satisfied  
In Him to rest.

*f* Fully persuaded—Jesus is mine,  
Fully persuaded—Lord, I am Thine!  
O, make my love to Thee  
Like Thine own love to me,  
So rich, so full, and free,  
Saviour Divine!

**442** 8s & 6s. *E. H. Hamilton.*

*m* JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;  
Unless Thou help me, I must die:  
O, bring Thy free salvation nigh,  
And take me as I am!

*p* And take me as I am!  
And take me as I am!

*f* My only plea—Christ died for me!  
*p* O, take me as I am!

*m* Helpless I am, and full of guilt;  
But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,  
And Thou canst make me what Thou  
And take me as I am! [wilt,

No preparation can I make,  
My best resolves I only break,  
Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,  
And take me as I am!

Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet;  
Deal with me as Thou seest meet;  
Thy work begin, Thy work complete,  
But take me as I am!

**443** 8s & 5s. *F. J. Crosby.*

*m* PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

*f* Jesus, Saviour, hear my humble  
cry,  
And while others Thou art calling,  
do not pass me by.

*m* Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief.

Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me:  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee?

444

6s & 5s. *M. J. Walker.*

*m* JESUS, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul;  
*p* Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.  
*m* There is none in heaven  
Or on earth like Thee:  
Thou hast died for sinners,  
Therefore, Lord, for me.

Jesus, I may trust Thee,  
Name of matchless worth,  
Spoken by the angel  
At Thy wondrous birth.  
Written, and for ever,  
On Thy cross of shame;  
Sinners, read and worship,  
Trusting in that Name.

Jesus, I must trust Thee,  
Pondering Thy ways,  
Full of love and mercy  
All Thine earthly days;  
*p* Sinners gathered round Thee,  
Lepers sought Thy face,  
None too vile or loathsome  
For a Saviour's grace.

*m* Jesus, I can trust Thee,  
Trust Thy written Word,  
Though Thy voice of pity  
I have never heard:  
When Thy Spirit teacheth  
To my taste how sweet!  
Only may I hearken,  
Sitting at Thy feet.

Jesus, I do trust Thee,  
Trust without a doubt;  
Whosoever cometh,  
Thou wilt not cast out;  
*f* Faithful is Thy promise,  
Precious is Thy blood;  
These my soul's salvation,  
Thou my Saviour God.

*m* O Light that followest all my way,  
*p* I yield my flickering torch to Thee,  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
*m* That, in Thy sunshine's blaze, its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

*f* O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

*p* O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
*f* I lay in dust life's glory dead, [red]  
And from the ground there blossoms  
Life that shall endless be.

446

S.M.D.

*H. Bonar*

*m* I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child;  
*p* They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
*m* They bound me with the bands of love  
They saved the wandering one.

Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood  
'Twas He that made me whole.  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
*p* But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.  
*m* I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
*f* But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.

445

8s & 6. *G. Mattheson.*

*m* O LOVE that wilt not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul on Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I own,  
That, in Thine ocean depths, its flow  
*p* May richer, fuller be.

447 7s & 6s. Mrs. James.

*m* MY body, soul, and spirit,  
Jesus, I give to Thee,  
A consecrated offering,  
Thine evermore to be.

*'* My all is on the altar,  
I'm waiting for the fire.

*m* O Jesus, mighty Saviour !  
I trust in Thy great Name,  
I look for Thy salvation,  
Thy promise now I claim.

O let the fire descending  
Just now upon my soul  
Consume my humble offering,  
And cleanse and make me whole !

O blissful self-surrender,  
To live, my Lord, by Thee !  
Now, Son of God, my Saviour,  
Live out Thy life in me.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus !  
Washed by Thy precious blood ;  
Now seal me by Thy Spirit,  
A sacrifice to God.

448 S.M. H. Bonar.

*m* O EVERLASTING Light !  
Shine graciously within :  
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,  
Come, shine away my sin.

O Everlasting Truth !  
Truest of all that's true,  
Sure Guide of erring age or youth,  
Lead me, and teach me too.

*p* O Everlasting Strength !  
Uphold me in the way ;

*m* Bring me, in spite of foes, at length  
To joy, and light, and day.

*p* O Everlasting Love !  
Well-spring of grace and peace,

*m* Pour down Thy fulness from above,  
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

*p* O Everlasting Rest !  
Lift off life's load of care ;

*m* Relieve, revive this burdened breast,  
And every sorrow bear.

*f* Thou art in heaven our All ;  
Our All on earth art Thou ;  
Upon Thy glorious Name we call ;  
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

449 8s & 7s. Th. Monod.

*m* O THE bitter shame and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be  
When I let the Saviour's pity  
Plead in vain, and proudly answered.

*p* "All of self, and none of Thee !"

*m* Yet He found me ; I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accursed tree,  
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them,  
Father !"

And my wistful heart said faintly,  
*p* "Some of self, and some of Thee !"

*m* Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and, ah ! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whined,

*p* "Less of self, and more of Thee !"

*f* Higher than the highest heaven,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered ;  
Grant me now my supplication,  
"None of self, and all of Thee !"

450 8-6s. J. Pollard.

*m* I STOOD outside the gate,  
A poor wayfaring child ;  
Within my heart there beat  
A tempest loud and wild.

*p* A fear opprest my soul  
That I might be too late ;  
And O ! I trembled sore,  
And prayed outside the gate.

*f* "Mercy !" I loudly cried ;  
"O, give me rest from sin !"

*p* "I will," a voice replied ;  
And Mercy let me in.

*m* She bound my bleeding wounds,  
And carried all my sin ;  
She eased my burdened soul,  
Then Jesus took me in.

In Mercy's guise I knew  
The Saviour long abused,  
Who often sought my heart,  
And wept when I refused.

*f* O what a blest return  
For ignorance and sin !  
I stood outside the gate  
And Jesus let me in.

451

7s & 6s.

W. W. How.

- m* O JESUS, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er.
- p* Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His name and sign who bear,  
O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there!
- m* O Jesus, Thou art knocking,  
And, lo! that hand is scarred,  
*p* And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred.
- m* O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!
- O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
*p* "I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"
- m* O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door;  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

REALISING SALVATION.

452

10s & 7s (Irreg.). F. J. Crosby.

- m* I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy  
And it told Thy love to me; [voice,  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.
- f* Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,  
blessed Lord, [died;  
To the cross where Thou hast  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer,  
blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.
- m* Consecrate me now to Thy service,  
By the power of grace divine; [Lord,  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast  
And my will be lost in Thine. [hope,
- O, the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee,  
my God,  
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot  
Till I cross the narrow sea; [know  
There are heights of joy that I may not  
Till I rest in peace with Thee. [reach

453

S.M.

H. Bonar.

- m* COME, Jesus, nearer still,  
Let not Thy light depart;  
Now, bend and break this stubborn will,  
Dissolve this iron heart.
- Less wayward let me be,  
More pliable and mild;  
Acting in glad simplicity  
More like a trustful child.
- Less, less of self each day,  
And more, my God, of Thee;  
Preserve and keep me in the way,  
However rough it be.
- p* Less of the flesh each day,  
Less of the world and sin;  
More of Thy loving Son, I pray,  
More of Thyself within.
- m* More moulded to Thy will,  
Lord, let Thy servant be,  
Higher my soul and higher still,  
Liker and liker Thee.
- Leave naught that is unmeet,  
Of all that is mine own;  
But strip me, Lord, and so complete  
My training for the throne.
- 454
- S.M.
- H. Bonar.
- m* NOT what these hands have done  
Can save this guilty soul;  
Not what this toiling flesh has borne  
Can make my spirit whole.
- Not what I feel or do  
Can give me peace with God;  
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears  
Can bear my awful load.
- p* Thy work alone, O Christ,  
Can ease this weight of sin;  
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,  
Can give me peace within.
- m* Thy love to me, O God,  
Not mine, O Lord, to Thee,  
Can rid me of this dark unrest,  
And set my spirit free.



Thy grace alone, O God,  
To me can pardon speak ;  
Thy power alone, O Son of God,  
Can this sore bondage break.

I bless the Christ of God ;  
I rest on love Divine ;  
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,  
I call the Saviour mine.

**455** C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,  
My Saviour, and my Head,  
I trust in Thee, Whose powerful word  
Hath raised Him from the dead.

*p* Thou knowest for my offence He died,  
And rose again for me,  
Fully and freely justified,  
That I might live to Thee.

*m* Eternal life to all mankind  
Thou hast in Jesus given ;  
And all who seek, in Him shall find  
The happiness of heaven.

In hope, against all human hope,  
Self-desperate, I believe :  
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,  
Thou shalt Thy Spirit give.

The thing surpasses all my thought ;  
But faithful is my Lord ;  
Through unbelief I stagger not,  
For God hath spoke the word.

*f* Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,  
And looks to that alone ;  
Laughs at impossibilities,  
And cries, " It shall be done ! "

**456** 4-8s & 2-6s. C. Wesley.

*m* THOU great mysterious God unknown,  
Whose love hath gently led me on  
Even from my infant days,  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me if I ever knew  
Thy justifying grace.

Short of Thy love I would not stop,  
A stranger to the Gospel hope,  
The sense of sin forgiven ;  
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
Without the inward Witness live,  
That antepast of heaven.

*p* If now the Witness were in me,  
Would He not testify of Thee,  
In Jesus reconciled ?  
And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
And boldly " Abba, Father," cry,  
And know myself Thy child ?

*m* Whate'er obstructs Thy pardoning  
Orsin, or righteousness—remove, [love—  
Thy glory to display ;  
Mine heart of unbelief convince,  
And now absolve me from my sins,  
And take them all away.

Father, in me reveal Thy Son,  
And to my inmost soul make known  
How merciful Thou art :  
The secret of Thy love reveal,  
And by Thine hallowing Spirit dwell  
For ever in my heart !

**457** 6-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* JESUS, if still the same Thou art,  
If all Thy promises are sure,  
Set up Thy kingdom in my heart,  
And make me rich, for I am poor :  
To me be all Thy treasures given,  
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

Thou hast pronounced the mourners  
And lo ! for Thee I ever mourn : [blest ;  
I cannot—no, I will not rest,  
Till Thou, my only Rest, return ;  
Till Thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,  
And I receive the Comforter.

*p* Where is the blessedness bestowed  
On all that hunger after Thee ?  
I hunger now, I thirst for God ;  
See the poor fainting sinner, see,  
And satisfy with endless peace,  
And fill me with Thy righteousness !

*m* Shine on Thy work, disperse the gloom !  
Light in Thy light I then shall see :  
Say to my soul, " Thy light is come ;  
Glory divine is risen on thee : [o'er ;  
Thy warfare's past ; thy mourning's  
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."   
Lord, I believe the promise sure,  
And trust Thou wilt not long delay :  
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
Upon Thy word myself I stay ;  
Into Thine hands my all resign,  
And wait till all Thou art is mine.

458

8-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* HAPPY soul, that, free from harms,  
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !  
Who his quiet shall molest ?  
Who shall violate his rest ?  
Jesus doth his spirit bear :  
Jesus takes his every care :  
He who found the wandering sheep,  
Jesus, still delights to keep.

*p* Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep ;  
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;  
Take on Thee my every care ;  
Bear me, on Thy bosom, bear :  
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,  
More and more in Thee rejoice ;  
More and more of Thee receive ;  
Ever in Thy Spirit live :

*m* Live, till all Thy life I know,  
Perfect, through my Lord, below ;  
Gladly then from earth remove,  
Gathered to the fold above.  
O that I at last may stand  
With the sheep at Thy right hand ;  
Take the crown so freely given,  
Enter in by Thee to heaven !

459

C.M.

*I. Watts.*

*p* ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?

Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree ?

*m* Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,

*p* Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

*m* But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;  
'Tis all that I can do.

460

C.M.

*H. Bonar.*

*m* I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,  
I mark their wrathful mien ;  
Their shouts of "Crucify" appal,  
With blasphemy between.

And of that shouting multitude  
I feel that I am one ;

*p* And in that din of voices rude  
I recognise my own.

*m* I see the scourges tear His back,  
I see the piercing crown,

*p* And of that crowd who smite and mock  
I feel that I am one.

*m* Around yon cross the throng I see,  
Mocking the Sufferer's groan,  
Yet still my voice it seems to be,  
As if I mocked alone.

*p* 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,  
I nailed Him to the tree,  
I crucified the Christ of God,  
I joined the mockery.

*m* Yet not the less that blood avails  
To cleanse away my sin,  
And not the less that cross prevails  
To give me peace within.

461

2-8s & 5 & 3. *F. R. Havergal.*

*m* PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,  
Shed on Calvary ;  
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,  
Shed for me.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us  
All the price is paid ;

Perfect pardon now is offered,  
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Let it make thee whole ;

Let it flow in mighty cleansing  
O'er my soul.

*p* Though my sins are red like crimson,  
Deep in scarlet glow,  
Jesus' precious blood can make them  
White as snow.

*m* Now the holiest with boldness  
We may enter in,  
For the open fountain cleanseth  
From all sin.

Precious blood ! by this we conquer  
In the fiercest fight,  
Sin and Satan overcoming  
By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,  
Ever flowing free;  
O believe it, O receive it,  
'Tis for thee!

f Precious blood, whose full atonement  
Makes us nigh to God!  
Precious blood, our song of glory,  
Praise and laud!

## 462 7s & 6s. C. L. Bancroft.

n THE King of Glory standeth  
Beside that heart of sin;  
His mighty voice commandeth  
The raging waves within;  
The floods of deepest anguish  
Roll backward at His will,  
As o'er the storm ariseth  
p His mandate, "Peace, be still."

n At times, with sudden glory,  
He speaks, and all is done;  
Without one stroke of battle  
The victory is won,  
While we, with joy beholding,  
Can scarce believe it true  
That even our kingly Jesus  
Can form such hearts anew.

p He comes in blood-stained garments,  
Upon His brow a crown;  
n The gates of brass fly open,  
The iron bands drop down;  
From off the fettered captive  
The chains of Satan fall,  
While angels shout triumphant  
That Christ is Lord of all.

p But sometimes, in the stillness,  
He gently draweth near,  
And whispers words of welcome  
Into the sinner's ear,  
With anxious heart awaiteth  
The answer to His cry,  
The oft-repeated question,  
"O wherefore wilt thou die?"

f O Christ, Thy love is mighty;  
Long-suffering is Thy grace;  
And glorious is the splendour  
That beameth from Thy face.  
Our hearts up-leap in gladness  
When we behold that love,  
As we go singing onward,  
To dwell with Thee above.

## 463

7s. S. Longfellow.

m LOVE for all! and can it be?  
Can I hope it is for me?  
p I, who strayed so long ago,  
Strayed so far, and fell so low!  
m God is Love! I know, I see  
There is love for me—e'en me!

p I, the disobedient child,  
Wayward, passionate, and wild;  
I, who left my Father's home  
In forbidden ways to roam!  
I, who spurned His loving hold;  
I, who would not be controlled;  
I, who would not hear His call;  
I, the wilful prodigal!

m To my Father can I go?  
At His feet myself I'll throw!  
In His house there yet may be  
Place, a servant's place for me.  
See, my Father waiting stands!  
See, He reaches out His hands!  
God is Love! I know, I see  
There is love for me—e'en me!

### PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

## 464

L.M. P. Doddridge.

m O HAPPY day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

f Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.  
He taught me how to watch and  
pray,  
And live rejoicing every day;  
Happy day! happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

m O happy bond that seals my vows  
To Him Who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

p 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice Divine.

m Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.

*f* High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

**465** 5s & 12s (Irreg.). *C. Wesley.*

*m* My God, I am Thine,  
What a comfort divine, [is mine!  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus  
Hallelujah, send the glory!  
Hallelujah, amen!  
Hallelujah, send the glory!  
Revive us again.

In the heavenly Lamb  
Thrice happy I am, [of His Name.  
And my heart it doth dance at the sound

True pleasures abound  
In the rapturous sound, [found.  
And whoever hath found it hath paradise

*p* My Jesus to know,  
And feel His blood flow,  
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

*m* Yet onward I haste  
To the heavenly feast: [taste!  
That, that is the fulness; but this is the

And this I shall prove,  
Till with joy I remove [love.  
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's

**466** 11s. *Anon.*

*m* My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art  
mine! [resign;  
For Thee all the pleasures of sin I  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art  
Thou;

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!

I love Thee because Thou hast first  
loved me, [tree,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's  
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on  
Thy brow;

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!

*p* I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee  
in death, [me breath;  
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest  
And say when the death-dew lies cold  
on my brow—

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!

*f* In mansions of glory and endless  
delight, [bright  
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven  
I'll sing with the glittering crown of  
my brow—

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now

**467** C.M. *W. Cowper*

*m* THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

*f* Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

**468** P.M. *F. J. Van Alstyne*

*f* PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our  
blessed Redeemer! [proclaim

Sing, O earth—His wonderful love  
Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch  
angels in glory; [Name

Strength and honour give to His holiness  
Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His  
children, [long

In His arms He carries them all day  
Praise Him! praise Him! Tell  
His excellent greatness;

Praise Him! praise Him ever  
joyful song!

*p* Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our  
blessed Redeemer! [and died

For our sins He suffered, and ble

*m* He—our Rock, our Hope of etern  
salvation, [Crucified

Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the  
Sound His praises—Jesus, Who bore  
our sorrows, [and stron

Love unbounded, wonderful, dee



Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our  
blessed Redeemer! [ring!  
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas  
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and  
ever; [and Priest, and King!  
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet,  
Christ is coming, over the world victo-  
rious,  
Power and glory unto the Lord belong.

469 9s & 10s (Irreg.).  
*F. J. Van Alstyne.*

*f* BLESSED assurance—Jesus is mine!  
O, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God;  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day  
long.

*p* Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture burst on my sight;  
Angels, descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

*m* Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest;  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

470 11s (Irreg.).  
*F. J. Van Alstyne.*

*m* To God be the glory! Great things He  
hath done! [His Son,  
So loved He the world that He gave us  
Who yielded His life an atonement for  
sin, [go in.  
And opened the Life-gate that all may

*f* Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!  
Let the earth hear His voice!  
Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!  
Let the people rejoice!  
O! come to the Father, through  
Jesus the Son;  
And give Him the glory! Great  
things He hath done.

*m* O perfect redemption, the purchase of  
blood!  
To every believer the promise of God;  
The vilest offender who truly believes,  
That moment from Jesus a pardon  
receives.

Great things He hath taught us, great  
things He hath done, [the Son;  
And great our rejoicing through Jesus  
But purer, and higher, and greater will  
be [we see!  
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus

471 10s 8s & 7.

*m* COME, let us sing of a wonderful love,  
Tender and true, tender and true,  
Out of the heart of the Father above  
Streaming to me and to you;

*f* Wonderful love, wonderful love,  
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

*m* Jesus, the Saviour, this Gospel to tell  
Joyfully came, joyfully came—  
Came with the helpless and hopeless to  
dwell,

Sharing their sorrow and shame,  
*p* Seeking the lost, seeking the lost;  
Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

*m* Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet—  
Why do they roam? why do they roam?  
Love only waits to forgive and forget:  
Home! weary wanderers, home!

*f* Wonderful love, wonderful love,  
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.  
Come to my heart, O Thou wonderful  
Love!

Come and abide, come and abide!  
Lifting my life till it rises above  
Envy and falsehood and pride:  
*m* Seeking to be, seeking to be,  
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

472 8s & 7s. D. *J. G. Small.*

*m* I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!  
He loved me ere I knew Him;  
He drew me with the cords of love,  
And thus He bound me to Him.  
And round my heart still closely twine  
Those ties which naught can sever,  
*f* For I am His, and He is mine,  
For ever and for ever.

*p* I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend!  
He bled, He died to save me;  
And not alone the gift of life,  
But His own self He gave me.

*m* Naught that I have my own I call,  
I hold it for the Giver;  
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
Are His, and His for ever.

I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !

All power to Him is given,  
To guard me on my onward course,  
And bring me safe to heaven.  
The eternal glories gleam afar,  
To nerve my faint endeavour :  
So now to watch, to work, to war,  
And then to rest for ever !

I've found a Friend ; O, such a Friend !

So kind, and true, and tender ;  
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
So mighty a Defender !  
From Him Who loves me now so well,  
What power my soul shall sever !  
*f* Shall life or death, shall earth or hell ?  
No :—I am His for ever.

473

8s & 7s. *W. Hunter.*

*m* THE great Physician now is near,  
The sympathising Jesus ;  
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer :  
O, hear the voice of Jesus !

*f* Sweetest note in seraph song,  
Sweetest Name on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest carol ever sung—  
Jesus ! blessed Jesus !

*m* Your many sins are “ all forgiven ” ;  
O, hear the voice of Jesus !  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus !

All glory to the risen Lamb !

I now believe in Jesus.

I love the blessed Saviour's Name,  
I love the Name of Jesus.

His Name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus !

O, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious Name of Jesus !

Come, brethren, help me sing His  
O, praise the Name of Jesus ! [praise ;

Come, sisters, all your voices raise,  
O, bless the Name of Jesus !

*f* And when to that bright world above  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His Name, the Name of Jesus.

474

9s & 7s. *E. C. Clephane.*

*m* THERE were ninety and nine that safely  
In the shelter of the fold ; [lay  
*p* But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,  
Away on the mountains, wild and bare  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care

*m* “ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and  
nine ;  
Are they not enough for Thee ? ”  
But the Shepherd made answer, “ This  
of Mine  
Has wandered away from Me ;  
And, although the road be rough and  
steep,  
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

*p* But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed,  
Nor how dark was the night that the  
Lord passed through,  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

*m* “ Lord, whence are those blood-drops  
all the way,  
That mark out the mountain's track ? ”  
*p* “ They were shed for one who had gone  
astray, [back.”  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him  
*m* “ Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent  
and torn ? ” [thorn.”  
*p* “ They are pierced to-night by many a

*m* And all through the mountains,  
thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
*f* “ Rejoice, I have found My sheep ! ”  
And the angels echoed around the  
throne, [own ! ”  
“ Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His

475

11s & 9s (Irreg.).

*Johnson Oatman, jun.*

*m* WHEN upon life's billows you are tem-  
pest tossed, [all is lost,  
When you are discouraged, thinking  
Count your many blessings, name them  
one by one, [hath done.  
And it will surprise you what the Lord

*f* Count your blessings, name them  
one by one; [God hath done;  
Count your blessings, see what  
Count your blessings, name them  
one by one;  
Count your many blessings, see  
what God hath done.

*p* Are you ever burdened with a load of  
care? [called to bear?  
Does the cross seem heavy you are  
*m* Count your many blessings, every doubt  
will fly, [by.  
And you will be singing as the days go

When you look at others with their  
lands and gold, [His wealth untold,  
Think that Christ has promised you  
Count your many blessings money can-  
not buy— [on high.  
Your reward in heaven, nor your home

So amid the conflict, whether great or  
small,  
Do not be discouraged, God is over all;  
Count your many blessings, angels will  
attend, [journey's end.  
Help and comfort give you to your

## EIGHTH DIVISION.

### THE CHRISTIAN LIFE:

#### ASSURANCE OF SALVATION.

476 6-8s. J. Wesley.

*From the German of J. A. Rothe.*

*m* Now I have found the ground, wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;

The wounds of Jesus, for my sin  
Before the world's foundation slain;

*f* Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heaven and earth are fled away.

*m* Father, Thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far:

Thy heart still melts with tenderness;  
Thy arms of love still open are,

*f* Returning sinners to receive,  
That mercy they may taste, and live.

*m* O Love! Thou bottomless abyss!  
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;

Covered is my unrighteousness,  
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,

*f* While Jesus' blood, through earth and  
skies,

Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

*m* With faith I plunge me in this sea:  
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest!

Hither, when hell assails, I flee,  
I look into my Saviour's breast;

*f* Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
Mercy is all that's written there.

*p* Though waves and storms go o'er my  
head, [friends be gone,

Though strength, and health, and  
Though joys be withered all, and dead,

Though every comfort be withdrawn,

*f* On this my steadfast soul relies,  
Father! Thy mercy never dies.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,

Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;  
This anchor shall my soul sustain,

When earth's foundations melt away;  
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,

Loved with an everlasting love.

477 L.M. J. Wesley.

*From the German of Count Zinzendorf.*

*m* JESUS, Thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress;

'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay?

Fully absolved through these I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and  
shame.

*p* The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,  
Who from the Father's bosom came,  
Who died for me, even me to atone,  
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe Thy precious blood,  
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,  
For ever doth for sinners plead,  
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

*m* Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the ocean shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made.

*p* When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies,

*m* Even then this shall be all my plea,  
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

478

10s & 11s.

*C. Wesley.*

O WHAT shall I do my Saviour to praise,  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace:

So strong to deliver, so good to redeem  
The weakest believer that hangs upon Him.

How happy the man whose heart is set free,

The people that can be joyful in Thee;  
Their joy is to walk in the light of Thy face,

And still they are talking of Jesus's [grace.

*m* Their daily delight shall be in Thy Name;

They shall, as their right, Thy righteous-  
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed  
by Thy blood, [of God.

Bold shall they appear in the presence  
For Thou art their boast, their glory  
and power;

And I also trust to see the glad hour;  
My soul's new creation, a life from the  
dead, [head.

The day of salvation, that lifts up my

*f* For Jesus, my Lord, is now my Defence;  
I trust in His Word, none plucks me  
from thence;

Since I have found favour, He all things  
My King and my Saviour shall make  
me anew.

Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of Thine  
own, [known:

Thy secret to me shall soon be made  
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall  
receive, [believe.

And share in the gladness of all that

479

6-8s.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* AND can it be that I should gain

An interest in the Saviour's blood?

*p* Died He for me, who caused His pain?

For me, who Him to death pursued?

*m* Amazing Love! how can it be,

That Thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

*p* 'Tis mystery all! The Saviour dies!

Who can explore His strange design?

In vain the first-born seraph tries

To sound the depths of Love Divine.

*m* 'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,

Let angel-minds inquire no more.

He left His Father's throne above

(So free, so infinite His grace!);

Emptied Himself of all but Love,

And bled for Adam's helpless race:

*f* 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,

For, O my God, it found out me!

*p* Long my imprisoned spirit lay

Fast bound in sin and nature's night;

Thine eyes diffused a quickening ray;

I woke: the dungeon flamed with  
light;

*m* My chains fell off, my heart was free,

I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

*f* No condemnation now I dread;

Jesus, and all in Him, is mine!

Alive in Him, my living Head,

And clothed in righteousness Divine

Bold I approach the eternal throne,

And claim the crown, through Christ  
my own.

480

L.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* AUTHOR of faith, Eternal Word,

Whose Spirit breathes the active flame

Faith, like its finisher and Lord,

To-day, as yesterday, the same

*p* To Thee our humble hearts aspire,

And ask the gift unspeakable:

*f* Increase in us the kindled fire,

In us the work of faith fulfil.

*m* By faith we know Thee strong to save

Save us (a present Saviour Thou!),

Whate'er we hope by faith we have,

Future and past subsisting now.

To him that in Thy Name believes,

Eternal life with Thee is given;

Into himself he all receives,

Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.



*p* The things unknown to feeble sense,  
Unseen by reason's glimmering ray,  
*m* With strong, commanding evidence,  
Their heavenly origin display.  
*f* Faith lends its realising light,  
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,  
The Invisible appears in sight,  
And God is seen by mortal eye.

481 S.M.D. C. Wesley.

*m* How can a sinner know  
His sins on earth forgiven ?  
How can my gracious Saviour show  
My name inscribed in heaven ?  
*f* What we have felt and seen  
With confidence we tell,  
And publish to the sons of men  
The signs infallible.

*m* We who in Christ believe  
That He for us hath died,  
We all His unknown peace receive  
And feel His blood applied ;  
*f* Exults our rising soul,  
Disburdened of her load,  
And swells unutterably full  
Of glory and of God.

*m* We by His Spirit prove,  
And know the things of God,  
The things which freely of His love  
He hath on us bestowed ;  
His Spirit to us He gave,  
And dwells in us, we know :  
The witness in ourselves we have,  
And all its fruits we show.

Whate'er our pardoning Lord  
Commands, we gladly do ;  
And, guided by His sacred Word,  
We all His steps pursue ;  
His glory our design,  
We live our God to please ;  
And rise, with filial fear divine,  
To perfect holiness.

482 4-6s & 2-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* YE ransomed sinners, hear,  
The prisoners of the Lord,  
And wait till Christ appear,  
According to His Word :  
*f* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

*m* Let others hug their chains,  
For sin and Satan plead,  
And say from sin's remains  
They never can be freed :  
*f* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

*m* Surely in us the hope  
Of glory shall appear ;  
Sinners, your heads lift up,  
And see Redemption near :  
*f* Again I say rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

*p* Who Jesu's sufferings share,  
My fellow-prisoners now,  
*m* Ye soon the wreath shall wear  
On your triumphant brow :  
*f* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

*m* The Word of God is sure,  
And never can remove,  
We shall in heart be pure,  
And perfected in love :  
*f* Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

Then let us gladly bring  
Our sacrifice of praise ;  
Let us give thanks and sing,  
And glory in His grace :  
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,  
We shall from all our sins be free.

483 6-8s. C. Wesley.

*m* SAVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove  
That Jesus is Thy healing Name ;  
To lose, when perfected in love,  
Whate'er I have, or can, or am :  
I stay me on Thy faithful word,  
" The servant shall be as his Lord."  
Answer that gracious end in me,  
For which Thy precious life was  
given ;  
Redeem from all iniquity ; [heaven !  
Restore, and make me meet for  
Unless Thou purge my every stain,  
Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

*p* Didst Thou not in the flesh appear,  
Sin to condemn, and man to save ?  
That perfect love might cast out fear ?  
That I Thy mind in me might have ?  
*m* In holiness show forth Thy praise,  
And serve Thee all my spotless days !

*p* Didst Thou not die that I might live  
No longer to myself but Thee ?  
Might body, soul, and spirit give  
To Him Who gave Himself for me ?  
*m* Come then, my Master, and my God,  
Take the dear purchase of Thy blood.  
Thy own peculiar servant claim,  
For Thy own truth and mercy's sake ;  
Hallow in me Thy glorious Name ;  
Me for Thine own this moment take,  
And change and throughly purify ;  
Thine only may I live and die.

484

S.M. *Sir H. W. Baker.*

*m* O WHAT, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss ?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be  
Where we have borne the cross.  
*p* Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,  
When martyred saints, baptised in  
Christ's sufferings shared below.  
*m* Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where on the bosom of their God  
They rest in perfect love.  
*p* Lord, may that grace be ours ;  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here :  
*m* Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

485

6s 8s & 6s. *W. C. Smith.*

*m* To me to live is Christ :  
If Christ bestow His grace,  
A childlike heart to me is given,  
That wonders after God and heaven,  
And smiles up in His face  
Whose love doth me embrace.  
To me to live is Christ :  
If Christ with me abide,  
*f* He bringeth me victorious youth,  
Rejoicing in the love of truth,  
Fearless of wrath and pride,  
Because the Lord will guide.

*m* To me to live is Christ :  
If Christ my love awake,  
The wisdom ripe of age is mine,  
And hope, and joy, and peace divine,  
*p* At evening, twilight make,  
The eternal day to break.  
*f* So let me live to Christ,  
And death shall but disguise  
The life eternal and complete,  
Where age and youth and childhood  
Simple and strong and wise, [meet,  
In Christ above the skies

486

8-7s. *A. M. Toplady*

*m* OBJECT of my first desire,  
Jesus crucified for me ;  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in Thee ;  
Thee to please, and Thee to know,  
Constitute my bliss below ;  
Thee to see, and Thee to love,  
Constitute my bliss above.  
*p* Lord, it is not life to live  
If Thy Presence Thou deny ;  
Lord, if Thou Thy Presence give  
'Tis no longer death to die :  
*m* Source and Giver of repose,  
Only from Thy smile it flows ;  
Peace and happiness are Thine ;  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.  
Whilst I feel Thy love to me,  
Every object teems with joy ;  
May I ever walk with Thee,  
For 'tis bliss without alloy :  
*f* Let me but Thyself possess,  
Total sum of happiness :  
Perfect peace I then shall prove,  
Heaven below, and heaven above.

487

L.M. *C. Wesley*

*f* HAPPY the man who finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race,  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.  
Happy, beyond description, he  
Who knows " The Saviour died for  
The gift unspeakable obtains, [me !"  
And heavenly understanding gains.  
*m* Wisdom Divine ! Who tells the price  
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise ?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compared with her.

Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise :  
Riches of Christ, on all bestowed,  
And honour, that descends from God.

*p* To purest joys she all invites,  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.

*f* Happy the man who wisdom gains ;  
Thrice happy, who his Guest retains !  
He owns, and shall for ever own, [one.  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are

**488** L.M. C. Wesley.

*m* MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,  
Saved from the second death I feel,

*p* Mine eyes from tears of dark despair,  
My feet from falling into hell.

*m* Wherefore to Him my feet shall run ;  
Mine eyes on His perfections gaze ;

*f* My soul shall live for God alone ;  
And all within me shout His praise.

CONSECRATION AND DEDICATION.

**489** 4-7s. M. F. Maude.

*m* THINE for ever :—God of Love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above ;  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever :—Lord of Life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife :  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever :—O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end !

*p* Thine for ever :—Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

*m* Thine for ever :—Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

**490** 4-7s. F. R. Havergal.

*m* TAKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love ;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

*f* Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only for my King ;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

*m* Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold ;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine :  
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

*f* Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store ;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

**491** 7s & 6s. F. R. Havergal.

*m* IN full and glad surrender,  
I give myself to Thee,  
Thine utterly and only,  
And evermore to be.

*p* O Son of God, Who lovest me,  
I will be Thine alone,  
And all I have, and all I am,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

*m* Reign over me, Lord Jesus !  
O make my heart Thy throne !  
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

*f* O, come and reign, Lord Jesus ;  
Rule over everything !  
And keep me always loyal,  
And true to Thee, my King !

**492** L.M. P. Doddridge.

*m* MY gracious Lord, I own Thy right  
To every service I can pay ;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear Thy dictates, and obey.  
What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?

I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly good ;  
Nor future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad :

*p* 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;  
To Him Who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.

*m* His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more ;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His love hath animating power.

493

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* COME, let us use the grace Divine,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual Covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord :  
Give up ourselves, through Jesu's power,  
His Name to glorify ;  
And promise, in this sacred hour,  
For God to live and die.

*p* The Covenant we this moment make  
Be ever kept in mind :—  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast His words behind.

*m* We never will throw off His fear,  
Who hears our solemn vow :—  
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,  
Come down, and meet us now !  
To each the Covenant blood apply,  
Which takes our sins away ;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day !

494

L.M.

*J. Wesley.*

*From Antoinette Bourignon.*

*m* COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above !  
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for Thyself prepare the place.

O let Thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free,  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But day and night to feast on Thee.

*p* That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,  
Of any other love but Thine.

*m* Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul ;  
Possess it Thou, Who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Thee I can love, and Thee alone,  
With pure delight and inward bliss ;  
To know Thou takest me for Thine own,  
O what a happiness is this !

Nothing on earth do I desire,  
But Thy pure love within my breast ;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

495

6-8s.

*J. Wesley.*

*From the German of J. E. Lange.*

*m* O GOD, what offering shall I give  
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?  
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,  
A holy, living sacrifice ;  
Small as it is, 'tis all my store ;  
More shouldst Thou have, if I had more.

Now then, my God, Thou hast my soul ;  
No longer mine, but Thine I am ;  
Guard Thou Thine own, possess it whole ;  
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame :  
Thou hast my spirit ; there display  
Thy glory to the perfect day.

*p* Thou hast my flesh, Thy hallowed shrine,  
Devoted solely to Thy will ;  
Here let Thy light for ever shine ;  
This house still let Thy presence fill ;

*m* O Source of Life—live, dwell, and move  
In me, till all my life be love !

Lord, arm me with Thy Spirit's might,  
Since I am called by Thy great Name ;  
In Thee let all my thoughts unite,  
Of all my works be Thou the aim ;  
Thy love attend me all my days,  
And my sole business be Thy praise.

496

C.M.

*C. Wesley*

*m* LORD, I believe a rest remains  
To all Thy people known,  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And Thou art loved alone :

A rest, where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.

*p* O that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in !  
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.



Remove this hardness from my heart,  
This unbelief remove :  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The Sabbath of Thy love.

*m* I would be Thine, Thou knowest I would,  
And have Thee all my own ;  
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good  
I want, and Thee alone.

Thy Name to me, Thy nature grant ;  
This, only this, be given ;  
Nothing beside my God I want ;  
Nothing in earth or heaven.

**497** C.M.D. *Anna L. Waring.*

*m* My heart is resting, O my God,  
I will give thanks and sing ;  
My heart is at the secret Source  
Of every precious thing :

*p* Now the frail vessel Thou hast made  
No hand but Thine shall fill ;  
For the waters of this world have failed,  
And I am thirsty still.

*m* I thirst for springs of heavenly life,  
And here all day they rise ;  
I seek the treasure of Thy love,  
And close at hand it lies ;

*f* And a new song is in my mouth  
To long-loved music set,  
Glory to Thee for all the grace  
I have not tasted yet.

*m* Glory to Thee for strength withheld,  
For want and weakness known ;  
And the fear that sends me to Thyself  
For what is most my own :  
I have a heritage of joy  
That yet I must not see ;  
But the hand that bled to make it mine  
Is keeping it for me.

*m* My heart is resting, O my God,  
My heart is in Thy care ;  
I hear the voice of joy and health  
Resounding everywhere :

*f* "Thou art my portion," saith my soul,  
"Ten thousand voices say,  
And the music of their glad Amen  
Will never die away."

**498** L.M. *W. T. Matson.*

*m* O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest  
When all without tumultuous seems,  
That trusts a higher will, and deems  
That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees,  
Whatever change the years may bring,  
A mercy still in everything,  
And shining through all mysteries.

*f* O blessed life ! the soul that soars,  
When sense of mortal sight is dim,  
Beyond the sense, beyond to Him  
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

*m* O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul  
From self-born aims and wishes free,  
In all—at one with Deity,  
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life ! how blessed, how divine !  
High life, the earnest of a higher !  
*p* Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,  
And let this blessed life be mine.

**499** 6-8s.  
*A. Silesius, trs. C. Winkworth.*

*m* O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear  
The image of Thy Godhead here ;  
Who soughtest me with tender care  
Through all my wanderings wild and  
O Love, I give myself to Thee, [drear ;  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, Who ere life's earliest dawn  
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;  
O Love, Who here as Man wast born,  
And wholly like to us wast made ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*p* O Love, Who once in time wast slain,  
Pierced through and through with  
bitter woe ;  
O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain  
That we eternal joy might know ;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*m* O Love, Who lovest me for aye,  
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;  
O Love, Who didst my ransom pay,  
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;

*p* O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*m* O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise  
From out this dying life of ours ;  
O Love, Who once above yon skies  
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;  
*f* O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

500

S.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* LORD, in the strength of grace,  
With a glad heart and free,  
Myself, my residue of days,  
I consecrate to Thee.  
Thy ransomed servant, I  
Restore to Thee Thine own ;  
And, from this moment, live or die  
To serve my God alone.

501

8s & 3s.

*f* My heart is fixed. Eternal God,  
Fixed on Thee !  
And my immortal choice is made,  
Christ for me !  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who did for me salvation bring ;  
And while I've breath I mean to sing,  
Christ for me !

*m* In Him I see the Godhead shine,  
Christ for me !  
He is the Majesty Divine,  
Christ for me !  
The Father's well-beloved Son,  
Co-partner of His royal throne,  
Who did for human guilt atone,  
Christ for me !

*p* In pining sickness or in health,  
Christ for me !  
In deepest poverty or wealth,  
Christ for me !  
And in that all-important day,  
When I the summons must obey,  
And pass from this dark world away,  
Christ for me !

502

7s & 6s.

*f* "FROM glory unto glory !"  
Our faith hath seen the King !  
We own His matchless beauty\*  
As adoringly we sing ;  
But He hath more to show us !  
O thought of untold bliss !  
And we press on exulting  
In certain hope of this.

*m* And "greater things," far greater,  
Our longing eyes shall see !  
We can but wait and wonder  
What "greater things" shall be ;

But glorious fulfilments  
Rejoicingly we claim,  
While pleading in its power  
The all-prevailing Name.

*p* O, ye who seek the Saviour,  
Look up in faith and love,  
Come up into the sunshine,  
So bright and warm above !  
No longer tread the valley,  
But, clinging to His hand,  
Ascend the shining summits,  
And view the glorious land.

*m* Our harp-notes should be sweeter,  
Our trumpet-notes more clear,  
Our anthems ring so grandly  
That all the world must hear !  
O, royal be our music,  
For who hath cause to sing  
Like those whom He redeemed,  
The children of the King !

*f* In full and glad surrender  
We give ourselves to Thee,  
Thine utterly, and only,  
And evermore to be !  
O Son of God, Who lovest us,  
We will be Thine alone,  
And all we have, and all we are,  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

DESIRING HOLINESS.

503

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
In Whom I now believe,  
As taught by Thee, in faith I pray,  
Expecting to receive.

Thy will by me on earth be done,  
As by the choirs above,  
Who always see Thee on Thy throne,  
And glory in Thy love.

I ask in confidence the grace,  
That I may do Thy will,  
As angels, who behold Thy face,  
And all Thy words fulfil.

When Thou the work of faith hast  
I shall be pure within, [wrought,  
Nor sin in deed, or word, or thought ;  
For angels never sin.

From Thee no more shall I depart,  
No more unfaithful prove :  
But love Thee with a constant heart ;  
For angels always love.

**504** C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* My God ! I know, I feel Thee mine,  
And will not quit my claim,  
Till all I have is lost in Thine,  
And all renewed I am.

*p* I hold Thee with a trembling hand,  
But will not let Thee go,  
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,  
And all Thy goodness know.

When shall I see the welcome hour,  
That plants my God in me !  
Spirit of health, and life, and power,  
And perfect liberty !

*m* O that in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow !

O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume !  
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come !

Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul ;  
Scatter Thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole.

**505** C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,  
But inward holiness ?  
For this to Jesus I look up,  
I calmly wait for this.

I wait, till He shall touch me clean,  
Shall life and power impart,  
Give me the faith that casts out sin,  
And purifies the heart.

This is the dear redeeming grace,  
For every sinner free ;  
Surely it shall on me take place,  
The chief of sinners, me.

*p* From all iniquity, from all,  
He shall my soul redeem ;  
In Jesus I believe, and shall  
Believe myself to Him.

*m* When Jesus makes my heart His home,  
My sin shall all depart ;  
And, lo ! He saith, " I quickly come,  
To fill and rule thy heart ! "

Be it according to Thy Word !  
Redeem me from all sin :  
My heart would now receive Thee, Lord ;  
Come in, my Lord, come in !

**506** C.M. C. Wesley.

*f* O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace !  
Christ shall in me appear ;  
I, even I, shall see His face ;  
I shall be holy here.

*m* This heart shall be His constant home,  
I hear His Spirit's cry :  
" Surely," He saith, " I quickly come ; "  
He saith, Who cannot lie.

*f* The glorious crown of righteousness  
To me reached out I view ;  
Conqueror through Him, I soon shall  
And wear it as my due. [seize,

*m* The promised land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see ;  
My hope is full (O glorious hope !)  
Of immortality.

Come, O my God, Thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void ;  
Thou only canst my spirit fill :  
Come, O my God, my God.

Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,  
Large as infinity ;

*f* Give, give me all my soul requires,  
All, all that is in Thee !

**507** C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* COME, O my God, the promise seal,  
This mountain, sin, remove ;  
Now in my gasping soul reveal  
The virtue of Thy love.

I want Thy life, Thy purity,  
Thy righteousness, brought in ;  
I ask, desire, and trust, in Thee,  
To be redeemed from sin.

For this, as taught by Thee, I pray,  
And can no longer doubt ;  
Remove from hence ! to sin I say  
Be cast this moment out !

*p* Anger and sloth, desire and pride,  
This moment be subdued ;  
Be cast into the crimson tide  
Of my Redeemer's blood.

*m* Saviour, to Thee my soul looks up,  
My present Saviour Thou !  
In all the confidence of hope  
I claim the blessing now.

*f* 'Tis done : Thou dost this moment save,  
With full salvation bless ;  
Redemption through Thy blood I have,  
And spotless love and peace.

508 C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me !

*p* A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone :

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within.

*m* A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love Divine ;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Fruit of Thy gracious lips, on me  
Bestow that peace unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best Name of Love.

509 6s & 5s.  
T. W. Von Goethe, trs. Anon.

*m* PURER yet and purer  
I would be in mind,  
Dearer yet and dearer  
Every duty find ;  
Hoping still and trusting  
God without a fear,  
Patiently believing  
He will make all clear.

*p* Calmer yet and calmer  
Trial bear and pain,  
Surer yet and surer  
Peace at last to gain ;  
Suffering still and doing,  
To His will resigned,  
And to God subduing  
Heart, and will, and mind.

*m* Higher yet and higher  
Out of clouds and night,  
Nearer yet and nearer  
Rising to the light—  
Light serene and holy,  
Where my soul may rest,  
Purified and lowly,  
Sanctified and blest.  
Quicker yet and quicker  
Ever onward press,  
Firmier yet and firmer  
Step as I progress ;  
Oft these earnest longings  
Swell within my breast,  
Yet their inner meaning  
Ne'er can be expressed.

510 C.M. T. H. Gill.

*m* O MAKE me, Lord, Thy statutes learn !  
Keep in Thy ways my feet !

*f* Then shall my lips divinely burn ;  
Then shall my songs be sweet.

*m* Each sin I cast away shall make  
My soul more strong to soar ;  
Each work I do for Thee shall wake  
A strain Divine the more.

My voice shall more delight Thine ear  
The more I wait on Thee ;  
Thy service bring my song more near  
The angelic harmony.

O wherefore swells so sweet above  
The everlasting hymn ?

Thy will they work, Thy law they love,  
Those tuneful Seraphim !

*p* O, when shall perfect holiness  
Make my poor voice Divine,

*m* And all harmonious Heaven confess  
No sweeter song than mine ?

511 8s & 4. W. C. Smith.

*m* ONE thing I of the Lord desire—  
For all my way hath miry been—

*p* Be it by water or by fire,  
O make me clean !



*m* If clearer vision Thou impart,  
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;  
But yet to have a purer heart  
Is more to me.  
Yea, only as the heart is clean  
May larger vision yet be mine,  
For mirrored in its depths are seen  
The things Divine.  
I watch to shun the miry way,  
And stanch the spring of guilty thought;  
*p* But watch and wrestle as I may,  
Pure I am not.  
*m* So, wash Thou me without, within,  
Or purge with fire, if that must be:  
No matter how, if only sin  
Die out in me.

512 L.M.

*m* NOT to Thy cross, but to Thyself,  
My living Saviour, would I cling;  
'Twas Thou, and not Thy cross, didst  
bear [sting]  
My soul's dark guilt—sin's deadly  
Not to Thy cross, but to Thyself,  
Who loved me, ere the world began;  
And when in darkness made me see  
Thy great salvation's wondrous plan.  
Not to Thy cross then would I cling,  
Which must have mouldered ages past;  
But to Thyself, Who, throned above,  
Can shelter me from every blast.  
*p* Wily his snares the Tempter lays  
To turn us from Thyself away;  
Knowing our life is all in Thee—  
Thyself alone the sinner's stay.  
*m* Till one with Thee, all outward forms—  
Our worship and our works—are vain;  
Where Thou art loved is, Lord, Thy  
throne,  
There peace and holiness shall reign.

513 C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* FOR ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to Thy bleeding side:  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour died!  
*p* My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

*m* Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;  
Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.  
The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

514 8s & 6s. C. Wesley.

*f* O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!  
It lifts me up to things above,  
It bears on eagles' wings,  
It gives my ravished soul a taste,  
And makes me for some moments feast  
With Jesu's priests and kings.  
*m* Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
I stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the land below;  
*f* Rivers of milk and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of Paradise  
In endless plenty grow.  
*m* A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favoured with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest;  
*f* There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,  
And keeps His own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.  
*m* Now, O my Joshua, bring me in!  
Cast out Thy foes; the inbred sin,  
The carnal mind remove:  
The purchase of Thy death divide!  
*f* Give me with all the sanctified—  
Give me a lot of love.

515 L.M. J. Montgomery.

*m* O GOD, Thou art my God alone:  
Early to Thee my soul shall cry:  
A pilgrim in a land unknown,  
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.  
*p* O! that it were as it hath been,  
When, praying in the holy place,  
*m* Thy power and glory I have seen,  
And marked the footsteps of Thy grace.  
Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,  
I follow hard on Thee, my God:  
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways;  
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.  
*p* Thee, in the watches of the night,  
When I remember on my bed,  
Thy presence makes the darkness light:  
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

*m* Better than life itself Thy love;  
 Dearer than all beside to me;  
 For whom have I in heaven above,  
 Or what on earth compared with  
 Thee!

*f* Praise with my heart, my mind, my  
 For all Thy mercy I will give; [voice,  
 My soul shall still in God rejoice; [live.  
 My tongue shall bless Thee while I

516

6-8s.

*J. Scheffler, by J. Wesley.*

*m* THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;  
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
 Thee will I love, with all my power,  
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone:  
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire  
 Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

*p* Ah, why did I so late Thee know,  
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!  
 Ah, why did I no sooner go  
 To Thee, the only ease in pain!  
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,  
 That I so late to Thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I strayed;  
 I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;  
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were  
 spread; [loved:  
 Thy creatures more than Thee I  
 And now if more at length I see, [Thee.  
 'Tis through Thy light, and comes from

*m* I thank Thee, uncreated Sun, [shined;  
 That Thy bright beams on me have  
 I thank Thee, Who hast overthrown  
 My foes, and healed my wounded  
 mind;

I thank Thee, Whose enlivening voice  
 Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears:

Give to my heart chaste, hallowed  
 Give to my soul, with filial fears, [fires;  
 The love that all heaven's host  
 inspires; [might,  
 That all my powers, with all their  
 In Thy sole glory may unite.

*f* Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,  
 Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod;  
 What though my flesh and heart decay,  
 Thee shall I love in endless day!

LOVE OF GOD.

517

6-8s.

*J. Wesley.*

*From the German of G. Tersteegen.*

*m* THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
 Whose depths unfathomed, no man  
 knows,

I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose:  
 My heart is pained, nor can it be  
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

*p* Thy secret voice invites me still  
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;  
 And fain I would; but though my will  
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions  
 Yet hindrances strew all the way; [rove;  
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

*m* 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee;  
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
 No peace my wandering soul shall  
 see;

O when shall all my wanderings end,  
 And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

*p* Is there a thing beneath the sun  
 That strives with Thee my heart to  
 share?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,  
 The Lord of every motion there!

*m* Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
 When it hath found repose in Thee.

Each moment draw from earth away  
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say  
 "I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"

*f* To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

518

C.M.

*I. Watts.*

*f* HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
 Where love inspires the breast:  
 Love is the brightest of the train,  
 And perfects all the rest.

*p* Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
 And all in vain our fear:  
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
 If love be absent there.

*m* 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
 In swift obedience move:  
 The devils know, and tremble too;  
 But Satan cannot love.

*f* This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,  
In the sweet realms of bliss.  
Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away,  
To see our gracious God.

519 C.M.D. *Julia A. Elliott.*

*m* WE love Thee, Lord, yet not alone  
Because Thy bounteous hand  
Showers down its rich and ceaseless  
On ocean and on land : [gifts,  
'Tis not alone because Thy Names  
Of wisdom, power, and love  
Are written on the earth beneath,  
The glorious skies above.

We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
Had erred and gone astray,  
Thou didst recall our wandering souls  
Into the heavenward way ;  
*p* When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
In sin and sorrow's night,  
Thou didst send down a guiding ray  
Of Thy benignant light.

*m* Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
Nor kept Thy holy will,  
Thou wert not the avenging Judge,  
But gracious Father still ;  
Although we have forgotten Thee,  
Yet Thou hast not forgot ;  
Although we have forsaken Thee,  
Yet Thou forsakest not.

Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
With everlasting love ;  
Because Thy Son came down to die,  
That we might live above ;  
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,  
Thou gavest hopes of heaven :  
Yes ; much we love, who much have  
And much have been forgiven. [sinned,

520 6-7s. *R. M. McChesne*

*m* WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When I stand with Christ above,  
Saved by His amazing love ;  
*f* Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

*m* When I stand before the throne  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art—  
Love Thee with unsinning heart ;  
*p* Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

*m* Even on earth, as through a glass,  
Darkly let Thy glory pass ;  
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,  
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet ;  
*p* Even on earth, Lord, make me know  
Something of the debt I owe.

*m* Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified :  
*f* Teach me, Lord, on earth to show—  
By my love—how much I owe.

521 C.M. *O. Heginbotham.*

*f* YES, I will bless Thee, O my God,  
Through all my fleeting days ;  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.  
Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honours of my God :  
My life, with all its active powers,  
Shall spread Thy praise abroad.  
*p* Nor will I cease Thy praise to sing,  
When death shall close mine eyes ;  
*m* My thoughts shall then to nobler  
And sweeter raptures rise. [heights  
*f* Then shall my lips, in endless praise,  
Their grateful tribute pay ;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

522 6s. *H. Bonar.*

*m* O LOVE that casts out fear,  
O love that casts out sin,  
Tarry no more without,  
But come and dwell within.  
True sunlight of the soul,  
Surround me as I go ;  
So shall my way be safe,  
My feet no straying know.  
Great love of God, come in ;  
Wellspring of heavenly peace,  
Thou living water, come,  
Spring up, and never cease.

*f* Love of the living God,  
Of Father, and of Son,  
Love of the Holy Ghost,  
Fill Thou each needy one.

**523** C.M. *Benjamin Waugh.*

*m* Now let us see Thy beauty, Lord,  
As we have seen before;  
And by Thy beauty quicken us  
To love Thee and adore.

'Tis easy, when with simple mind  
Thy loveliness we see,  
To consecrate ourselves afresh  
To duty and to Thee.

*p* Our every feverish mood is cooled,  
And gone is every load,  
When we can lose the love of self,  
And find the love of God.

*m* 'Tis by Thy loveliness we're won  
To home and Thee again,  
And as we are Thy children true  
We are more truly men.

Lord, it is coming to ourselves  
When thus we come to Thee;  
The bondage of Thy loveliness  
Is perfect liberty.

So now we come to ask again  
What Thou hast often given,  
The vision of that loveliness  
Which is the life of heaven.

**524** L.M. *J. Mathams.*

*m* My heart, O God, be wholly Thine,  
I would not keep it back from Thee;  
Nor wish to shun the grace Divine  
Which asks this humble gift of me.

O take it now, and let Thy love  
For evermore within me dwell,  
And may Thy Spirit from above  
Teach me to serve my Master well.

*p* Afar be every thought of sin,  
Afar be every wish to stray;  
Let truth and holiness begin  
To lead me up the heavenward way.

*m* Make this my only aim and care,  
To seek Thy praise in all I do;  
To consecrate each act with prayer  
As I my daily work pursue.  
More like to Thee, my blessed Lord,  
I would be, as my days pass by,  
With patience, love, and wisdom stored,  
Ready to live, and fit to die.

**525**

7s & 6s.

*C. Smith.*

*m* LORD! when through sin I wander  
So very far from Thee,  
I think in some far country  
Thy sinless home must be;

*p* But when with heartfelt sorrow  
I pray Thee to forgive,

*m* Thy pardon is so perfect,  
That in Thy heaven I live.

That heaven, Lord, so surrounds me,  
That when I do the right,

The saddest path of duty  
Is lightened by its light:

I know not what its glories  
Before Thy throne must be,  
But here Thy smiling presence  
Is heaven on earth to me.

To love the right, and do it,  
Is to my heart so sweet,  
It makes the path of duty  
A shining golden street:

*f* Give me Thy strength, O Father,  
To choose this path each day;  
Then heaven within, about me,  
Shall compass all my way.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

**526**

C.M.

*G. B. Bubier.*

*m* I WOULD commune with Thee, my God,  
Even to Thy seat I come;

I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
And seek in Thee my home.

I stand upon the mount of God,  
With sunlight in my soul;

I hear the storms in vales beneath,  
I hear the thunders roll:

*p* But I am calm with Thee, my God,  
Beneath these glorious skies,  
And to the height on which I stand,  
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

*f* O this is life! O this is joy!  
My God, to find Thee so!  
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,  
And all Thy love to know.

**527**

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* TALK with us, Lord, Thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindling of Thy love.



*p* With Thee conversing, we forget  
 All time, and toil, and care ;  
 Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,  
 If Thou, my God, art here.

*m* Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,  
 And bid my heart rejoice ;  
 My bounding heart shall own Thy sway,  
 And echo to Thy voice.

Thou callest me to seek Thy face ;  
 'Tis all I wish to seek ;  
 To attend the whispers of Thy grace,  
 And hear Thee inly speak.

*p* Let this my every hour employ,  
 Till I Thy glory see ;  
 Enter into my Master's joy,  
 And find my heaven in Thee.

528 S.M. J. D Burns.

*m* STILL with Thee, O my God,  
 I would desire to be ;  
 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
 I would be still with Thee.

With Thee when dawn comes in  
 And calls me back to care,  
 Each day returning to begin  
 With Thee, my God, in prayer.

With Thee amid the crowd  
 That throngs the busy mart,  
 To hear Thy voice, where Time's is loud,  
 Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee when day is done,  
 And evening calms the mind :  
 The setting as the rising sun  
 With Thee my heart would find.

*p* With Thee when darkness brings  
 The signal of repose,  
 Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,  
 Mine eyelids I would close.

*m* With Thee, in Thee, by faith,  
 Abiding I would be ;  
 By day, by night, in life, in death,  
 I would be still with Thee.

529 6s & 4s. S. F. Adams.

*m* NEARER, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 Even though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me,  
*f* Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

*p* Though like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness comes over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
*f* Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

*m* There let my way appear  
 Steps unto heaven,  
 All that Thou sendest me  
 In mercy given,  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

*p* Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise ;

*m* So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

*f* And when on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upwards I fly,  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

530 C.M. Tate and Brady.

*m* As pants the hart for cooling streams,  
 When heated in the chase,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine !  
 O when shall I behold Thy face,  
 Thou Majesty Divine ?

*p* I sigh to think of happier days,  
 When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh ;  
 When every heart was tuned to praise,  
 And none more blest than I.

O why art thou cast down, my soul ?  
*m* Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of Him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

531 L.M. Anon.

*m* How blest is life if lived for Thee,  
 My loving Saviour and my Lord ;  
 No pleasures that the world can give  
 Such perfect gladness can afford.

To know I am Thy ransomed child,  
 Bought by Thine own most precious  
 blood,  
 And from Thy loving hand to take,  
 With grateful heart, each gift of good.  
 All day to walk beneath Thy smile,  
 Watching Thine eye to guide me still,  
 To rest at night beneath Thy care,  
 Guarded by Thee from every ill.  
 To feel that, though I journey on  
 By stony paths and rugged ways,  
 Thy blessed feet have gone before,  
 And strength is given for weary days.  
 Such love shall ever make me glad,  
 Strong in Thy strength to work or rest,  
 Until I see Thee face to face,  
 And in Thy light am fully blest.

**532** C.M. *B. Barton.*

*m* WALK in the light! So shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love  
 His Spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! And thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly His  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
 In Whom no darkness is.

*p* Walk in the light! And thou shalt own  
 Thy darkness passed away,  
*m* Because that light hath on thee shone,  
 In which is perfect day!

*p* Walk in the light! And even the tomb  
 No fearful shade shall wear:  
*m* Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For Christ hath conquered there!

*f* Walk in the light! Thy path shall be  
 Peaceful, serene, and bright:  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
 And God Himself is Light.

**533** 6-8s. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*m* I HAVE no comfort but Thy love;  
 Without it, life is death to me;  
 Joyless through all its joys I move,  
 Hopeless through all its misery.  
 Yet, trusting Thee, I daily prove  
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.

*f* Thou art the Rock on which I stand,  
 When round me rages life's rough sea,

Mine anchor, and my sheltering strand  
 The haven where my soul would be,  
 Daily I feel, and nightly prove  
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.

*m* O lift me higher, nearer Thee,  
 And as I rise more pure and meek,  
 O let my soul's humility  
 Make me lie lower at Thy feet.  
 Less trusting self, the more I prove  
 The blessed comfort of Thy love.

*f* Grateful my songs arise to Thee,  
 With morning's dawn and evening  
*m* For Thou hast ever been to me [fall  
 My Light, my Life, mine All in All.  
 My day is night, if Thou remove;  
 Give me all comfort in Thy love.

**534** 6s & 4s. *H. Bonar*

*f* O STRONG to save and bless,  
 My Rock and Righteousness,  
 Draw near to me:  
 Blessing and joy and might,  
 Wisdom and love and light,  
 Are all with Thee.

*m* My Refuge and my Rest,  
 As child on mother's breast,  
 I lean on Thee:

*p* From faintness and from fear,  
 When foes and ill are near,  
 Deliver me.

*f* O answer me, my God!  
 Thy love is deep and broad,  
 Thy grace is true;

*m* Thousands Thy grace have shared  
 O let me now be heard,  
 O love me too.

*f* Descend, Thou mighty Love,  
 Descend from heaven above,  
 Fill Thou this soul;

*p* Heal every bruised part,  
 Bind up this broken heart,  
*m* And make me whole.

**535** C.M. *C. Wesley*

*m* BEING of Beings, God of Love!  
 To Thee our hearts we raise;  
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,  
 And gladly sing Thy praise.  
 Thine, only Thine, we pant to be;  
 Our sacrifice receive;  
 Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee  
 To Thee ourselves we give.

Heavenward our every wish aspires ;  
For all Thy mercies' store,  
The sole return Thy love requires  
Is, that we ask for more.

For more we ask ; we open then  
Our hearts to embrace Thy will ;  
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again,  
With all Thy fulness fill.

Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love  
Shed in our hearts abroad !  
So shall we ever live, and move,  
And be, with Christ in God.

**536** C.M. *Anne Steele.*

My God ! my Father—blissful Name !  
O may I call Thee mine ?  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine ?

This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly ;  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?

Whate'er Thy providence denies  
I calmly would resign,  
For Thou art good, and just, and wise—  
O bend my will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear ;  
And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust His tender care.

If pain and sickness rend this frame,  
And life almost depart,  
Is not Thy mercy still the same,  
To cheer my drooping heart ?

My God, my Father, be Thy Name  
My solace and my stay ;  
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,  
And drive my fears away ?

**537** 6s. *J. Byrom.*

My soul doth long for Thee  
To dwell within my breast ;  
Unworthy though I be  
Of so Divine a Guest !

Of so Divine a Guest  
Unworthy though I be,  
Yet hath my heart no rest  
Until it come to Thee !

Until it come to Thee,  
In vain I look around ;—  
In all that I can see  
No rest is to be found !

No rest is to be found,  
But in Thy blessed love :  
O, let my wish be crowned,  
And send it from above !

**538** 6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee ;  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell Thee who I am,  
My misery and sin declare ;  
Thyself hast called me by my name,  
Look on Thy hands, and read it there ;  
But Who, I ask Thee, Who art Thou ?  
Tell me Thy Name, and tell me now.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable Name ?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell ;  
To know it now resolved I am ;  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy Name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the  
Unspeakable I now receive ; [grace  
Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
I see Thee face to face, and live !  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for  
I hear Thy whisper in my heart ; [me !  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal Love Thou art ;  
To me, to all, Thy mercies move ;  
Thy nature and Thy Name is Love.

LOVE TO THE SAVIOUR.

539

C.M. *P. Doddridge.*

- m* Do not I love Thee, O my Lord ?  
Behold my heart and see ;  
And turn each cherished idol out  
That dares to rival Thee.  
Do not I love Thee from my soul ?  
Then let me nothing love :  
Dead be my heart to every joy,  
When Jesus cannot move.  
Is not Thy Name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear ? [bound  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure  
My Saviour's voice to hear ?  
*p* Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock  
I would disdain to feed ?  
Hast Thou a foe before whose face  
I fear Thy cause to plead ?  
*m* Would not my ardent spirit vie  
With angels round the throne,  
To execute Thy sacred will,  
And make Thy glory known ?  
Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord ;  
But oh, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

540

C.M. *Bernard of Clairvaux.*

- m* JESUS, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills my breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see  
And in Thy presence rest.  
Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,  
O Saviour of mankind !  
*p* O hope of every contrite heart !  
O joy of all the meek !  
To those who fall how kind Thou art !  
How good to those who seek !  
*m* But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;  
The love of Jesus—what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.  
*f* Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our crown wilt be ;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

541

C.M.

*R. Palmer*

- m* JESUS, these eyes have never seen  
That radiant form of Thine !  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine !  
I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me ;  
And earth hath never so dear a spot,  
As where I meet with Thee.  
*p* Like some bright dream that comes un  
When slumbers over me roll, [sought  
Thine image ever fills my thought,  
And charms my ravished soul.  
*m* Yet, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will !  
Unseen, but not unknown.  
*p* When death these mortal eyes shall sea  
And still this throbbing heart,  
*f* The rending veil shall Thee reveal  
All glorious as Thou art !

542

7s & 6s. *J. S. B. Monsel*

- m* To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,  
My spirit turns for rest ;  
My peace is in Thy favour,  
My pillow on Thy breast ;  
Though all the world deceive me,  
I know that I am Thine,  
*f* And Thou wilt never leave me,  
O blessed Saviour mine.  
*m* In Thee my trust abideth,  
On Thee my hope relies,  
O Thou, Whose love provideth  
For all beneath the skies,  
O Thou, Whose mercy found me,  
From bondage set me free,  
*f* And then for ever bound me  
With threefold cords to Thee.  
*m* My grief is in the dulness  
With which this sluggish heart  
Doth open to the fullness  
Of all Thou wouldst impart ;  
*f* My joy is in Thy beauty  
Of holiness Divine,  
My comfort in the duty  
That binds my life in Thine.



*m* Alas! that I should ever  
Have failed in love to Thee,  
The only One Who never  
Forgot or slighted me.  
O for a heart to love Thee  
More truly as I ought,  
And nothing place above Thee  
In deed or word or thought!

*f* O for that choicest blessing  
Of living in Thy love,  
And thus on earth possessing  
The peace of heaven above!  
O for the bliss that by it  
The soul securely knows,  
*p* The holy calm and quiet  
Of faith's serene repose!

543 10s. *E. H. Bickersteth.*

*n* O God, I love Thee! Not that my poor  
love [above,  
May win me entrance to Thy heaven  
Nor yet that strangers to Thy love  
must know  
The bitterness of everlasting woe.

But, Jesus, Thou art mine, and I am  
Thine, [Divine,  
Clasped to Thy bosom by Thy arms  
*p* Who on the cruel cross for me has borne  
The nails, the spear, and man's unpity-  
ing scorn.

No thought can fathom and no tongue  
express [measreless,  
Thy griefs, Thy toils, Thy anguish  
Thy death, O Lamb of God, the Un-  
defiled— [child.  
And all for me, Thy wayward sinful

*n* How can I choose but love Thee, God's  
dear Son,  
O Jesus, loveliest and most loving One!  
Were there no heaven to gain, no hell  
to flee, [Thee.  
For what Thou art alone I must love

*f* Not for the hope of glory or reward,  
But even as Thyself hast loved me,  
Lord, [adore,  
I love Thee, and will love Thee and  
Who art my King, my God for evermore.

544 10s & 4. *M. Shekleton.*

*m* It passeth knowledge, that dear love of  
Thine,

My Saviour, Jesus! yet this soul of mine  
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth  
and length, [strength,  
Its height and depth, its everlasting  
Know more and more.

It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus! yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and  
near,

A love which can remove all guilty fear  
And love beget.

*f* It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,  
My Saviour, Jesus! yet this heart of mine  
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so  
free,

Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,  
Nigh unto God.

*m* But, though I cannot sing or tell or know  
The fulness of Thy love, while here below,  
My empty vessel I may freely bring;  
O Thou Who art of love the living Spring,  
My vessel fill.

O fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!  
Lead, lead me to the living Fount above;  
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw  
nigh,

And never to another fountain fly,  
But unto Thee.

545 8s & 7s. *C. F. Alexander.*

*m* JESUS calls us: o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea,  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

As of old, Apostles heard it  
By the Galilæan lake,  
Turned from home and toil and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
*p* Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

*m* In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

546

6s & 4s. *E. Prentiss.*

*m* MORE love to Thee, O Christ,  
More love to Thee !  
Hear Thou the prayer I make  
On bended knee ;  
This is my earnest plea,  
" More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee ! "

Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest ;  
Now Thee alone I seek ;  
Give what is best ;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
" More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee ! "

*p* Let sorrow do its work ;  
Send grief and pain ;

*m* Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
" More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee ! "

*p* Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise,  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise ;

*m* This still its prayer shall be :  
" More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee ! "

547

C.M.

*Xavier, translated E. Caswall.*

*m* MY God, I love Thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby ;  
Or fear, with those that love Thee not,  
Eternally to die.

Thou, O my Saviour, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace ;  
For me didst bear then ail and spear,  
And manifold disgrace ;

*p* And griefs and torments numberless ;  
And sweat of agony ;  
Even death itself—and all for one  
Who was Thine enemy.

*m* Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well ?

Not for the sake of winning heaven,  
Or of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught ;  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving Lord !

*f* Even so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing,  
Because Thou art my loving God,  
And my redeeming King.

548

6s & 4s.

*R. Palmer.*

*m* MY faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary ;  
Saviour Divine !

*p* Now hear me while I pray :  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine !

*m* May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire :

*p* As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee

*m* Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire !

*p* While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,

*m* Be Thou my Guide ;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

*p* When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll :

*f* Blest Saviour ! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul !

549

L.M. *J. Grigg and B. Francis.*

*m* JESUS ! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee ?  
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise  
Whose glories shine through endless  
days ?

Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light Divine  
Over this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,  
Bright Morning Star, bids darkness flee.

*p* Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend  
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!

*m* No! when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His Name.

Ashamed of Jesus! truly nay,  
'Tis He doth take my sins away,  
My tears doth wipe, my joys increase,  
My soul lead on to perfect peace.

*m* Therefore—nor is my boasting vain—  
Therefore I boast a Saviour slain;

*f* And O! may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

**550** C.M. *J. Allen.*

*m* MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for every one,  
And there's a cross for me.

*p* The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
Till death shall set me free;  
And then go home my crown to wear—  
For there's a crown for me.

*m* Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesu's pierced feet,

Joyful I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear Name repeat.

And palms shall wave, and harps shall  
Beneath heaven's arches high: [ring,  
The Lord that lives—the ransomed  
That lives no more to die. [sing—

*f* O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O Resurrection Day!

Ye angels from the heavens come down,  
And bear my soul away.

**551** 7s & 6s. *H. Bonar*

*m* I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
The spotless Lamb of God,

He bears them all, and frees us  
From the accursed load;

I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
To wash my crimson stains  
White in His blood most precious,  
Till not a spot remains!

I lay my wants on Jesus,  
All fulness dwells in Him;

He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:

*p* I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares,  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline;

*m* I love the Name of Jesus,  
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance, on the breezes,  
His Name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;

I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy Child!

*f* I long to be with Jesus,  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

**552** 8s & 7s. *R. Robinson.*

*m* COME, Thon Fount of every blessing!  
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace!

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,  
Sung by ransomed hosts above;

O, the vast, the boundless treasure  
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

*m* Here I raise my Ebenezer,

Hither by Thy help I'm come;

And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.

*f* Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;

He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

*m* O! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be:

Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love:

*f* Here's my heart—O take and seal it!  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

## COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

553

8s.

*C. Wesley.*

- m* THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,  
The joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where Thou art :  
*p* The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,  
And screened from the heat of the day.  
*m* Ah ! show me that happiest place,  
The place of Thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified Lord :  
Thy love for a sinner declare,  
Thy passion and death on the tree,  
My spirit to Calvary bear,  
To suffer and triumph with Thee.  
*p* 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,  
There only, I covet to rest,  
To lie at the foot of the Rock,  
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast :  
*m* 'Tis there I would always abide,  
And never a moment depart ;  
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,  
Eternally held in Thy heart.

554

C.M.D.

*H. Bonar.*

- m* I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
" Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."  
*f* I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad :  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.  
*m* I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
" Behold, I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
*f* I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.  
*m* I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
" I am this dark world's Light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
*f* I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that Light of Life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

555

8s & 6s. *J. S. B. Monseil.*

- m* WHEN I had wandered from His fold,  
His love the wanderer sought ;  
When slave-like into bondage sold,  
His blood my freedom bought.  
Therefore that life, by Him redeemed,  
Is His through all its days ;  
And as with blessings it hath teemed,  
So let it teem with praise.

For I am His, and His is mine,  
The God, whom I adore !  
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,  
Now and for evermore.

- When I forgot His tender love,  
And my affections set  
Not upon holy things above,  
He did not me forget ;  
But gently chastening, gently tried,  
With ring and robe and kiss,  
Drawing me near His wounded side  
To bring me back to bliss.

For I am His, &c.

- p* When sunk in sorrow, I despaired,  
And changed my hopes for fears,  
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,  
And wiped away my tears.  
*m* Therefore the joy by Him restored,  
To Him by right belongs :  
And to my gracious, loving Lord  
I'll sing through life my songs.  
For I am His, &c.

- When I beneath my cross lay down,  
And could no farther move,  
He raised me up, He showed the crown,  
And whispered, " I am love."  
*f* Therefore that love my song shall be,  
And to my glorious King,  
Through time and through eternity,  
My life His praise shall sing.  
For I am His, &c.

556

7s & 6s. *F. R. Havergal.*

- m* I COULD not do without Thee,  
O Saviour of the lost,  
Whose precious blood redeemed me  
At such tremendous cost !  
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort,  
My glory and my plea,



*p* I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own ;  
*m* But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And perfect strength in weakness  
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

*p* I could not do without Thee ;  
No other friend can read  
The spirit's strange deep longings,  
Interpreting its need ;

*m* No human heart could enter  
Each dim recess of mine,  
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
O blessed Lord, but Thine !

*p* I could not do without Thee,  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn loneliness  
The river must be passed ;

*f* But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be near me,  
And whisper, " It is I."

**557** L.M. C. Elliott.

*m* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
My Saviour, my eternal Rest ;  
Then only will this longing heart  
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Thy unveiled glory to behold ;

*p* Then only will this wondering heart  
Cease to be treacherous, faithless,  
cold.

*m* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore,

*p* Then only will this sinful heart  
Be evil and defiled no more.

*m* Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
Where none can die, where none re-  
move,

*f* There neither death nor life will part  
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

**558** 8s & 4. C. Elliott.

*m* LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,  
My gracious Saviour, I am blest ;  
Though weary, Thou dost condescend  
To be my Rest.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith  
To Thee the future I confide ;  
Each step of life's untrodden path  
Thy love will guide.

*p* Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,  
Too weak another voice to hear,  
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,  
" Be of good cheer !"

*m* Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;  
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink ;  
I feel the everlasting arms,  
I cannot sink.

**559** 10s. H. B. Stowe.

*m* THAT mystic Word of Thine, O Sovereign  
Lord ! [me ;  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for  
Weary of striving, and with longing  
faint, [Thee.  
I breathe it back again in prayer to

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee ;  
From this good hour, O leave me never-  
more ! [be healed,  
Then shall the discord cease, the wound  
The life-long bleeding of the soul be  
o'er.

*p* Abide in me, o'ershadowed by Thy love ;  
Each half-formed purpose and dark  
thought of sin [desire ;  
Quench ere it rise—each selfish, low  
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and  
divine.

*m* As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its  
own,  
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems  
around it thrown.

Abide in me ; there have been moments  
blest [Thy power :  
When I have heard Thy voice and felt  
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion,  
hushed, [the hour.  
Owned the Divine enchantment of

These were but seasons, beautiful and  
rare ;  
Abide in me, and they shall ever be.  
Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer :  
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee.

560

C.M.

*T. Shepherd.*

*p* ALAS, my God, that we should be  
Such strangers in our walks !  
*m* O that as friends we might agree,  
In close and loving talks !

May I taste that communion, Lord,  
Thy people have with Thee ?  
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,  
O let Him talk with me !

Like Enoch, let me walk with God,  
And thus walk out my day,  
Attended with the heavenly guards,  
Upon the King's highway.

When wilt Thou come unto me, Lord ?

*f* O come, my Lord, most dear !  
Come near, come nearer, nearer still,  
I'm well when Thou art near.

*m* Come, spread Thy savour on my frame—  
No sweetness is so sweet ;

*f* Till I get up to sing Thy Name  
Where all Thy singers meet.

561

C.M.

*Anne Bronte.*

*f* SPIRIT of Faith ! be Thou my Guide !  
O clasp my hand in Thine !

*m* And never let me quit Thy side :—  
Thy comforts are Divine.

*p* Pride scorns Thee for Thy lowly mien :  
*m* But who like Thee can rise  
Above this toilsome, sordid scene,  
Beyond the holy skies ?

*p* Meek is Thine eye, and soft Thy voice,  
*f* But wondrous is Thy might,  
To make the wretched soul rejoice,  
To give the simple light.

*m* And still to all who seek Thy way  
This mystic power is given,  
Even while their footsteps press the clay  
Their souls ascend to heaven.

*p* Through pain and death I can rejoice,  
If but Thy strength be mine ;  
*m* Earth hath no music like Thy voice,  
Life owns no joy like Thine.

Spirit of Faith ! I'll go with Thee ;  
Thou, if I hold Thee fast,

*f* Wilt guide, defend, and strengthen me,  
And bear me home at last.

562

C.M.

*Sir E. Denny.*

*m* SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to Thee,  
At Sychar's lonely well,  
When a poor outcast heard Thee there  
Thy great salvation tell.

Lord, 'twas Thy power unseen that drew  
The stray one to that place,  
In solitude to learn from Thee  
The secrets of Thy grace.

*p* There Jacob's erring daughter found  
Those streams unknown before,  
The water-brooks of life that make  
The weary thirst no more.  
And, Lord, to us as vile as she,  
Thy gracious lips have told  
That mystery of love, revealed  
At Jacob's well of old.

*m* In spirit, Lord, we've sat with Thee  
Besides the springing well  
Of life and peace—and heard Thee there  
Its healing virtues tell.

Dead to the world, we dream no more  
Of earthly pleasures now ;  
Our deep, Divine, unfailing Spring  
Of grace and glory, Thou !

563

8s & 6.

*C. Elliott.*

*m* O HOLY Saviour, Friend Unseen,  
The faint, the weak on Thee may lean :  
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,  
By faith to cling to Thee.

Blest with communion so Divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee ?

*p* Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste with thorns o'er-  
A voice of love in gentlest tone [grown,  
Whispers, " Still cling to Me."

*m* Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside :  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee !

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,  
Since Thou art near and strong to save ;  
Nor shudder even at death's dark wave,  
Because they cling to Thee.

*f* Blest is my lot whate'er befall :  
What can disturb me, who appal,  
While, as my Strength, my Rock, my All,  
Saviour, I cling to Thee ?

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

564

C.M. *J. Montgomery.*

- m* PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.  
Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.  
Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- p* Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry—Behold ! He prays.
- m* Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air :  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- In prayer, on earth, the saints are one  
In word and deed and mind,  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.
- O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself has trod,  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

565

C.M. *B. Beddome.*

- m* PRAYER is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came ;  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.
- p* It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast,  
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- m* The prayers and praises of the saints,  
Like precious odours sweet,  
Ascend and spread a rich perfume  
Around the mercy-seat.

When God inclines the heart to pray,  
He hath an ear to hear ;  
To Him there's music in a moan,  
And beauty in a tear.

The humble suppliant cannot fail  
To have his wants supplied,  
Since He for sinners intercedes  
Who once for sinners died.

566

4-7s.

*J. Newton.*

- m* COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- p* With my burden I begin :—  
Lord, remove this load of sin !  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt !
- m* Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There, Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer :  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end !
- Show me what I have to do ;  
Every hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

567

8s & 4.

- m* WITHIN the veil there is a place  
Jehovah speaketh face to face  
With every one who seeks His grace—  
The mercy-seat !
- Where Jesus is, 'tis hallowed ground ;  
Where'er the Lord our God is found,  
There richest blessings all abound—  
The mercy-seat !
- The Lord Jehovah draweth near,  
The sprinkled blood dispels all fear,  
When all is dark there's brightness  
The mercy-seat ! [here—

'Tis here the Lord's disciples see  
His glory and His majesty,  
'Tis here they find it good to be—  
The mercy-seat!

*p* The heavy-laden here find rest,  
And, leaning on the Saviour's breast,  
The weary are for ever blest—  
The mercy-seat?

*m* The seat of mercy—throne of grace—  
Is Jesus, in whatever place  
We meet the Saviour face to face—  
The mercy-seat!

**568** L.M. *H. Stowell.*

*m* FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a safe retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.  
There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place, than all beside more sweet:  
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.  
There is a place where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith we meet  
Around our common mercy-seat.

*p* Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

*m* There, as on eagle-wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down our souls to  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. [greet,

*f* O let my hands forget their skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy-seat!

**569** L.M. *W. Cowper.*

*m* What various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer  
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darkened cloud  
withdraw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight:  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour  
bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

While Moses stood with arms spread  
wide,

Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.

*p* Have we no words? Ah! think again:  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

*m* Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

**570** S.M.

*m* COME in the morning light—  
Come, let us kneel and pray;  
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,  
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock  
Of Ages, rest and pray;

Sweet is the shadow from the heat,  
When smites the sun by day.

At eve, shut to the door—  
Round the home-altar pray,  
And finding there "the house of God,"  
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

When midnight seals our eyes,  
Let each in spirit say—  
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,  
With Thee to watch and pray."

**571** L.M. *H. F. Lyte.*

*m* WHEN at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,  
And plead with Thee for mercy there,  
Behold the sinner's dying Friend,  
And for His sake receive my prayer.

Remember not my shame and guilt,  
My thousand stains of deepest dye;  
Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,  
And let that blood my pardon buy.

Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,  
The trembling creature of Thy hand.  
Think how my heart to sin is prone,  
And what temptations round me  
stand.



Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;  
Thine arm can never shortened be;  
Behold me here; my heart is full;  
Behold, and spare, and succour me.

572

C.M. J. A. Wallace.

*m* THERE is an eye that never sleeps  
Beneath the wing of night;  
There is an ear that never shuts,  
When sink the beams of light.  
There is an arm that never tires,  
When human strength gives way;  
*p* There is a love that never fails,  
When earthly loves decay.  
*m* That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;  
That arm upholds the sky;  
That ear is filled with angel-songs;  
That love is throned on high.  
But there's a power which man can  
When mortal aid is vain, [wield,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
That listening ear to gain.  
That power is prayer—which soars on  
Through Jesus to the throne, [high  
And moves the hand which moves the  
To bring salvation down. [world,

573

L.M. G. Milner.

*m* SAY not that we from heaven are far,  
When holy thoughts thereto may run,  
And every breath of faithful prayer  
Brings answer ere our words are done.  
*p* Say not that life is dark or lone—  
That here unseen, unheard, we lie,  
*m* When, stooping from His glorious  
throne,  
The Eternal hears our meanest cry.  
Say rather, God and heaven are near,  
And we, by golden links of prayer,  
*p* Are bound, with every human fear,  
To Him, the highest, holiest there.  
*m* Pray we for all, yet most for those  
*p* Who tread with tears the heavenward  
And all their path beset with foes, [way,  
Fall backward oft and oft astray.  
In hours of pain, when faith is low,  
And thick the clouds of dark despair;  
*m* For such 'tis wondrous joy to know  
That others plead for them in prayer;

*p* For them unwearied watch and wait,  
With yearning word and suppliant  
*m* Before the ever-open gate [eye,  
Of God's unmeasured charity.

574

L.M.D. J. Walford.

*m* SWEET hour of prayer! Sweet hour of  
prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known.  
*p* In seasons of distress and grief  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!  
*m* Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of  
prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him Whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!  
Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of  
May I thy consolations share, [prayer!  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize, [air,  
*f* And shout, while passing through the  
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of  
prayer!"

575

7s & 6s. J. C. Simpson.

*m* Go when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night!  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling every fear away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.  
Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be.  
Then, for thyself, in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
Thy Great Redeemer's Name.

*p* Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
 In solitude to pray,  
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
 When friends are round thy way ;  
 Even then the silent breathing  
 Of thy spirit raised above,  
*m* May reach His throne of glory,  
 Who is mercy, truth, and love.

*p* Whene'er thou pinest in sadness,  
 Before His footstool fall ;  
*m* Remember, in thy gladness,  
 His grace Who gave thee all :  
 O, not a joy or blessing  
 With this can we compare—  
 The power that He has given us  
 To pour our souls in prayer.

576 S.M.D. C. Wesley.

*m* SPIRIT of Faith, come down,  
 Reveal the things of God ;  
 And make to us the Godhead known,  
 And witness with the blood :  
 'Tis Thine the blood to apply,  
 And give us eyes to see,  
 Who did for every sinner die  
 Hath surely died for me.

No man can truly say  
 That Jesus is the Lord,  
 Unless Thou take the veil away,  
 And breathe the living word :  
 Then, only then, we feel  
 Our interest in His blood,  
*f* And cry, with joy unspeakable,  
 "Thou art my Lord, my God !"

*m* O that the world might know  
 The all-atoning Lamb !  
 Spirit of Faith ! descend and show  
 The virtue of His Name :  
 The grace which all may find,  
 The saving power, impart ;  
 And testify to all mankind,  
 And speak in every heart.

Inspire the living faith—  
 Which whosoe'er receives,  
 The witness in himself he hath,  
 And consciously believes—  
*f* The faith that conquers all,  
 And doth the mountain move,  
 And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,  
 And perfects them in love.

577 S.M. H. Bonar

*m* HELP me, my God, to speak  
 True words to Thee each day ;  
*f* True let my voice be when I praise,  
 And trustful when I pray.  
 Thy words are true to me,  
 Let mine to Thee be true,  
 The speech of my whole heart and soul,  
 However low and few.

*p* True words of grief for sin,  
 Of longing to be free,  
 Of groaning for deliverance,  
*m* And likeness, Lord, to Thee.  
 True words of faith and hope,  
 Of godly joy and grief ;  
 Lord, I believe, O hear my cry,  
 Help Thou my unbelief !

578 C.M. H. H. Milman.

*m* O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,  
 Thy heavenly succour give ;  
 Help us in thought and word and deed,  
 Each hour, on earth, we live.

*p* O help us, when our spirits bleed  
 With contrite anguish sore ;  
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
 O help us, Lord, the more.

*m* O help us, through the prayer of faith,  
 More firmly to believe ;  
 For still the more Thy servant hath,  
 The more shall he receive.

*f* O help us, Saviour, from on high,  
 We know no help but Thee ;  
 O help us so to live and die,  
 As Thine in heaven to be.

579 S.M.D. C. Wesley.

*m* THE praying spirit breathe,  
 The watching power impart ;  
 From all entanglements beneath  
 Call off my anxious heart :

*p* My feeble mind sustain,  
 By worldly thoughts oppress,  
 Appear, and bid me turn again  
 To my eternal rest.

*m* Swift to my rescue come,  
 Thy own this moment seize ;  
 Gather my wandering spirit home,  
 And keep in perfect peace :

Suffered no more to rove  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,  
And shut me up in God.

**580** C.M. *J. Crowsdon.*

*m* THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to Thee;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake Thy sympathy.

*p* Thou, Who hast trod the thorny road,  
Wilt share each small distress;  
The love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

*m* There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets Thine ear Divine;  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that love which died for sin,  
That love which wept with woe.

**581** L.M. *Emily Taylor.*

*m* O SOURCE of Good! around me spread,  
Ten thousand thousand blessings lie;  
By night Thy mercy guards my head—  
By day I feel Thee ever nigh.

Yet if to taste Thy gifts were all  
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on  
No leave upon Thy Name to call, [me;—  
And gain access by prayer to Thee;

*p* How would my spirit sorrowing, [feel  
Mid all those gifts, have sighed to  
It knew not the refreshing spring [heal.  
That ceaseless flows to soothe and

No chain to bind the wandering soul,  
No link connecting earth and heaven,  
No Father's pitying, kind control,  
No child repenting and forgiven!

*m* But now the voice of prayer is heard,  
When strength departs and comforts flee;  
And man may act upon that word—  
"Seek, and He shall be found of thee."

**582** 6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*f* O WONDROUS power of faithful prayer!  
What tongue can tell the almighty  
God's hands or bound or open are, [grace!  
As Moses or Elijah prays:  
Let Moses in the spirit groan,  
And God cries out "Let Me alone!"

*m* O blessed word of Gospel grace!  
Which now we for our Israel plead;  
A faithless and backsliding race,  
Whom Thou hast out of Egypt freed:  
O do not then in wrath chastise,  
Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise.

Father, regard Thy pleading Son!  
Accept His all-availing prayer;  
And send a peaceful answer down,  
In honour of our Spokesman there;  
*f* Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,  
And speaks Thy rebels up to Heaven.

WORK AND SERVICE.

**583** 8s & 7s. *D. March & J. A. Todd.*

*m* HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,  
"Who will go and work to-day?  
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
*f* Loud and long the Master calleth,  
Rich reward He offers free;  
Who will answer, gladly saying,  
"Here am I; send me, send me?"

*m* If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite,  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in His sight.

If you cannot be the watchman  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to Heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all, [ties  
With your prayers and with your boun-  
You can do what Heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron  
Holding up the prophet's hands.

Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
*f* Take the task He gives you gladly;  
 Let His work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,  
 "Here am I; send me, send me."

**584** 4s & 10s. *J. Borthwick.*

*m* COME, labour on: [plain,  
 Who dares stand idle on the harvest  
 While all around him waves the golden  
 grain, [say,  
 And to each servant does the Master  
 "Go work to-day?"

Come, labour on: [share;  
 Claim the high calling angels cannot  
 To young and old the joyful tidings  
 bear; [swiftly fly,  
 Redeem the time: (*mp*) its hours too  
 The night draws nigh.

*p* Come, labour on: [fear!  
 Away with gloomy doubts and faithless  
 No arm so weak but may do service  
 here; [fulfil  
 By hands the feeblest can our God  
 His righteous will.

*m* Come, labour on: [sky,  
 No time for rest till glows the western  
 While the long shadows o'er our path-  
 way lie, [setting sun,  
 And a glad sound comes with the  
 "Servants, well done."

Come, labour on:  
 The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure;  
 Blessed are those who to the end  
 endure; [shall be,  
 How full their joy, how deep their rest  
 O Lord, with Thee!

**585** S.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* Sow in the morn thy seed,  
 At eve hold not thy hand;  
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,  
 The highway furrows stock,  
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
 Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground  
 Expect not here nor there;  
 O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found;  
 Go forth, then, everywhere.

And duly shall appear,  
 In verdure, beauty, strength,  
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain  
 For garners in the sky.

*f* Thence, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God, is come,  
 \* The angel-reapers shall descend,  
 And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

**586** 8s & 7s. *P. A. Hanaford.*

*m* "CAST thy bread upon the waters,"  
 Sow in faith the little seed;  
 Be not idle, faint, nor weary;  
 God's eternal promise plead.  
 With the old man and the stripling,  
 With the rich and with the poor;  
 Think that when to-morrow dawneth  
 Seed-time may be thine no more.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"  
 Sow in faith thy little seed; [shine,  
 Wind and drought, and rain and sun-  
 Still each other shall succeed.  
 In the morning, in the evening,  
 Scatter still with bounteous hand;  
 Here and there some grain forgotten  
 Germinates in fruitful land.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters,"  
 Sow in faith thy little seed;  
 Be of great results expectant,  
 For the harvest is decreed.

*p* Now thou knowest not the issue;  
 Now thou must confide in God;  
 He can cause thy work to prosper,  
 Guiding all events for good.

*m* "Cast thy bread upon the waters,"  
 Sow in faith the little seed;  
 Oft an unseen blessing hallows  
 Some unthought-of word or deed.  
*f* God shall give thee sweet rejoicing  
 After many anxious days,  
 And thine everlasting anthem  
 Shall declare the Master's praise.



587

8s & 7s. *Conway Fenn.*

*m* FELLOW Christians, life is shortening,  
Soon we may be called away;  
Let us work, for dark night cometh,  
Work while it is called to-day.

Let each ask himself in earnest,  
"Am I doing all I might?  
Is each talent God has given me  
Used for Him as in His sight?"

*p* Cast a look around you, Christian,  
At earth's misery and sin;  
At the many hearts to comfort,  
At the many souls to win.

*m* Are there no disheartened pilgrims,  
Needing words of kindly cheer,  
No sad souls to whom in sorrow  
You could whisper "God is near?"

Is there no poor sinner anxious  
For the safety of his soul,  
Needing some kind friend to show him  
Christ, who makes the wounded whole?

*p* Are there no death-beds of sorrow  
Where the Saviour is not known,  
Are there no young hearts around you  
Where the good seed might be sown?

*m* O, the fields are white for harvest,  
And the labourers are but few;  
Be not slothful, be not weary,  
God will help and strengthen you.

Think not now of ease and pleasure;  
Will not this be thy reward,

*f* "Well done, good and faithful servant,  
Rest thee ever with thy Lord?"

588

L.M. *H. Bonar.*

*m* Go labour on; spend and be spent—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went,  
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go labour on; 'tis not for naught;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;  
The Master praises—What are men?

Go labour on, while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;  
It is not thus that souls are won.

*p* Men die in darkness at thy side,  
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;  
Take up the torch and wave it wide,  
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

*m* Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

*f* Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

589

8s & 6s. *T. T. Lynch.*

*m* DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,  
But train me for Thy will;  
For even I, in fields so broad,  
Some duties may fulfil;  
And I will ask for no reward,  
Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve, how many more  
May to the service come!  
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,  
Thou dost appoint for some:  
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,  
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best  
As most it pleases Thee;  
Each worker pleases when the rest  
He serves in charity;  
And neither man nor work unblest  
Wilt Thou permit to be.

O ye who serve, remember One,  
The worker's way Who trod;  
He served as Man, but now His throne—  
It is the throne of God;  
The sceptre He hath to us shown  
Is like a blossoming rod.

Our Master all the work hath done  
He asks of us to-day;  
Sharing His service, every one  
Share too His Sonship may;  
Lord, I would serve and be a son;  
Dismiss me not, I pray.

590

7s &amp; 6s.

J. E. Bode.

*m* O JESUS, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend :  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.  
O let me feel Thee near me :  
The world is ever near ;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear ;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within ;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

*p* O let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will ;  
O speak to reassure me,  
To hasten or control ;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

*m* O Jesus, Thou hast promised,  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be ;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

*p* O let me see Thy footprints,  
And in them plant mine own ;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.

*m* O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end,  
And then in Heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.

591

L.M. F. R. Havergal.

*m* LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone ;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.  
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead [feet ;  
The wandering and the wavering  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that, while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart ;  
And wing my words, that they may  
reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

*p* O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

*m* O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and  
Until Thy blessed face I see, [where,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

592

6-7s. F. R. Havergal.

*m* JESUS, Master, Whose I am,  
Purchased, Thine alone to be,  
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,  
Shed so willingly for me,  
Let my heart be all Thine own,  
Let me live to Thee alone.

Other lords have long held sway ;  
Now, Thy Name alone to bear,  
Thy dear voice alone obey,  
Is my daily, hourly prayer :

*f* Whom have I in heaven but Thee ?  
Nothing else my joy can be.

*m* Jesus, Master, I am Thine :  
Keep me faithful, keep me near ;  
Let Thy presence in me shine,  
All my homeward way to cheer.  
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,  
O be Thou my All in All.

*p* Jesus, Master, Whom I serve,  
Though so feebly and so ill,  
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve  
All Thy bidding to fulfil ;

*m* Open Thou mine eyes to see  
All the work Thou hast for me.

Lord, Thou needest not, I know,  
 Service such as I can bring ;  
 Yet I long to prove and show  
 Full allegiance to my King.  
 Thou an honour art to me ;  
 Let me be a praise to Thee.  
 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use  
 One who owes Thee more than all ?  
 As Thou wilt, I would not choose ;  
 Only let me hear Thy call.  
 Jesus, let me always be  
 In Thy service, glad and free.

593 6s & 5s. *M. Haslock.*

*m* CHRISTIAN, work for Jesus,  
 Who, on earth, for thee  
 Laboured, wearied, suffered,  
 Died upon the tree.  
 Work, with lips so fervid  
 That thy words may prove  
 Thou hast brought a message  
 From the God of love.  
*p* Work, with heart that burneth  
 Humbly at His feet  
*m* Priceless gems to offer,  
 For His crown made meet.  
 Work, with prayer unceasing,  
 Borne on faith's strong wing,  
 Earnestly beseeching  
 Trophies for the King.  
*f* Work, while strength endureth,  
 Until death draw near ;  
 Then Thy Lord's sweet welcome  
 Thou in heaven shalt hear.

594 8s & 6s. *H. Bonar.*

*m* LORD, give me light to do Thy work,  
 For only, Lord, from Thee  
 Can come the light by which these eyes  
 The way of work can see.  
 In plainest things I daily err,  
 When walking in the light  
 The wisdom of this world affords,  
 However fair and bright.  
*p* In word and plan and deed I err,  
 When busiest in Thy work ;  
 Beneath the simplest forms of truth  
 The subtlest errors lurk.  
 The way is narrow, often dark,  
 With lights and shadows strewn ;  
 I wander oft, and think it Thine,  
 When walking in my own.

*m* Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,  
 And pleasant is the way ;  
*p* But, Lord, the world is dark, and I  
 Am prone to go astray.  
*m* O send me light to do Thy work,  
 More light, more wisdom give !  
 Then shall I work Thy work indeed,  
 While on Thine earth I live.

So shall success be mine, in spite  
 Of feebleness in me :  
 Beyond all disappointment then  
 And failure I shall be.  
 The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord !  
 It is Thy race we run ;  
 Give light, and then shall all I do  
 Be well and truly done.

595 C.M. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* O IT is hard to work for God,  
 To rise and take His part  
 Upon this battle-field of earth,  
 And not sometimes lose heart !  
 He hides Himself so wondrously,  
 As though there were no God ;  
 He is least seen when all the powers  
 Of ill are most abroad.  
 Ah ! God is other than we think ;  
 His ways are far above,  
 Far beyond reason's height, and  
 Only by childlike love. [reached

*f* Workman of God ! O lose not heart,  
 But learn what God is like,  
 And, in the darkest battle-field,  
 Thou shalt know where to strike.  
 Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
 The instinct that can tell  
 That God is on the field when He  
 Is most invisible.

*m* Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
 And learn to lose with God :  
 For Jesus won the world through  
 And beckons thee His road. [shame,  
*f* For right is right, since God is God,  
 And right the day must win ;  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin.

**596** (Irregular.) *E. Charles.*

*m* Is thy cruse of comfort wasting ? Rise  
and share it with another,  
And through all the years of famine it  
shall serve thee and thy brother.

*f* Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or  
thy handful still renew ;  
Scanty fare for one will often make a  
royal feast for two.

*m* For the heart grows rich in giving ; all  
its wealth is living grain ;  
Seeds which mildew in the garner,  
scattered, fill with gold the plain.

*p* Is thy burden hard and heavy ? Do thy  
steps drag wearily ?

*f* Help to bear thy brother's burden ; God  
will bear both it and thee.

*p* Numb and weary on the mountains,  
wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow ?

*f* Chafe that frozen form beside thee,  
and together both shall glow.

*p* Art thou stricken in life's battle ?

Many wounded round thee moan ;

*m* Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,  
and that balm shall heal thine own.

**597** 8s & 7s. *H. Bonar.*

*m* SHALL this life of mine be wasted ?

Shall this vineyard lie untilled ?

Shall true joy remain untasted,

And the soul abide unfilled ?

Shall the God-given hours be scattered,

Like the leaves upon the plain ?

Shall the blossoms die unwatered

By the drops of heavenly rain ?

Shall the heart still spend its treasures

On the things that fade and die ?

Shall it court the hollow pleasures

Of bewildering vanity ?

*f* No, we were not born to trifle

Life away in dreams of sin ;

No, we must not, dare not stifle

Longings such as these within.

*m* Swiftly moving upward, onward,

Let our souls in faith arise,

Calmly gazing skyward, sunward,

Let us fix our steadfast eyes.

*p* Where the cross, God's love revealing,  
Sets the fettered spirit free ;  
Where it sheds its wondrous healing,  
There, O soul, thy rest shall be.

*m* Then no longer idly dreaming  
Shall we fling our years away ;  
But, each precious hour redeeming,  
Wait for the eternal day.

*f* God, the Father of creation,  
Son, the Saviour of mankind,  
Spirit of illumination,  
Make us Thine in heart and mind.

**598** C.M. *T. W. Freckleton.*

*m* THE toil of brain, or heart, or hand  
Is man's appointed lot !

He who God's call can understand  
Will work, and murmur not.

*p* Toil is no thorny crown of pain,  
Bound round man's brow for sin ;

*f* True souls, from it, all strength may  
High manliness may win. [gain,

*m* O God ! Who workest hitherto,  
Working in all we see,  
Fain would we be, and bear, and do,  
As best it pleaseth Thee.

Where'er Thou sendest we will go,  
Nor any question ask,  
And what Thou biddest we will do,  
Whatever be the task.

Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,  
Are not our own, but Thine ;

We link them to the work of Him  
Who made all life Divine !

*p* Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,  
Shared all our lot and strife ;

*m* And nobly will our work be done,  
If moulded by His life.

**599** 7s & 6s. *J. Gostick.*

*m* THE light pours down from heaven,  
And enters where it may ;  
The eyes of all earth's children  
Are cheered with one bright day.

So let the mind's true sunshine  
Be spread o'er life as free,  
And fill all human spirits  
As waters fill the sea.



Our souls can shed a glory  
On every work well done;  
For even things most lowly  
Are radiant in the sun.

Then let each waiting spirit  
Enjoy the vision bright,  
And spread the truth of heaven  
Wide as the heaven's own light.

Till earth becomes a temple,  
And every human heart  
Shall join in one great service,  
Each happy in his part.

*m* And God shall be our Master,  
And all His service own,  
And men shall be as brothers,  
And heaven on earth be won!

## 600 7s 6s & 8s.

*m* 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
In this life's little day;  
To spread around "The joyful sound,"  
As those forgiven may;  
To tell His lovingkindness,  
His promises so true;  
To teach the young that they may come,  
And trust this Saviour too.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
For Him Who loved and gave  
Himself for us, an offering thus  
Our ruined souls to save.  
Glad service we would render  
For grace so rich and free;

*p* Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne  
So little fruit to Thee.

*m* 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;  
Be this our one desire,  
Our purpose still to do His will,  
Whatever He require.  
No action is too lowly,  
No work of love too small;  
If Christ but lead we may indeed  
Well follow such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
While our weak spirits rest  
In His own care, safe sheltered there,  
And with His presence blest.  
*f* In such calm, happy moments,  
No greater joy we know;  
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him  
To Whom our all we owe.

*m* 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;  
O weary not of this,  
But onward press with cheerfulness,  
Though rough the pathway is.  
Hold on unmoved and patient,  
Till He shall call thee home,  
*f* With joy to stand at God's right hand,  
To serve before the throne.

## 601 8s & 7s. S. R. Hole.

*m* Sons of labour, dear to Jesus,  
To your homes and work again!  
Go with brave hearts back to duty,  
Face the peril, bear the pain;  
Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,  
Yet remember by your bed  
That the Son of God most holy  
Had not where to lay His head.

*p* Sons of labour, pray to Jesus;  
O how Jesus prayed for you,  
In the moonlight, on the mountain  
Where the shimmering olives grew!

*m* When you rise up at the dawning,  
Ere to toil you wend your way,  
Pray, as He prayed, in the morning,  
Long before the break of day.

Sons of labour, be like Jesus,  
Undeified, chaste, and pure,  
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,  
By His grace you shall endure.  
Husband, father, son, and brother,  
Be ye gentle, just, and true,  
Be ye kind to one another,  
As the Lord is kind to you.

*p* Sons of labour, go to Jesus  
In your sorrow, shame, and loss;  
He is nearest, you are dearest,  
When you bravely bear His cross;  
Go to Him Who died to save you,  
And is still the sinner's Friend,  
And the great love which forgave you  
Will forgive you to the end.

*m* Sons of labour, live for Jesus;  
Be your work your worship too;  
In His Name, and to His glory,  
Do whate'er you find to do,  
Till this night of sin and sorrow  
Be for ever overpassed,  
And we see the golden morrow,  
Home with Jesus, home at last.

602

C.M.

W. Cutter.

*m* **THY** neighbour? It is he whom thou  
Hast power to aid and bless;  
Whose aching head or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

*p* Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim, [door—  
Whom hunger sends from door to  
*m* Go thou and succour him.

*p* Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;

*m* With words of high sustaining hope,  
Go thou and comfort him.

*p* Thy neighbour? 'Tis that heart bereft  
Of every earthly gem;  
Widow and orphan helpless left—  
*m* Go thou and shelter them.

*p* When'er thou meetest a human form  
Less favoured than thine own,

*m* Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,  
Thy brother, or thy son.

O pass not heedless—pass not on;  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
The breaking heart from misery;  
Go share thy lot with him.

603

8s & 7s. H. W. Longfellow.

*m* **LIFE** is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting, [brave,  
And our hearts, though stout and

*p* Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

*m* Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our life sublime;  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

*f* Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

604

L.M.

H. Bonar.

*m* **HE** liveth long who liveth well;  
All other life is short and vain;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;  
Who wisdom speaks must live it too;  
He is the wisest who can tell

How first he lived, then spoke, the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;  
Hold up to earth the torch Divine;

*p* Be what thou prayest to be made;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

*m* Fill up each hour with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go;

*p* The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

*m* Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst  
reap; [vain

Who sows the false shall reap the  
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;  
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

*f* Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light.

CONFLICT AND COURAGE.

605

7s & 6s.

G. Duffield

*f* **STAND** up! Stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;

Lift high His royal banner,

It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory

His army shall He lead,

Till every foe is vanquished,

And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet-call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,

In this His glorious day:

*m* Ye that are men, now serve Him,

Against unnumbered foes;

Your courage rise with danger,

And strength to strength oppose.

*f* Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:

*m* Put on the Gospel armour,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

*f* Stand up! Stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be:  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

**606** 8s & 7s. *T. A. Ashworth.*

*m* CHRISTIAN warrior! Faint not, fearnot!  
Though thy foes press thickly round;  
Scorn to yield as those who hear not  
The glad Gospel's trumpet-sound.

Christian warrior! Ne'er unarm thee  
When, in flattering pleasure's guise,  
The subtle foe would fear to alarm  
Christian sentinel, be wise! [thee;—

*p* Wearied warrior! Still assure thee,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be;"  
Thou hast borne the battle's fury,  
Turn not at its close and flee!

*m* Lo! the clouds of war are clearing,  
Foes are waxing faint and few;  
Through their scattered ranks appear-  
Zion's towers expand to view! [ing.

Christian warrior! Grace protect thee,  
Watch and pray, and onward hie;

*f* Zion's herald hosts expect thee,  
Angel bands of victory!

**607** 4-7s. *H. K. White—F. S. Colquhoun.*

*m* MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Join the war, and face the foe;  
Tremble not in danger's hour,  
Trusting in your Captain's power.

*p* Let your drooping hearts be glad:  
March in heavenly armour clad:  
In your very weakness strong,  
*m* Fight, nor think the battle long.

*p* Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fears your course impede,  
*m* Great your strength if great your need.

*f* Onward, then, to glory move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christians soldiers, onward go.

**608** S.M.D. *C. Wesley.*

*f* JESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,  
In glorious strength arrayed,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
And bids the earth be glad.  
Ye sons of men rejoice  
In Jesu's mighty love;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
To Him Who rules above.

Extol His kingly power;  
Kiss the exalted Son,

*m* Who died, and lives, to die no more,  
High on His Father's throne:  
Our Advocate with God,  
He undertakes our cause,

*f* And spreads through all the earth abroad  
The victory of His cross.

*m* Urge on your rapid course,  
Ye blood-besprinkled bands:  
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;  
'Tis seized by violent hands:  
See there the starry crown  
That glitters through the skies!

*f* Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,  
And take the glorious prize!

*p* Through much distress and pain,  
Through many a conflict here,  
Through blood, ye must the entrance  
Yet O! disdain to fear! [gain;

*m* "Courage," your Captain cries,  
Who all your toil foreknew,  
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise,  
I have o'ercome for you."

The world cannot withstand  
Its ancient Conqueror;  
The world must sink beneath that hand  
Which arms us for the war:

*f* This is the victory!  
Before our faith they fall;  
Jesus hath died for you and me,  
Believe, and conquer all.

609

S.M.D.

*C. Wesley.*

*f* EQUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight,  
My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright;  
*m* Control my every thought;  
My whole of sin remove;  
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.

O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, which was in Thee!  
And let my knowing zeal be joined  
With perfect charity;

*p* With calm and tempered zeal  
Let me enforce Thy call;  
And vindicate Thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

*m* O do not let me trust  
In any arm but Thine!  
Humble, O humble to the dust,  
This stubborn soul of mine!

*p* A feeble thing of naught,  
With lowly shame, I own  
The help which upon earth is wrought,  
Thou dost it all alone.

*m* O may I love like Thee!  
In all Thy footsteps tread!  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing Thou hast made.  
O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove;  
To hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

610

S.M.D.

*C. Wesley.*

*f* SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on, [supplies  
Strong in the strength which God  
Through His beloved Son:  
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
But take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

*m* That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
*f* Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

*m* Stand then against your foes,  
In close and firm array:  
Legions of wily fiends oppose  
Throughout the evil day:  
But meet the sons of night,  
And mock their vain design,  
*f* Armed in the arms of heavenly light,  
Of righteousness Divine.

*m* Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And fortify the whole;  
Indissolubly joined,  
To battle all proceed;  
*f* But arm yourselves with all the mind  
That was in Christ your head.

611

4-7s.

*W. W. How.*

*m* SOLDIERS of the cross, arise!  
Gird you with your armour bright;  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle you must fight.

O'er a faithless, fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky;  
Let it float there wide unfurled;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.

Amid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

*p* Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

*m* Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

*f* Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord.



612

C.M.D.

*I. Watts.*

*m* AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own His cause,  
Or blush to speak His Name?  
*p* Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
*m* While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas.  
Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?  
*f* Sure I must fight if I would reign;  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.  
*m* Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
By faith they bring it nigh.  
*f* When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thine armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

613

8-6s. *T. W. B. Aveling.*

*f* ON! towards Zion, on!  
Glory awaits you there;  
Crowns, for the victors' brow;  
Robes, that the conquerors wear;  
Thrones, for the sons of might;  
Harps, for the sons of song;  
Welcomes, from heaven's own King;  
Greetings, from heaven's bright throng.  
*m* On! for ye now must wage  
The warfare, life begun;  
Or see life's day decline,  
With life's great work undone.  
Hark! for your Captain calls,  
And o'er your path has shone  
His lightning-gleaming sword:—  
On! to the fight, then, on!  
*p* Put off each cumbrous weight;  
Renounce each darling sin;  
He must be free as air,  
Who would faith's victory win.  
With patience gird the soul,  
Maintain the strife begun;  
Be firm unto the end:—  
*f* On! to the foe, then, on!

*m* Be fearless in the fight;  
Look round you—myriads stand  
Enrobed in glorious light,  
Earth's star-crowned victor band.  
They point you to the prize,  
By true hearts surely won;  
They urge you to advance:—  
*f* On! to the field, then, on!

*m* See! Christ among them throned;  
He, Who the crown of shame  
Wore on that royal head  
Now wreathed with endless fame.  
*f* He waits to bind a crown—  
Life's last great battle won—  
Round every conqueror's brow;  
On! then, to victory, on!

614 (Irregular.) *Mrs. E. S. Armitage.*

*m* MARCH on, march on, O ye soldiers true,  
In the cross of Christ confiding;  
For the field is set, and the hosts are  
And the Lord His own is guiding. [met,  
We march to fight with the powers of  
night  
That hold the world in sorrow;  
And the broken heart shall be healed  
of its smart,  
And arise to a joyful morrow.  
*f* We fight against wrong, with the  
weapon strong,  
Of the love that all hate shall banish;  
And the chains shall fall from the  
down-trodden thrall  
As the thrones of the tyrants vanish.  
*m* O'er the realms of night shall our  
standard bright  
Arise, their darkness clearing;  
And the souls that were dead to the  
Lord Who bled  
Shall revive at His glad appearing.  
*f* Long, long is the fight, but the God of  
Is ever watching near us; [Light  
And prayers that rise to the listening  
skies,  
Like a song of hope, shall cheer us:—  
Till the sunrise broad of the day of God  
Shall shine on the victors' glory,  
And earth at rest, in her Lord confessed,  
Shall rejoice in the finished story.

615

C.M.D.

*R. Heber.*

- f* THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in His train?
- m* Who best can drink the cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,
- p* Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train!
- m* The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save:  
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,
- p* He prayed for them that did the  
Who follows in his train? [wrong!
- m* A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,  
*f* Twelve valiant saints their hope they  
And mocked the cross and flame.  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bowed their necks the death to  
Who follows in their train? [feel!
- m* A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed. [heaven,  
*f* They climbed the steep ascent of  
Through peril, toil, and pain;  
O God! to us *m*ay grace be given,  
To follow in their train!

616

6s & 5s.

*Andrew of Crete, trs. J. M. Neale.*

- m* CHRISTIAN! Dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Prowl and prowl around?
- f* Christian! Up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the holy cross.
- m* Christian! Dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin?
- f* Christian! Never tremble;  
Never yield to fear;  
Smite them by the virtue  
Of almighty prayer.

- m* Christian! Dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"
- f* Christian! Answer boldly:  
"While I breathe I pray,  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day."
- m* "Well I know thy troubles,  
O My servant true!  
Thou art very weary;  
I was weary too.
- f* But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own;  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

617

6-7s.

- f* WHO is on the Lord's side, who?  
Hark, the trumpet summons you!  
'Tis the day of strife, and all  
Whom the Saviour came to call,  
Near to Him must take their stand,  
One united, living band.
- m* Who is on the Lord's side, who?  
Now your Christian vows renew,  
Pledge to Jesus and His word,  
Pledge to earth's victorious Lord,
- f* Soldiers of the Lord are ye,  
Fight the fight of Calvary.
- m* Who is on the Lord's side, who?  
Tremble not that ye are few,  
Christ is with His "little flock,"  
See, He leads them to the Rock;  
See its shadows round them fall,  
Guarding and refreshing all.
- f* Who is on the Lord's side, who?  
He's your Captain ever true,  
He has fought for life and won,  
As Jehovah's spotless Son;  
Follow Him, and you shall be  
Sharer in His victory.

618

6s & 5s. *F. R. Havergal*

- m* WHO is on the Lord's side?  
Who will serve the King?  
Who will be His helpers  
Other lives to bring?  
Who will leave the world's side?  
Who will face the foe?  
Who is on the Lord's side?  
Who for Him will go?

*f* By Thy call of mercy,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

*m* Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own life-blood,  
For Thy diadem.

With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.

*f* By Thy grand redemption,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

*m* Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow.  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure,  
For His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.

*f* Joyfully enlisting  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side;  
Saviour, we are Thine.

*m* Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful,  
For our Captain's band,

*f* In the service royal  
Let us not grow cold;  
Let us be right loyal,  
Noble, true, and bold.

Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always Thine.

*m* Each battle of the warrior,  
Who fights by land or flood,  
Is with confused noises,  
And garments rolled in blood;  
*f* But this shall be with burning,  
From heaven its light shall shine,  
Both heart and soul discerning,  
The fire of love Divine.

*m* Uplift the blood-stained banner,  
And shout with trumpet's sound  
Deliverance to the captive,  
And freedom to the bound;

*f* Earth's jubilee of glory,  
The year of full release:  
O tell the wondrous story,  
Go forth and publish peace!

*m* Go forth, confessors, martyrs,  
With zeal and love unpriced,  
And preach the blood of sprinkling,  
And live or die for Christ;

*f* For Christ claim every nation,  
Your banners wide unfurled;  
Go forth and preach salvation,  
Salvation for the world!

620

6s & 5s.

*T. J. Potter and W. W. How.*

*m* BRIGHTLY gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.  
Marching through the desert,  
Gladly thus we pray,  
Still with hearts united  
Singing on our way.

*f* Brightly gleams our banner,  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high.

*m* Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here, with hearts rejoicing,  
See Thy children meet;  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.

*f* Brightly gleams, &c.  
*m* All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe;

619

7s & 6s.

*B. Gough.*

*m* UPLIFT the blood-stained banner,  
Unsheathe the Spirit's sword;  
Put on the Christian's armour,  
The armour of the Lord;  
The helmet of salvation,  
And faith, victorious shield;  
*f* Go forth with acclamation,  
The world your battle-field.

Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.

*f* Brightly gleams, &c.

*m* Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy throne of love:  
When the march is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.

*f* Brightly gleams, &c.

621 6s & 5s. *S. Baring-Gould.*

*f* ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Who is gone before:  
Christ, the Royal Master,  
Leads against the foe,  
Forward into battle,  
See His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
Looking unto Jesus,  
Who is gone before.

*m* At the Name of Jesus,  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise:  
Brothers, lift your voices;  
Loud your anthems raise.

*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

*m* Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God:  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod:  
We are not divided,  
All one body we—  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

*f* Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane;  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain:

Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail:  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng;  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, praise, and honour  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.

Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

622 S.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* "I THE good fight have fought,"  
O when shall I declare?  
The victory by my Saviour got  
I long with Paul to share.  
O may I triumph so,  
When all my warfare's past;  
And, dying, find my latest foe  
Under my feet at last!  
This blessed word be mine,  
Just as the port is gained,  
"Kept by the power of grace Divine,  
I have the faith maintained."  
The Apostles of my Lord,  
To whom it first was given,  
They could not speak a greater word,  
Nor all the saints in heaven.

623 C.M. *T. Gisborne*

*m* A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won  
To new-commencing strife;  
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun;  
Behold the Christian's life!  
The hosts of Satan pant for spoil;  
How can thy warfare close?  
*p* Lonely, thou tread'st a foreign soil;  
How canst thou hope repose?  
*m* Seek, soldier! pilgrim! Seek thine  
Revealed in sacred lore; [home,  
The land, whence pilgrims never roam,  
Where soldiers war no more:  
The land, where (suns and moons un-  
And night's alternate sway) [known,  
Jehovah's ever-burning throne  
Upholds unbroken day:



Where founts of life their treasures  
In streams that never cease; [yield  
Where everlasting mountains shield  
*p* Vales of eternal peace;

*m* Where they who meet shall never part;  
Where grace achieves its plan;  
And God, uniting every heart,  
Dwells face to face with man.

**624** 8s 7s & 6s. *M. Luther, tra. G. Thring.*

*m* A FORTRESS sure is God our King,  
A Shield that ne'er shall fail us,  
His sword alone shall succour bring,  
When evil doth assail us;  
With craft and cruel hate  
Doth Satan lie in wait,  
And, armed with deadly power,  
Seeks whom he may devour;  
On earth where is his equal?

O, who shall then our champion be,  
Lest we be lost for ever?

*p* One sent by God—from sin 'tis He  
The sinner shall deliver:  
And dost thou ask His Name?  
*m* 'Tis Jesus Christ—the Same  
Of Sabaoth the Lord,  
The Everlasting Word—  
'Tis He must win the battle.

God's Word remaineth ever sure  
(To us no merit owing),  
The Spirit's gifts—of sin the cure—  
Each day He is bestowing;

*p* Though naught we love be left,  
Of all, e'en life, bereft;  
*f* Yet what shall Satan gain?  
God's kingdom doth remain,  
And shall be ours for ever.

## WATCHFULNESS AND PERSEVERANCE.

**625** 4-8s & 2-6s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* BE it my only wisdom here,  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude;  
*f* Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

*m* O may I still from sin depart!  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given;  
*f* And let me through Thy Spirit know,  
To glorify my God below,  
And find my way to heaven.

**626** S.M.D. *C. Wesley.*

*m* A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky;  
To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil;  
O may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!  
Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And O! Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give:  
Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

**627** C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* I WANT a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.  
I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire;  
To catch the wandering of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.  
That I from Thee no more may part,  
No more Thy goodness grieve,  
*p* The filial awe, the loving heart,  
The tender conscience, give.  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make!  
*m* Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

If to the right or left I stray,  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And let me weep my life away,  
For having grieved Thy love.

O may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul;  
And drive me to the blood again,  
Which makes the wounded whole!

628

S.M. *Anne Bronte.*

- m* BELIEVE not those who say  
The upward path is smooth,  
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way  
And faint before the truth.  
It is the only road  
Unto the realms of joy;  
But he who seeks that blest abode  
Must all his powers employ.
- f* Arm—arm thee for the fight!  
Cast useless loads away;
- m* Watch through the darkest hours of  
Toil through the hottest day. [night;
- p* To labour and to love,  
To pardon and endure,  
To lift thy heart to God above,  
And keep thy conscience pure—
- m* Be this thy constant aim,  
Thy hope, thy chief delight;  
What matter who should whisper blame,  
Or who should scorn or slight,  
If but thy God approve,  
And if, within thy breast,  
Thou feel the comfort of His love,  
The earnest of His rest?

629

7s & 3. *C. Elliott.*

- m* "CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,"  
Hear the choirs of angels say;  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
"Watch and pray."  
Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours:  
"Watch and pray."  
Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever, night and day;
- p* Ambushed lies the evil one:  
"Watch and pray."
- f* Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim:  
"Watch and pray."
- m* Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word:  
"Watch and pray."  
Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down:  
"Watch and pray."

630

8s 5 & 3. *W. E. Winks.*

- p* IN the night our toil is fruitless,  
Toil and nothing more;
- m* With the morning comes the Saviour,  
By the shore.  
Hark! He speaks as to His children:  
"Have ye any meat?"  
"No," we answer, humbly falling  
At His feet.  
Then the Lord directs our labour,  
Speaks in accents kind:  
"On the right side of the vessel  
Ye shall find."  
Lo, a multitude of fishes  
Fill and strain the net;  
Strength to lift the burden faileth,  
Help we get.  
Now the eyes of love are opened,  
"Tis the Lord," we cry;  
All our toil is blest when Jesus  
Draweth nigh.
- p* Lord, we labour 'mid the darkness,  
Come with morning light;
- f* Then Thy saints will reap Thy harvest  
In Thy sight.

631

8s & 6. *J. G. Whittier.*

- m* SHALL we grow weary in our watch,  
And murmur at the long delay,  
Impatient of our Father's time,  
And His appointed way?
- p* O Thou, Who in the garden's shade  
Didst wake Thy weary ones again,  
When slumbering at that fearful hour,  
Forgetful of Thy pain—
- m* Bend o'er us now, as over them,  
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,  
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch  
Our souls should keep with Thee!

632

8s & 7s. *F. R. Havergal.*

- m* Now, the sowing and the weeping,  
Working hard, and waiting long;  
Afterward, the golden reaping,  
Harvest-home and grateful song.
- p* Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,  
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;  
Afterward, the plenteous bearing  
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

*m* Now, the long and toilsome duty,  
Stone by stone to carve and bring;  
Afterward, the perfect beauty  
Of the palace of the King.

*p* Now, the spirit conflict-riven,  
Wounded heart, unequal strife;  
Afterward, the triumph given,  
And the victor's crown of life.

*m* Now, the training, strange and lowly,  
Unexplained and tedious now;  
Afterward, the service holy  
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

**633** S.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*m* YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in His office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.

*f* Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

*m* Watch—'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we speak, He's near:  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crowned.

*f* Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amidst the angelic band.

**634** S.M.D. *C. Wesley.*

*m* HARK, how the watchmen cry,  
Attend the trumpet's sound!  
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,  
The powers of hell surround:  
Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare;

*f* The day of battle is at hand!  
Go forth to glorious war.

*m* See, on the mountain-top,  
The standard of your God!  
In Jesu's Name I lift it up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.

His standard-bearer, I  
To all the nations call:  
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!  
He bore the cross for all.

*f* Go up with Christ your Head,  
Your Captain's footsteps see;  
Follow your Captain, and be led  
To certain victory.  
All power to Him is given;  
He ever reigns the same;  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven  
Are all in Jesu's Name.

**635** C.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*f* AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

*m* A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis His own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye;—

That prize with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
*f* When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
Shall blend in common dust. [gems]

Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,  
Have I my race begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
I'll lay my honours down.

**636** 4-7s. *J. H. Evans.*

*m* FAINT not, Christian, though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode  
Darksome be and dangerous too—  
Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.

Faint not, Christian, though in rage  
Satan would thy soul engage;  
Gird on faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian, though the world  
Hath its hostile flag unfurled;  
Hold the truth in Jesus fast,  
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian, though within  
There's a heart so prone to sin—  
Christ, the Lord, is over all,  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

*p* Faint not, Christian, though thy God  
Smite thee with the chastening rod;  
Smite He must, with Father's care,  
That He may His love declare.

*m* Faint not, Christian, Jesu's near;  
Soon in glory He'll appear;  
Thou shalt cease thy toil and strife,  
Thou shalt wear the "crown of life."

**637** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* SUPREME in wisdom, as in power,  
The Rock of Ages stands;  
We see Him not, yet may we trace  
The workings of His hands.

He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart;  
And courage in the evil hour  
His heavenly aids impart.

*p* Mere human powers shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease;

*m* But those who wait upon the Lord  
In strength shall still increase.

They with unwearied feet shall tread  
The path of life Divine;  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

*f* One eagles' wings they mount, they soar—  
The wings of faith and love—  
Till past the cloudy regions here,  
They rise to heaven above.

**638** C.M. *T. H. Gill.*

*m* O SAINTS of old! not yours alone  
These words most high shall be;

*f* We take the glory for our own;  
Lord! we are seeking Thee.

*m* Not only when ascends the song,  
And soundeth sweet the Word;  
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng,  
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng,  
And other words we speak;  
To other business we belong,  
But still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task  
Without our God repair;  
But in the world Thy presence ask,  
And seek Thy glory there.

*f* Would we against some wrong be bold,  
And break some yoke abhorred?  
Amidst the strife and stir behold  
The seekers of the Lord!

*m* When on Thy glorious works we gaze,  
We fain would seek Thee there:  
*f* Our gladness in their beauty raise  
To joy in Thee, First Fair!

O everywhere, O every day,  
Thy grace is still outpoured;  
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray;  
Behold Thy seekers, Lord!

**639** 8s & 7s. *Anon.*

*m* FATHER, hear the prayer we offer!  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
*f* But for strength, that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

*m* Not for ever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be;  
But by steep and rugged pathways  
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly quiet stay;  
But would win the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

*p* Be our Strength in hours of weakness;  
In our wanderings be our Guide;  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
*f* Father! be Thou at our side.

*m* Let our path be bright or dreary,  
Storm or sunshine be our share,  
May our souls, in hope unwearied,  
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

**640** 11s & 10.

*m* O CHRISTIAN, awake! for the strife is  
at hand; [thy hand,  
With helmet and shield, and a sword in  
To meet the bold tempter, go, fear-  
lessly go! [to the foe.  
And stand like the brave, with thy face  
*f* Stand like the brave, with thy face  
to the foe.



Whatever thy danger, take heed and  
beware, [is there;  
But turn not thy back, for no armour  
The legions of darkness if thou wouldst  
o'erthrow, [face to the foe.  
Then stand like the brave, with thy  
Stand like the brave, with thy face  
to the foe.

The cause of thy Master with vigour  
defend, [the end;  
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to  
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly  
go, [to the foe.  
And stand like the brave, with thy face  
Stand like the brave, with thy face  
to the foe.

Press on, never doubting, thy Captain  
is near, [fort to cheer;  
With grace to supply, and with com-  
His love like a stream in the desert  
will flow, [face to the foe.  
Then stand like the brave, with thy  
Stand like the brave, with thy face  
to the foe.

641 8s & 7s. *Norman Macleod.*

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,  
And its end far out of sight,  
Foot it bravely; strong or weary,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light!  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion—  
Fiends may look like angels bright;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion;  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight:  
Cease from man, and look above thee:  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
Inward peace, and inward might,  
Star upon our path abiding—  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night;  
There's a star to guide the humble—  
Trust in God, and do the right.

AFFLICTION AND SORROW.

642 L.M.

WHEN sore afflictions crush the soul,  
And riven is every earthly tie,  
The heart must cling to God alone—  
He wipes the tear from every eye.

Through wakeful nights, when racked  
with pain  
On bed of languishing you lie,  
Remember still that God is near;  
He wipes the tear from every eye.

A few short years, and all is o'er;  
Your sorrow, pain, will soon pass by:  
Then lean in faith on God's dear Son;  
He wipes the tear from every eye.

O, never be your soul cast down,  
Nor let your heart desponding sigh;  
Assured that God, Whose Name is Love,  
Will wipe the tear from every eye.

643 6-8s. *Sir R. Grant.*

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,  
Experienced every human pain:  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do;  
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;  
Yet He, Who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while;—  
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

*m* And O, when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My dying-bed—for Thou hast died:  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
*p* And wipe the latest tear away!

644

L.M. J. H. Newman.

*m* O SAY not thou art left of God,  
Because His tokens in the sky  
Thou canst not read; this earth He trod  
To teach thee He was ever nigh.

He sees beneath the fig-tree green  
Nathanael con His sacred lore;  
Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen  
He enters through the unopened door.

*p* And when thou liest, by slumber bound,  
Outwearied in the Christian fight,

*m* In glory, girt with saints around, [night.  
He stands above thee through the

When friends to Emmaus bend their  
course, [eyes:

He joins, although He holds their

*p* Or, shouldst thou feel some fever's force,  
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.

Or, on a voyage, when calms prevail,  
And prison thee upon the sea,

*m* He walks the wave, He wings the sail,  
The shore is gained, and thou art free.

645

10s & 11s. J. Newton.

*m* THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers  
affright; [all unite;

Though friends should all fail, and foes  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever  
betide; [provide.

The Scripture assures us, the Lord will

The birds, without barn or storehouse,  
are fed; [bread;

From them let us learn to trust for our  
His Saints what is fitting shall ne'er be  
denied, [provide.

So long as 'tis written, the Lord will

No strength of our own or goodness we  
claim, [great Name,

Yet since we have known the Saviour's  
In this, our strong tower, for safety we  
hide, [provide.

The Lord is our power, the Lord will

*p* When life sinks apace, and death is in  
view, [us through;

This word of His grace shall comfort  
*f* No fearing or doubting, with Christ on  
our side, [provide.

We hope to die shouting, the Lord will

646

L.M. H. Addiscott.

*m* AND is there, Lord, a cross for me,

As through this wilderness I stray,

Which, if I would, I must not flee,

But Thy Divine command obey?

I would not, Lord, pass by that cross,

For Thou hast placed it in my way;

To turn aside would be my loss,

I therefore lift my heart and pray:—

Show me the cross that I must bear;

Bend my proud heart, that I may take,

In holy faith and humble prayer,

The cross of shame, for Thy dear sake:

*p* For Thou didst take a cross for me,

And on it all my sins didst bear;

Its agony Thou didst not flee,

That in Thy glory I might share.

*m* Then I will take my cross with joy,

And bear it onward to the end;

My shame and pride, O Lord, destroy,

My faith and hope on Thee depend.

Thou soon wilt take the cross away,

And place the crown upon my brow,

In that bright world of endless day,

Where I no more a cross shall know.

647

L.M. C. W. Everest.

*m* TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,

If thou wouldst My disciple be;

Deny thyself, the world forsake,

And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross, let not its weight

Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;

His strength shall bear thy spirit up,

And brace thy heart and nerve thine  
arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame

Nor let thy foolish pride rebel:

*p* Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,

To save thy soul from death and hell.

*m* Take up thy cross, then, in His strength

And calmly every danger brave;

He guides thee to a better home,

He leads to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

**648** 8s & 7s. *H. F. Lyte.*

*m* JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my All shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition, [known:  
All I've sought, and hoped, and  
Yet how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still mine own.

*p* Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest;  
*O!* 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
*O!* 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unblest by Thee.

*m* Soul! then, know thy full salvation;  
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;  
Joy to find in every station  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;  
What a Father's smiles are thine;  
What a Saviour died to win thee:  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?  
Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:  
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thine earthly mission;  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to full fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

**649** S.M. *A. M. Toplady.*

*m* YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud, to the praise of love Divine,  
Bid every string awake.  
Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.  
His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine:  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark Divine.

*p* When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon His Name.

*m* Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control:  
His lovingkindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on Thee!  
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall Thy salvation see.

**650** C.M. *T. Moore.*

*m* O THOU Who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to Thee.

The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown;  
And he who has but tears to give  
Must weep those tears alone.

But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

*p* O who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not His wing of love [gloom,  
Come brightly wafting through the  
Our peace-branch from above?

*m* Then sorrow, touched by Him, grows  
With more than rapture's ray, [bright  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

**651** L.M. *J. Fawcett.*

*m* AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:  
His faithful Word declares to thee [be."  
That, "as thy day, thy strength shall

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,  
And if the conflict should be long,  
The Lord shall make the tempter flee:  
For, "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in Thy Redeemer's Name;  
In fiery trials thou shalt see [be."  
That, "as thy day, thy strength shall

*p* When called by Him to bear the cross,  
 Reproach, affliction, pain or loss,  
 Or deep distress or poverty— [be."  
*m* Still, "as thy day, thy strength shall  
*p* When death at length appears in view,  
 Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;  
*m* He comes to set thy spirit free, [be."  
 And, "as thy day, thy strength shall

652

L.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* ABRAHAM, when severely tried,  
 His faith by his obedience showed,  
 He with the harsh command complied,  
 And gave his Isaac back to God.

His son the father offered up,  
 Son of his age, his only son,  
 Object of all his joy and hope,  
 And less beloved than God alone.

O for a faith like his, that we  
 The bright example may pursue;  
 May gladly give up all to Thee,  
 To Whom our more than all is due!

Is there a thing than life more dear,  
 A thing from which we cannot part?  
 We can; we now rejoice to tear  
 The idol from our bleeding heart.

*p* Jesus, accept our sacrifice;  
 All things for Thee we count but loss;  
 Lo! at Thy word our Isaac dies,  
 Dies on the altar of Thy cross.

*m* For what to Thee, O Lord, we give,  
 A hundred-fold we here obtain,  
 And soon with Thee shall all receive,  
 And loss shall be eternal gain.

653

8s & 4s.

*A. A. Procter.*

*f* OUR God, we thank Thee, Who hast  
 The earth so bright, [made  
 So full of splendour and of joy,  
 Beauty and light;  
 So many glorious things are here,  
 Noble and right!

*m* We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast  
 Joy to abound; [made  
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
 Circling us round,  
 That in the darkest spot of earth  
 Some love is found.

*p* We thank Thee more that all our joy  
 Is touched with pain;  
 That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
 That thorns remain;  
*m* So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
 And not our chain.  
*p* For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon  
 Our weak heart clings,  
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
 Yet all with wings,  
*m* So that we see, gleaming on high,  
 Diviner things!  
*f* We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast  
 The best in store; [kept  
 We have enough, yet not too much  
 To long for more;  
*p* A yearning for a deeper peace,  
 Not known before.  
*m* We thank Thee, Lord, that here our  
 Though amply blest, [souls,  
 Can never find, although they seek,  
 A perfect rest—  
*p* Nor ever shall, until they lean  
 On Jesu's breast!

654

L.M. *W. H. Burleigh.*

*f* WHEN gladness gilds our prosperous  
 And hope is by fruition crowned, [day,  
 "O Lord," with thankful hearts we say,  
 "How doth Thy love to us abound!"

*p* But is that love less truly shown,  
 When earthly joys lie cold and dead,  
 And hopes have faded one by one,  
 Leaving sad memories in their stead?

*m* God knows the discipline we need,  
 Nor sorrow sends for sorrow's sake;

*p* And though our stricken hearts may  
 bleed,  
 His mercy will not let them break.

*m* O teach us to discern the good  
 Thou sendest in the guise of ill;  
 Since all Thou dost, if understood,  
 Interpreteth Thy loving will.

For pain is not the end of pain,  
 Not seldom trial comes to bless,  
 And work for us abundant gain—  
 The peaceful fruits of righteousness

Then let us not, with anxious thought,  
 Ask of to-morrow's joys or woes,  
 But, by His Word and Spirit taught,  
 Accept as best what God bestows.



655 C.M. J. Martineau.

*m* Thy way is in the deep, O Lord !  
E'en there we'll go with Thee :  
We'll meet the tempest at Thy word,  
And walk upon the sea.

*p* Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,  
Why do we doubt Him so ?  
*m* Who gives the storm a path, will find  
The way our feet shall go.

*p* A moment may His hand be lost,  
Drear moment of delay !  
*m* We cry, " Lord, keep the tempest-tost !"  
And safe we're borne away.

The Lord yields nothing to our fears,  
And flies from selfish care ;  
But comes Himself, where'er He hears  
The voice of loving prayer.

*f* O happy soul of faith Divine !  
Thy victory how sure !  
*m* The love that kindles joy is thine,  
The patience to endure.

Come, Lord of Peace ! our griefs dispel,  
And wipe our tears away :  
'Tis Thine to order all things well,  
And ours to bless Thy sway.

656 C.M. J. H. Newman.

*p* LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice  
First quickened love Divine ;  
*m* I am all Thine—Thy care and choice ;  
My very praise is Thine.

*f* I praise Thee while Thy providence  
In childhood frail I trace,  
For blessings given, ere dawning sense  
Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour ;  
Bright dreams and fancyings strange ;  
*m* Blessings when reason's awful power  
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my door  
Unasked, unhop'd, have come ;  
And choicer still, a countless store  
Of eager smiles at home.

*p* Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place  
I shrine those seasons sad,  
When, looking up, I saw Thy face  
In kind austerity clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
Heart-pang or throbbing brow ;  
Sweet was the chastisement severe,  
And sweet its memory now.

*m* And such Thy loving force be still,  
When self would swerve or stray,  
Shaping to truth the froward will  
Along Thy narrow way.

657 C.M. W. H. Bathurst.

*m* O, FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by many a foe ;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe ;

That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chastening rod ;  
But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God ;

A faith that shines more bright and  
When tempests rage without ; [clear  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last spark is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up a dying-bed.

Lord, give me such a faith as this ;  
And then, whate'er may come,  
I'll taste even here the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home !

658 10s & 4s. A. A. Procter.

*m* I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road ;

I do not ask that Thou wouldst take  
Aught of its load. [from me

I do not ask that flowers should always  
Beneath my feet ; [spring

I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I  
Lead me aright, [plead :

Though strength should falter and  
though heart should bleed,  
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst  
Full radiance here ; [shed  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

*p* I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

*m* Joy is like restless day, but peace Divine  
Like quiet night;  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall  
Through peace to light. [shine

**659** 10s & 6s. *W. H. Burleigh.*

*m* WE ask not that our path be always  
bright, [aright;  
But for Thine aid to walk therein  
That Thou, O Lord! through all its  
devious way, [day,  
Wilt give us strength sufficient to our  
*p* For this, for this, we pray.

*m* Not for the fleeting joys that earth  
bestows,  
Not for exemption from its many woes;  
But that, come joy or woe, come good  
or ill, [guidance still,  
With child-like faith we trust Thy  
*p* And do Thy holy will.

*m* Teach us, dear Lord, to find the latent  
good [stood;  
That sorrow yields when rightly under-  
*f* And for the frequent joy that crowns  
our days, [hymns to raise  
Help us, with grateful hearts, our  
Of thankfulness and praise.

*m* Thou knowest all our needs, and wilt  
supply; [eye;  
No veil of darkness hides us from Thine  
Nor vainly from the depths on Thee  
we call; [tempter's thrall,  
Thy tender love, that breaks the  
Folds and encircles all.

*p* Through sorrow and through loss, by  
toil and prayer, [now they wear,  
*f* Saints won the starry crowns which  
*p* And by the bitter ministry of pain,  
Grievous and harsh, but O! not felt in  
Found their eternal gain. [vain,

*m* If it be ours, like them, to suffer loss,  
Give grace, as unto them, to bear our  
cross,  
Till, victors over each besetting sin,  
We, too, Thy perfect peace shall enter in,  
*f* And crowns of glory win.

PATIENCE AND RESIGNATION.

**660** 8s & 4. *C. Elliott.*

*m* MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say—

*p* "Thy will be done!"

*m* If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine—

"Thy will be done!"

*p* Should grief or sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I'll strive to say—

"Thy will be done!"

*m* Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest—

"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say—

"Thy will be done!"

Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
*f* I'll sing upon a happier shore—

"Thy will be done!"

**661** S.M. *H. Bonar.*

*m* THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
O lead me by Thine own right hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it matters not,  
It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might;  
But choose Thou for me, O my God,  
So I shall walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

*p* Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my  
My Wisdom, and my All! [Strength,

662 6s. H. Bonar.

*m* THY works, not mine, O Christ,  
Speak gladness to this heart;  
They tell me all is done—  
They bid my fear depart.

*p* Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,  
Have wept my guilt away;  
And turned this night of mine  
Into a blessed day.

*m* Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins that none in heaven  
Or earth could bear, but God!

*p* Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
Has paid the ransom due;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine  
Would have been all too few.

*m* Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness avails,  
Save that which is of Thee.

Thy righteousness alone  
Can clothe and beautify:  
I wrap it round my soul—  
In this I'll live and die.

663 7s & 6s.

*m* THY way is best, my Father,  
Though full of pain and care;  
Thy will is right, my Father,  
However hard to bear.

Thy path is best, my Father,  
Though far apart from mine;  
Thy judgments, O my Father,  
With truth and mercy shine.

Thy gifts are best, my Father,  
Though not the gifts I'd choose;  
Thy choice is right, my Father,  
Whether I gain or lose.

Thy word is good, my Father,  
That bids me live or die;  
And I am blest, my Father,  
*p* In bowing silently.

Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,  
Thy love is calm and wise;  
*m* My future life, my Father,  
Unveiled before Thee lies.

Thy time is best, my Father,  
Thy purpose to fulfil;  
O give me strength, my Father,  
To bow me to Thy will.

664 8s 7s & 4s.  
S. Rodigast, trs. Miss Winkworth.

*m* WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:  
Holy, His will abideth;  
I will be still whate'er He doth,  
And follow where He guideth.

He is my God;  
Though dark my road,  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
Wherefore to Him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:  
He never will deceive me;  
He leads me by the proper path;  
I know He will not leave me,  
And take, content,  
What He hath sent;  
His hand can turn my griefs away,  
And patiently I wait His day.

*p* Whate'er my God ordains is right:  
Though now this cup in drinking  
May bitter seem to my faint heart,  
I take it, all unshrinking.

Tears pass away  
With dawn of day;

*m* Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,  
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:  
Here shall my stand be taken;  
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,  
Yet am I not forsaken;  
My Father's care  
Is round me there;  
He holds me that I shall not fall,  
And so to Him I leave it all.

665 4-7s. W. W. How.

*m* WHEN the dark waves around us roll,  
And we look in vain for aid,  
Speak, Lord, to the trembling soul,  
*p* "It is I; be not afraid."

*m* When we dimly trace Thy form  
In mysterious clouds arrayed,  
Be the echo of the storm,  
*p* "It is I; be not afraid."

*m* When our brightest hopes depart,  
When our fairest visions fade,  
Whisper to the fainting heart,  
*p* "It is I; be not afraid."

*m* When we weep beside the bier  
Where some well-loved form is laid,  
O may then the mourner hear,  
*p* "It is I; be not afraid."

*m* When with wearing, hopeless pain  
Sinks the spirit, sore dismayed,  
Breathe Thou then the comfort strain,  
"It is I; be not afraid."

*p* When we feel the end is near,  
Passing into death's dark shade,  
*f* May the voice be strong and clear,  
"It is I; be not afraid."

666 C.M. *R. Baxter.*  
*Composed in Prison.*

*m* LORD, it belongs not to my care,  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long I will be glad,  
That I may long obey:

*p* If short—yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?

*m* Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made  
Thy blessed face to see; [me meet  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

*p* Then I shall end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days;

*m* And join with the triumphant saints,  
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

667 C.M. *T. Greene.*

*m* It is the Lord—enthroned in light,  
Whose claims are all Divine:  
Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.

It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
Or contradict His will,  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still?

It is the Lord—Who gives me all,  
My wealth, my friends, mine ease,  
And of His bounties may recall  
Whatever part He please.

*p* It is the Lord—Who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From Whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

*m* It is the Lord—my covenant God,  
Thrice blessed be His Name!  
Whose gracious promise, sealed with  
Must ever be the same. [blood,  
Can I, with hope so firmly built,  
Be sullen, or repine?

No, gracious God, take what Thou wilt,  
To Thee I all resign.

668 C.M.D. *J. D. Burns.*

*m* As helpless as a child who clings  
Fast to his father's arm,  
And casts his weakness on the strength  
That keeps him safe from harm:  
So I, my Father, cling to Thee,  
And thus I, every hour,  
Would link my earthly feebleness  
To Thine Almighty power.

*p* As trustful as a child, who looks  
Up in his mother's face,  
And all his little griefs and fears  
Forgets in her embrace:

*m* So I to Thee, my Saviour, look,  
And in Thy face Divine  
Can read the love that will sustain  
As weak a faith as mine.

*p* As loving as a child, who sits  
Close by his parent's knee,  
And knows no want while he can have  
That sweet society:

*m* So, sitting at Thy feet, my heart  
Would all its love outpour, [Lord,  
And pray that Thou wouldst teach me,  
To love Thee more and more.



669

C.M. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* I bow me to Thy will, O God,  
And all Thy ways adore;  
And every day I live I'll seek  
To please Thee more and more.  
When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.  
*p* I have no care, O blessed Lord,  
For all my cares are Thine;  
*m* I live in triumph, too, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.  
*p* And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
*m* Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And, patient, waits on Thee.  
*f* Lead on, lead on, triumphantly,  
O blessed Lord, lead on!  
Faith's pilgrim-sons behind Thee seek  
The road that Thou hast gone.

670

C.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* ONE prayer I have—all prayers in one  
When I am wholly Thine;  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.  
All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.  
Is life with many comforts crowned,  
Upheld in peace and health,  
With dear affections twined around?  
Lord, in my time of wealth  
May I remember that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe!  
And back in gratitude from me  
May all Thy bounties flow.  
And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign Thy will?  
No, let me bless Thy Name, and say  
"The Lord is gracious still."

671

C.M. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*m* WE walk on earth, and to its ways  
Our time and thoughts are given,  
Yet, amid all its busiest days,  
Our hearts may be in heaven.

Nothing so lightens the dull load  
Life's urgent claims impose,  
As close communion with our God;  
It is our best repose.

When vexed with ills which we despair  
To baffle or control,  
The lifting of the heart in prayer  
Sheds sunshine on the soul.

When disappointed in the love  
We leaned on too secure,  
What joy it is to look above,  
And feel one Friend is sure.

*p* When wearied with life's ebb and flow,  
We for "still waters" sigh;  
O how it sweetens change below  
To think of rest on high!

*m* Thus we in peace our souls possess,  
Though all around be fear,  
Full of the blessed consciousness  
That heaven is sure and near.

*p* Dark clouds may o'er us threatening  
We can sing on, and smile; [stand,  
*m* The sunshine of the cloudless land  
Lies round us all the while.

We can bear any cross or grief,  
If, with their gloom, be given  
This one sweet secret of relief,  
To keep our thoughts in heaven.

672

C.M. *J. Page Hopps.*

*m* WE praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,  
For days of quiet rest;  
But O! how seldom do we feel

*p* That pain and tears are best.

*m* We praise Thee for the shining sun,  
For kind and gladsome ways:

When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing  
*p* Through weary nights and days?

*m* We praise Thee when our path is plain  
And smooth beneath our feet;

But fain would learn to welcome pain,  
*p* And call the bitter sweet.

*m* Teach Thou our weak and wandering  
Aright to read Thy way, [hearts  
That Thou with loving hand doth trace  
Our history every day.

Then every thorny crown of care  
Worn well in patience now,  
*f* Shall grow a glorious diadem  
Upon the faithful brow;

*m* And sorrow's face shall be unveiled,  
And we at last shall see  
Her eyes are eyes of tenderness,  
Her speech but echoes Thee.

**673** C.M. *Anon., alt. Miss Cameron.*

*m* BEHOLD what witnesses unseen  
Encompass us around !  
Men once, like us, with suffering tried,  
But now with glory crowned.

Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,  
Pursue the Christian race,  
And, freed from each encumbering  
Their holy footsteps trace. [weight,

Behold a Witness nobler still,  
Who trod affliction's path !  
Jesus, at once the Finisher  
And Author of our faith.

He, for the joy before Him set,  
So generous was His love,  
Endured the cross, despised the shame,  
And now He reigns above.

*p* If He the scorn of wicked men  
With patience did sustain,  
Becomes it those for whom He died  
To murmur or complain ?

*m* Then let our hearts no more despond,  
Our hands be weak no more ;  
Still let us trust our Father's love,  
His wisdom still adore.

**674** C.M.D.

*m* 'TWIXT gleams of joy and clouds of  
Our feelings come and go ; [doubt  
Our best estate is tossed about  
In ceaseless ebb and flow.  
No mood of feeling, form of thought,  
Is constant for a day ;  
But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not :  
The same Thou art alway.

I grasp Thy strength, make it mine  
My heart with peace is blest ; [own,

*p* I lose my hold, and then comes down  
Darkness, and cold unrest.

*m* Let me no more my comfort draw  
From my frail hold of Thee,  
In this alone rejoice with awe—  
Thy mighty grasp of me.

*p* Out of that weak, unquiet drift  
That comes but to depart,  
To that pure heaven my spirit lift  
Where Thou unchanging art.

*m* Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,  
Let Thy almighty arm  
In its embrace my weakness clasp  
And I shall fear no harm.

Thy purpose of eternal good  
Let me but surely know ;  
On this I'll lean—let changing mood  
And feeling come or go—  
Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul,  
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,  
Since Thou within Thy sure control  
Of love dost hold me fast.

**675** 3-8s. *J. Newton.*

*m* WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the  
Why must I either flee or yield, [field ?  
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield ?

When creature comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should  
Jesus still lives and still is nigh. [I ?

*p* Though all the flocks and herds were  
*m* My soul a famine need not dread, [dead,  
For Jesus is my living Bread.

*p* I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;  
*m* But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my Righteousness.

*p* Though faint my prayers, and cold my  
love,

My steadfast hope shall not remove  
While Jesus intercedes above.

*m* Against me earth and hell combine ;  
But on my side is power Divine ;  
Jesus is all, and He is mine.

**676** L.M. *J. R. Macduff.*

*m* WHY should I murmur or repine,  
O Lamb of God, Who bled for me ?  
What are my griefs compared with  
Thine,  
Thy tears, Thy groans, Thine agony !

## HUMILITY AND TRUST.

If Thou the furnace flames employ,  
 Thou sittest as Refiner, near,  
 To purge away the base alloy,  
 Till Thine own image, bright, appear.  
 Though oft Thy way is in the sea,  
 Thy footsteps in the winged storm;  
 Though crested billows threaten me—  
 Love slumbers in their frowning form!

*p* Submissive would I kiss the rod,  
 Needful each stroke I humbly own;  
 Or let me trust Thee, O my God!  
 If now the "need be" is unknown.

*m* Soon shall Thy dealings be unrolled,  
 The wondrous chart will fix my gaze,  
 And heaven's revolving years unfold  
 New themes for wonder and for praise.

Wave upon wave which rolled before  
 Tempestuous o'er this ruffled breast,  
*f* Then lulled asleep, shall break no more  
 The rapture of eternal rest!

**677** C.M. J. G. Whittier.

*m* ALL as God wills, Who wisely heeds  
 To give or to withhold,  
 And knoweth more of all my needs  
 Than all my prayers have told.  
 Enough that blessings undeserved  
 Have marked my erring track;  
 That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
 His chastening turned me back;  
 That more and more a Providence  
 Of love is understood,  
 Making the springs of time and sense  
 Sweet with eternal good;

*p* That death seems but a covered way  
 Which opens into light,  
 Wherein no blinded child can stray  
 Beyond the Father's sight;

*m* That care and trial seem at last,  
 Through memory's sunset air,  
 Like mountain ranges overpast,  
 In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life  
 Seem blending in a psalm,  
 And all the angles of its strife  
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,  
 And so the west winds play,  
*f* And all the windows of my heart  
 I open to the day.

## HUMILITY AND TRUST.

**678** C.M. G. Macdonald.

*m* OUR Father, hear our longing prayer,  
 And help this prayer to flow,  
 That humble thoughts which are Thy  
 May live in us and grow. [care

*p* For lowly hearts shall understand  
 The peace, the calm delight  
 Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,  
 A pleasure in Thy sight.

*m* Give us humility, that so  
 Thy reign may come within,  
 And when Thy children homeward go,  
 We too may enter in.

Hear us, our Saviour! Ours Thou art,  
 Though we are not like Thee;  
 Give us Thy Spirit in a heart  
 Large, lowly, trusting, free.

**679** C.M. F. W. Faber.

*m* THY home is with the humble, Lord,  
 The simplest are the best;  
 Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;  
 Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!  
 If Thou wilt stay with me,  
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,  
 I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
 But Thou, my heavenly Guest?  
 Let no one have it, then, but Thee,  
 And let it be Thy rest.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee,  
 Great Spirit! Is it Thou? [Lord!  
 Deeper and deeper in my heart  
 I feel Thee resting now.

**680** C.M. W. Gaskell.

*m* THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,  
 High work have we to do,  
 In faith, O Lord, to follow Thee,  
 Whose lot was lowly too.

*p* Our days of darkness we may bear,  
*m* Strong in our Father's love;  
 We lean on His almighty arm,  
 And fix our hopes above.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
And loving deeds may be,  
As streams, that still the nobler grow,  
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,  
However tried and pressed,  
In God's clear sight high work we do,  
If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
With rays of glory bright;

*f* Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
Into a crown of light.

**681** 6.8s. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* THE bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she, that doth most sweetly sing,  
Sings in the shade when all things  
In lark and nightingale we see [rest:—  
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the better part,  
*p* She meekly sat at Jesu's feet;  
And Lydia's gently-opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple  
meet:—

*m* Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility.  
The saint that wears heaven's brightest  
*p* In deepest adoration bends; [crown  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most when most his soul  
ascends:—

*m* Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility.

**682** L.M.D. *W. Gladden.*

*m* O MASTER, let me walk with Thee,  
In lowly paths of service free;  
*p* Tell me Thy secret; help me bear  
The strain of toil, the fret of care;  
*m* Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.  
Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee,  
In closer, dearer company, [strong,  
*f* In work that keeps faith sweet and  
In trust that triumphs over wrong,  
In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,  
*p* In peace that only Thou canst give,  
*m* With Thee, O Master, let me live.

**683** C.M. *G. Rawson.*

*m* MY Father, it is good for me  
To trust and not to trace;  
And wait with deep humility  
For Thy revealing grace.

Lord! when Thy way is in the sea,  
And strange to mortal sense,  
*f* I love Thee in the mystery,  
I trust Thy providence.

*p* I cannot see the secret things  
In this my dark abode;  
*m* I may not reach with earthly wings  
The heights and depths of God.

So faith and patience, wait awhile—  
Not doubting; not in fear;  
For soon in heaven my Father's smile  
Shall render all things clear.

Then shalt Thou end Time's short  
Its short, uncertain night; [eclipse,  
*f* Bring in the grand Apocalypse,  
Reveal the perfect Light.

**684** S.M. *B. Taylor.*

*m* NOT so, in haste, my heart!  
Have faith in God and wait;  
Although He seems to linger long,  
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late,  
He knoweth what is best;  
Vex not thyself—it is in vain;  
Until He cometh, rest.

Until He cometh, rest,  
Nor grudge the hours that roll;  
The feet that wait for God—'tis they  
Are soonest at the goal;  
Are soonest at the goal,  
That is not gained by speed:  
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,  
For I shall wait His lead.

**685** C.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* ONE thing with all my soul's desire  
I sought, and will pursue;  
What Thine own Spirit doth inspire,  
Lord, for Thy servant do.

Grant me within Thy courts a place,  
Among Thy saints a seat,  
For ever to behold Thy face,  
And worship at Thy feet.



"Seek ye My face;"—without delay,  
When thus I heard Thee speak,  
f My heart would leap for joy, and say  
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

p Then leave me not when griefs assail,  
And earthly comforts flee:  
When father, mother, kindred fail,  
m My God, still think on me.

Of had I fainted, and resigned  
Of every hope my hold,  
p But mine afflictions brought to mind  
Thy benefits of old.

m Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;  
My soul, disdain to fear;  
The righteous Judge is at the gate,  
And thy redemption near.

686 8s & 6s. *H. U. Onderdonk.*

m ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,  
The budding fig-tree droop and die,  
No oil the olive yield,  
Yet will I trust in Thee, my God,  
Yea, bend rejoicing to Thy rod,  
And by Thy grace be healed.

p Though fields in verdure once arrayed  
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,  
Or parched by scorching beams,

f Still in the Lord shall be my trust,  
My joy; for, though His frown is just,  
His mercy is supreme.

p Though from the folds the flock decay,  
Though herds be famished o'er the lea  
And round the empty stall,  
My soul above the wreck shall rise,  
Its better joys are in the skies;  
There God is All in All.

In God my Strength, howe'er distrest,  
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,  
Nay, triumph in His love:  
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,  
Free as the hind He makes, and fleet,  
To speed my course above.

687 7s & 6. *G. Rawson.*

m IN the dark and cloudy day,  
When earth's riches flee away,  
And the last hope will not stay,  
p My Saviour, comfort me.

m When the hoard of many years  
Like a fleet cloud disappears,  
And the future's full of fears,

p My Saviour, comfort me.

m When the secret idol's gone,  
That my poor heart yearned upon—  
Desolate, bereft, alone,  
My Saviour, comfort me.

p Thou Who wast so sorely tried,  
In the darkness crucified,  
Bid me in Thy love confide;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

m Comfort me, I am cast down,  
'Tis my heavenly Father's frown;  
I deserve it all, I own;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

p In these hours of sad distress,  
Let me know He loves no less,  
Bids me trust His faithfulness;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

m Not unduly let me grieve,  
Meekly the kind stripes receive,  
Let me humbly still believe;  
My Saviour, comfort me.

So it shall be good for me  
Much afflicted now to be,  
If Thou wilt but tenderly,  
My Saviour, comfort me.

688 6s & 5s. *H. S. Oswald.*

m O LET him whose sorrow  
No relief can find  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.

p Where the mourner, weeping,  
Sheds the secret tear,

m God His watch is keeping,  
Though none else be near.

God will never leave thee;  
All Thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.

p If in grief thou languish,  
m He will dry the tear

Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near.

All thy woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
Thou in heaven shalt know,

*f* When thy gracious Saviour,  
In the realms above,  
Crowns thee with His favour,  
Fills thee with His love.

689

4-7s.

*J. Conder.*

*m* DAY by day the manna fell:  
O to learn this lesson well:  
Still, by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.  
Day by day, the promise reads—  
Daily strength for daily needs:  
Cast foreboding fears away;  
Take the manna of to-day.  
Lord, my times are in Thy hand;  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To Thy wisdom I resign,  
And would make Thy purpose mine.  
*p* Thou my daily task shalt give;  
Day by day to Thee I live:  
So shall added years fulfil  
Not mine own—my Father's will.  
*m* Fond ambition, whisper not;  
Happy is my humble lot.  
Anxious, busy cares, away!  
I'm provided for to-day.  
*f* O! to live exempt from care  
By the energy of prayer;  
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,  
Yet elate with gratitude.

690

11s 10 & 6. *W. H. Burleigh.*

*m* STILL will we trust, though earth seem  
dark and dreary, [chastening rod;  
And the heart faint beneath His  
Though rough and steep our pathway  
worn and weary,  
Still will we trust in God!  
*p* Our eyes see dimly till by faith  
anointed, [grief and pain;  
And our blind choosing brings us  
Through Him alone, Who hath our  
way appointed,  
We find our peace again.  
*m* Choose for us, God, nor let our weak  
preferring [hast designed:  
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou  
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is  
unerring,  
And we are fools and blind.

So from our sky the night shall furl  
her shadows, [golden gates;  
And day pour gladness through her  
Our rough path leads to flower-enamelled  
meadows,  
Where joy our coming waits.

*f* Let us press on: in patient self-denial,  
Accept the hardship, shrink not from  
the loss; [trial,  
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of  
Our crown beyond the cross.

691

8s & 6s (Irreg.). *A. L. Waring.*

*m* FATHER, give me a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
And wipe the weeping eyes,  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward life  
While keeping at Thy side,  
Content to fill a little space  
If Thou be glorified.

692 6-10s. *F. Quarles and H. F. Lyte.*

*p* LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly  
rest; [home;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain  
*m* At last I sought them in His sheltering  
breast, [weary come.  
Who opes His arms, and bids the  
With Him I found a home, a rest  
Divine; [mine.  
And I since then am His, and He is

Whate'er may change, in Him no  
change is seen; [declines;  
A glorious Sun, that wanes not, nor  
Above the clouds and storms He walks  
serene, [shines.  
And on His people's inward darkness  
p All may depart—I fret not, nor repine,  
n While I my Saviour's am, while He is  
mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when  
down, [every foe;  
Reclaims me wandering, guards from  
Plants on my worthless brow the  
victor's crown, [throw,  
Which, in return, before His feet I  
Grieved that I cannot better grace His  
shrine, [mine.  
Who deigns to own me His, as He is  
While here, alas! I know but half His  
love, [adore;  
But half discern Him, and but half  
f But when I meet Him in the realms  
above, [more,  
I hope to love Him better, praise Him  
And feel and tell, amid the choir Divine,  
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

393 11s & 10s. *J. Borthwick.*

p THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and  
sorrow [for rest;  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-  
morrow, [confessed;  
Blessings implored, and sins to be  
n We come before Thee at Thy gracious  
word, [knowest, Lord.  
And lay them at Thy feet; Thou  
Thou knowest all the past; how long  
and blindly [derer strayed;  
On the dark mountains the lost wan-  
How the good Shepherd followed, and  
how kindly [ders laid,  
He bore it homewards, on His shoul-  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and  
soothed the pain, [strength again.  
f And brought back life, and hope, and  
n Thou knowest all the present, each  
temptation, [fear;  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding

All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones than self more  
dear;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles, and  
voices gone.  
m Thou knowest all the future; gleams  
of gladness [cast;  
By stormy clouds too quickly over-  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting  
sadness, [last.  
And the dark river to be crossed at  
f O what could hope and confidence  
afford [knowest, Lord!  
To tread that path, but this, Thou  
m Thou knowest, not alone as God, all  
knowing; [hast proved;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou  
On earth with purest sympathies o'er-  
flowing. [hast loved!  
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou  
p And love and sorrow still to Thee may  
come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.  
m Therefore we come, Thy gentle call  
obeying, [feet;  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy  
On everlasting strength our weakness  
staying, [complete:  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness  
Then rising and refreshed we leave  
Thy throne,  
And follow on to know as we are known.

PROTECTION AND GUIDANCE.

694

S.M.

*J. Wesley.*

*From the German of P. Gerhardt.*

m COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands:  
Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey:  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.  
p Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
m Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

Put thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on;  
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,  
So shall thy work be done.

*f* His everlasting truth,  
His ceaseless, watchful love,  
Sees all His children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

695 S.M. J. Wesley.

*From the German of P. Gerhardt.*

*f* GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismayed:  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy  
God shall lift up thy head. [tears;  
*p* Through waves, and clouds and  
He gently clears thy way. [storms,  
*m* Wait thou His time; so shall the night  
Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,  
And all things serve His might;  
His every act pure blessing is;  
His path unsullied light.

*f* When He makes bare His arm,  
Who shall His work withstand?  
When He His people's cause defends,  
Who, who shall stay His hand?

*m* Leave to His sovereign will  
To choose, and to command;  
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own  
How wise, how strong His hand.  
Thou comprehend'st Him not;  
Yet earth and heaven tell,  
God sits as Sovereign on the throne;  
He ruleth all things well.

*p* Thou seest our weakness, Lord;  
Our hearts are known to Thee.

*m* O lift Thou up the sinking hand;  
Confirm the feeble knee.

*p* Let us, in life and death,  
Boldly Thy truth declare;  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

696 8s 7s & 4. W. Williams.

*m* GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah!  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!  
*f* Bread of Heaven!  
Feed me now and evermore.

*m* Open, now, the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;

*f* Strong Deliverer!  
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

*p* When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside:  
Death of Death, and Hell's Destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side;

*f* Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.

697 P.M. J. H. Newman.

*p* LEAD, Saviour, lead, amid the encir-  
*m* Lead Thou me on! [cling gloom,

*p* The night is dark, and I am far from  
*m* Lead Thou me on! [home—

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough  
for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that  
Shouldst lead me on; [Thou

I loved to choose and see my path;  
Lead Thou me on! [but now—

I loved the glare of day, and, spite of  
fears,

Pride ruled my will—remember not  
past years!

*f* So long Thy power hath blessed me,  
Will lead me on [sure it still

O'er vale and hill, through stream and  
The night is gone; [torrent, till

And with the morn those angel-faces  
smile,

Which I have loved long since, and  
lost awhile.

698 8s & 5s. N. L. von Zinzendorf,  
trs. H. L. L.

*m* JESUS, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won,

And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow, calm and fearless:

*f* Guide us by Thy hand  
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,

If the foe be near,

Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,

Let not faith and hope forsake us,

For, through many a foe,

To our home we go.



*p* When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,  
When oppressed by new temptations,  
Lord, increase and perfect patience;  
*m* Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.  
*p* When sweet earth and skies  
Fade before our eyes;  
When through death we look to heaven,  
And our sins are all forgiven,  
*m* From Thy bright abode  
Call us home to God.  
*f* Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won;  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.

699 6-7s. J. Newton.

*m* QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,  
Make me teachable and mild;  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child:  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,  
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone:  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

700 C.M.

*m* MIDST changing scenes and changing  
There is one blessed Hope, [friends,  
Which cheers the weary on their way,  
And lifts the fainting up.

Christ is that Hope—the sinner's Stay,  
Where I for refuge flee:  
This all my claim, this all my trust,  
That Christ has died for me.

*p* Dark storms may come, rough winds  
My Anchor will not move; [may blow,  
Temptation's waves may foam around,  
*m* I'm safe in Jesus' love.

While Jesus lives, while Jesus loves,  
Surrounded by His arm,  
Not all the powers of earth or hell  
Can do His people harm.

My Anchor's now within the vail,  
For me He lives above;  
And He has bound my life to His  
By everlasting love.

Jesus, my Anchor, Refuge, Hope,  
My Saviour and my King,

*p* Through all life's dark and stormy  
*m* To Thee alone I cling. [waves

701 7s & 6s. H. Alford.

*m* "SPEAK, for Thy servant heareth,"  
Thus give us grace, O Lord,  
To listen and to answer  
Whene'er Thy voice is heard:  
Whether we wait expectant  
Its sound to guide us home;  
Or all unsought, unwelcome,  
Its sudden warning come.

*f* Above the whirl of traffic,  
Above the stir of life,  
Amidst the songs of pleasure,  
And o'er the din of strife,  
*m* May never cease within us  
*p* Thy whispers soft and clear,  
Nor ready hearts, replying,  
*f* "Speak, Lord, Thy servants hear."

*p* And in the latest conflict,  
When strength and faith are low,  
And all our schemes of comfort  
Are baffled by the foe:  
Amid life's feeble throbings,  
Yet nearer and more near,  
May Thy sweet tones of solace  
*f* "Speak, and Thy servants hear."

702

6s 4s & 10s. *J. E. Saxby.*

*m* SHOW me the way, O Lord,  
And make it plain;  
I would obey Thy word,  
*f* Speak yet again;  
*p* I will not take one step until I know  
Which way it is that Thou wouldst  
have me go.  
*m* O Lord, I cannot see,  
Vouchsafe me light;  
*p* The mist bewilders me,  
Impedes my sight:  
*f* Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by  
Thy side;  
I dare not go alone—be Thou my Guide.  
*m* I will be patient, Lord,  
Trustful and still;  
I will not doubt Thy word;  
My hopes fulfil:  
*f* How can I perish, clinging to Thy side,  
My Comforter, my Saviour, and my  
Guide?

703

10s. *W. H. Burleigh.*

*m* LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of  
peace: [astray,  
Without Thy guiding hand we go  
And doubts appal, and sorrows still  
increase; [living Way.  
Lead us through Christ, the true and  
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of  
truth: [we grope,  
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze  
While passion stains and folly dims our  
youth, [faith and hope.  
And age comes on uncheered by  
Lead us, O Father, in the paths of  
right: [alone,  
Blindly we stumble when we walk  
Involved in shadows of a darksome  
night:  
Only with Thee we journey safely on.  
*f* Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly  
rest, [may be,  
However rough and steep the path  
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest  
best,  
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

704

10s & 6s.

*m* HE leads us on by paths we did not  
know: [be slow,  
Upward He leads us, though our steps  
*p* Though oft we faint and falter on the  
way, [the day,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure  
*m* Yet when the clouds are gone,  
We know He leads us on.  
He leads us on through all the unquiet  
years, [doubts, and fears;  
*p* Past all our dreamland hopes, and  
He guides our steps through all the  
tangled maze [days:  
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded  
*m* We know His will is done;  
And still He leads us on.  
*p* And He, at last, after the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life,  
After the dreariness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have  
proved in vain,  
*m* After our toils are past,  
Will give us rest at last.

705

L.M. *J. H. Gilmore.*

*m* HE leadeth me! O blessed thought,  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
*f* He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
By His own hand He leadeth me!  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.  
*p* Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.  
*m* Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.  
And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
*p* E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

**706** C.M. *J. B. Brown.*

*m* THOU, Who our faithless hearts canst read,  
And knowest each weakness there,  
*p* Poor, trembling, faint, with Thee we  
O turn not from our prayer! [plead,

*m* We cannot grasp from hour to hour  
The truths Thy Gospel saith;

*f* Then aid us by Thy heavenly power,  
And so increase our faith.

*m* That we may trust Thy guardian care,  
When no kind hand we see;  
That we may lift our souls in prayer  
Undoubtingly to Thee.

Help us to gaze on things unseen  
By eyes of mortal sight;  
To pierce through earth's dark veil, and  
Some beams of heavenly light. [gleam

*f* Thy glorious presence may we see

*p* When earth's last tie is riven;

*f* In faith then trust our souls to Thee,  
Till we awake in heaven.

**707** S.M. *H. F. Lyte.*

*m* FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my Father's breast,  
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,  
And speed me to my rest."

*p* Upon the willows long  
My harp has silent hung:  
How should I sing a cheerful song  
Till Thou inspire my tongue?

*m* My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns  
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee, I press,  
*p* A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

*m* God of my life, be near;  
On Thee my hopes I cast;  
O guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last.

**708** L.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,  
Fountain of unexhausted love,  
In Whom the Father's glories shine,  
Through earth beneath and heaven  
above:

Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,  
Give me Thy easy yoke to bear;  
With steadfast patience arm my breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

*p* Thankful I take the cup from Thee,  
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill,  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

*m* Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone;  
So shall each murmuring thought be  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the midday sun.

Speak to my warring passions,  
"Peace!" [still!]

Say to my trembling heart, "Be  
Thy power my strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

*f* O Death! where is thy sting? Where  
Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now  
Who shall contend with God? or who  
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

**709** L.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* AWAKE, our souls! Away, our fears!  
Let every trembling thought be gone;  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

*m* True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God  
That feeds the strength of every saint.

O mighty God! Thy matchless power  
Is ever new, and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the everflowing Spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

*f* Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire along the heavenly road

710

6-8s.

C. Wesley.

*m* PEACE! doubting heart—my God's I  
am! [fear:

Who formed me man forbids my  
The Lord hath called me by my name;  
The Lord protects, for ever near;

*f* His blood for me did once atone,  
And still He loves and guards His own.

*p* When passing through the watery deep,  
I ask in faith His promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head;

*f* Fearless, their violence I dare:  
They cannot harm, for God is there.

*m* To Him mine eye of faith I turn,  
And through the fire pursue my way;  
The fire forgets its power to burn,  
The lambent flames around me play;

*f* I own His power, accept the sign,  
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.

*m* Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand!  
And guard in fierce temptation's  
Hide in the hollow of Thy hand; [hour;  
Show forth in me Thy saving power;  
*f* Still be Thy arms my sure defence;  
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.

*p* When darkness intercepts the skies,  
And sorrow's waves around me roll,  
When high the storms of passion rise,  
And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,  
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still!"

*m* Though in affliction's furnace tried,  
Unhurt on snares and death I'll  
tread; [wide,  
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown  
Pour all its flames upon my head,

*f* Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,  
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire.

711

P.M.

*p* THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud  
upon cloud [loud  
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and  
The thunders roar above me; yet see,  
I stand [hand,

Like one bewildered! Father, take my

*m* And through the gloom lead safely  
Safely home, safely home, [home,

*f* Lead safely home Thy child.

*m* The way is long, my Father! And my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;  
While yet I journey through this weary  
land, [take my hand,  
Keep me from wandering. Father,  
And in the way to endless day,  
Endless day, endless day,  
Lead safely on Thy child.

*p* The path is rough, my Father! Many  
a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn  
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy  
command [my hand;

*m* Bids me press forward. Father, take  
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,  
Lead to rest, lead to rest,  
O lead to rest Thy child!

*p* The cross is heavy, Father! I have  
borne [worn  
It long, and still do bear it. Let my  
And fainting spirit rise to that bright  
land [my hand;

*m* Where crowns are given. Father, take  
And reaching down, lead to the crown,  
*f* To the crown, to the crown,  
Lead to the crown Thy child!

712

11s.

Keen.

*f* How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
Lord, [word!  
Is laid for your faith in His excellent  
What more can He say than to you He  
hath said, [fled?  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have

*m* In every condition—in sickness, in  
health, [wealth,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in  
At home and abroad, on the land, on  
the sea, [strength ever be.

"As thy days may demand shall thy  
"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not  
dismayed! [aid;

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and  
cause thee to stand, [hand.

Upheld by My righteous omnipotent

*p* "When through the deep waters I call  
thee to go, [flow:

*m* The rivers of grief shall not thee over-  
For I will be with thee, in trouble to  
bless, [tress.

And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-



- p "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [supply;  
 m My grace all-sufficient shall be thy  
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only  
 design [refine.  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to  
 "E'en down to old age, all My people  
 shall prove [love;  
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable  
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.  
 Like lambs they shall still in My bosom  
 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned  
 for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to its foes;  
 That soul, though all hell should  
 endeavour to shake,  
 f I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

## JOY AND PEACE.

713 C.M. I. Watts.

- f My God, the spring of all my joys,  
 The life of my delights,  
 The glory of my brightest days,  
 And comfort of my nights!  
 m In darkest shades, if Thou appear,  
 My dawning is begun:  
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star.  
 And Thou my rising sun.  
 f The opening heavens around me shine  
 With beams of sacred bliss,  
 If Jesus shows His mercy mine,  
 And whispers I am His.  
 p My soul would leave this heavy clay  
 At that transporting word;  
 m Run up with joy the shining way,  
 To see and praise my Lord.  
 f Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
 Would bear me conqueror through.

714 10s. H. Bonar.

- p Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou  
 art! [true rest;  
 That, that alone can be my soul's  
 m Thy love, not mine, bids fear and  
 doubt depart, [breast.  
 And stills the tempest of my tossing

It is Thy perfect love that casts out  
 fear; [is I";  
 I know the voice that speaks the "It  
 And in these well-known words of  
 heavenly cheer [fly.  
 I hear the joy that bids each sorrow

- p Thy Name is Love! I hear it from yon  
 cross; [tomb;  
 Thy Name is Love! I read it in yon  
 All meaner love is perishable dross,  
 f But this shall light me through time's  
 thickest gloom.

- m It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;  
 It saves me now, and shall for ever  
 save;  
 It holds me up in days of helplessness,  
 It bears me safely o'er each swelling  
 wave.

- f 'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and  
 God, [with song;  
 That fills my soul with peace, my lips  
 Thou art my health, my joy, my staff,  
 my rod; [strong.  
 Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am

- f More of Thyself, O show me, hour by  
 hour, [Lord;  
 More of Thy glory, O my God and  
 More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and  
 power; [Word.  
 More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate

715 C.M. W. Cowper.

- m FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
 From strife and tumult far;  
 From scenes where Satan wages still  
 His most successful war.  
 p The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
 With prayer and praise agree,  
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
 For those who follow Thee.

- m There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
 And grace her mean abode,  
 O with what peace, and joy, and love  
 She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours  
 Her solitary lays,  
 Nor asks a witness of her song,  
 Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light Divine,  
And, all-harmonious names in one,  
My Saviour! Thou art mine!

*f* What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!  
A boundless, endless store  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more!

**716** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,

*f* I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

*m* Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

*p* Should cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,

*m* May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my All!

*f* There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**717** 7s & 6s. *W. Comper.*

*m* SOMETIMES a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings:  
It is the Lord Who rises  
With healing in His wings.  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

*p* In holy contemplation  
We gladly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new.

Set free from present sorrow  
We cheerfully can say—

*f* Even let the unknown morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through:

Who gives the lilies clothing  
Will clothe His people too.

Beneath the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed;

And He Who feeds the ravens  
Will give His children bread.

*p* Though vine nor fig-tree neither  
Their wonted fruit should bear;  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flock nor herd be there:

*f* Yet, God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice;  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

**718** 6-8s. *J. Swain.*

*m* WHAT must it be to dwell above,  
At God's right hand, where Jesus  
reigns,

Since the sweet earnest of His love  
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!

*f* No heart can think, no tongue explain,  
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

*m* When sin no more obstructs our sight,  
When sorrow pains our heart no more,  
How shall we view the Prince of Light,  
And all His works of grace explore!

*f* What heights and depths of love Divine  
Will there through endless ages shine!

*m* Well, He has fixed the happy day  
When the last tear shall fill our eyes;  
And God shall wipe that tear away,  
And fill us with a glad surprise

*f* To hear His voice, and see His face,  
And feel His infinite embrace!

*m* This is the heaven I long to know;  
For this with patience I would wait;  
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,  
I mount to my celestial seat,

*f* And wave my palm, and wear my crown,  
And, with the elders, cast them down.

**719** L.M. *R. Mulholland.*

*m* GIVE me, O Lord, a heart of grace,  
A voice of joy, a shining face,  
That I may show, where'er I turn,  
Thy love within my soul doth burn!

Though life be sweet and joy be dear,

*p* Be in my mind a quiet fear;  
A patient love of pain and care,

*m* An enmity to dark despair;

A tenderness for all that stray,  
With strength to help them on the way;

*f* A cheerfulness, a heavenly mirth,  
Brightening my steps along the earth;

*m* I ask, and shrink, yet, shrink and ask :  
 I know Thou wilt not set a task  
 Too hard for hands that Thou hast made,  
 Too hard for hands that Thou canst aid.  
 So let me dwell all peacefully,  
 Content to live, content to die,  
*f* Rejoicing now, rejoicing then,  
 Rejoicing evermore. Amen.

**720** 8s 6s & 4. *E. H. Bickersteth.*

*m* REST in the Lord ; rest, weary heart,  
 With sin and sorrow worn,  
 And conscience rankling with the smart  
 Of pitiless self-scorn ;  
 O counting all beside but loss,  
 Climb Calvary's lowly hill,  
 And there beneath the bleeding cross  
 Rest and be still.

*m* Rest in the Lord ; what time the storm  
 Around thy pathway raves,  
 Behold His calm majestic form  
 Serenely walks the waves ;  
 And hark ! that tranquil voice is heard  
 Which winds and waves fulfil ;  
 O rest upon His changeless word ;  
 Rest and be still.

Rest in the Lord ; although the sands  
 Of life are running low,  
 Though clinging hearts and clasping  
 May not detain thee now : [hands  
 His hand is on thee ; death's alarms  
 Can never work thee ill :  
 Rest on His everlasting arms ;  
 Rest and be still.

Rest in the Lord ; no conflicts more,  
 The latest labour done ;  
 The weary strife for ever o'er,  
 The crown for ever won.

*f* Beside the crystal stream, that flows  
 From Zion's heavenly hill,  
 Rest in Eternal Love's repose ;  
 Rest and be still.

**721** 10s. *C. A. D. von Schlegel.*

*m* BE still, my soul : the Lord is on thy side ;  
 Bear patiently the cross of grief or  
 pain ;  
 Leave to thy God to order and provide ;  
 In every change He faithful will  
 remain.  
 Be still, my soul : thy best, thy heavenly  
 Friend [end.  
 Through thorny ways leads to a joyful

*p* Bestill, my soul : thy God doth undertake  
 To guide the future as He has the past.  
*m* Thy hope, thy confidence let nothing  
 shake ; [at last.

All now mysterious shall be bright  
 Be still, my soul : the waves and winds  
 still know [dwelt below.

His voice Who ruled them while He

*p* Be still, my soul : when dearest friends  
 depart, [tears,

And all is darkened in the vale of

*m* Then shalt thou better know His love,  
 His heart, [thy fears.

Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and  
 Be still, my soul : thy Jesus can repay  
 From His own fulness all He takes away.

Be still, my soul : the hour is hasten-  
 ing on [Lord,

When we shall be for ever with the

*p* When disappointment, grief, and fear  
 are gone, [restored.

Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys

Be still, my soul : when change and  
 tears are past, [last.

*m* All safe and blessed we shall meet at

**722** C.M. *H. Bonar.*

*m* CALM me, my God, and keep me calm ;  
 While these hot breezes blow,

Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm ;  
 Let Thine outstretched wing  
 Be like the shade of Elim's palm  
 Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
 The sounds my ear that greet :

Calm in the closet's solitude,  
 Calm in the bustling street ;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,

*p* Calm in the hour of pain ;  
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
 Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
 Like Him Who bore my shame ;

*m* Calm, 'mid the threatening, taunting  
 Who hate Thy holy Name ; [throng

Calm as the ray of sun or star,  
 Which storms assail in vain ;  
 Moving unruddled through earth's war,  
 The eternal calm to gain.

723

C.M.

Anon.

*m* WE bless Thee for Thy peace, O God,  
Deep as the unfathomed sea,  
Which falls like sunshine on the road  
Of those who trust in Thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose  
Which comes from outward rest,  
If we may have through all life's woes  
Thy peace within our breast;

*p* That peace which suffers and is strong,  
Trusts where it cannot see,  
Deems not the trial-way too long,  
But leaves the end with Thee;

*m* That peace which flows serene and deep,  
A river in the soul,  
Whose banks a living verdure keep—  
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,  
Whate'er the outward be,  
Till all life's discipline shall cease,  
And we go home to Thee.

724

C.M. *G. W. Briggs's "Hymns  
for Public Worship."*

*p* UNHEARD the dew around me fall,  
And heavenly influence shed;  
And silent on this earthly ball  
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,  
The stars sing on unheard,  
Their music pierces to the soul,  
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,  
And still the evening's place;  
And silently the earth is rolled  
Amidst the vast of space.

*m* In quietude Thy Spirit grows  
In man, from hour to hour;  
In calm eternal, onward flows  
Thy all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length  
Thy deep and silent voice:  
To work in stillness, wait in strength,  
With calmness to rejoice.

725

10s. *E. H. Bickersteth.*

*p* PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark  
world of sin? [within.

*m* The blood of Jesus whispers peace

*p* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging  
duties pressed?

*m* To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

*p* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows  
surging round? [found.  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones  
far away?

*m* In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all  
unknown?

Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

*p* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing  
us and ours? [powers.  
Jesus hath vanquished death and all its

*m* It is enough: earth's struggles soon  
shall cease, [peace.  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect

726

6s 4 & 10.

*m* WE ask for peace, O Lord!  
Thy children ask Thy peace;  
Not what the world calls rest,  
That toil and care should cease,  
That through bright sunny hours  
Calm life should fleet away,  
*p* And tranquil night should fade  
In smiling day;— [pray.  
It is not for such peace that we would

*m* We ask for peace, O Lord!  
Yet not to stand secure,  
Girt round with iron pride,  
Contented to endure:  
*p* Crushing the gentle strings  
That human hearts should know,  
Untouched by others' joy,  
Or others' woe;— [so.  
Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us

*f* We ask Thy peace, O Lord!  
Through storm, and fear, and strife,  
To light and guide us on,  
*m* Through a long, struggling life:  
While no success or gain  
Shall cheer the desperate fight,  
Or nerve what the world calls  
Our wasted might;— [the light.  
Yet pressing through the darkness \*,



*p* It is Thine own, O Lord ;  
 Who toil while others sleep,  
 Who sow with loving care  
 What other hands shall reap,  
 They lean on Thee entranced,  
 In calm and perfect rest :  
*m* Give us that peace, O Lord,  
 Divine and blest, [Thee best.  
 Thou keepest for those hearts who love

PILGRIMAGE AND PROSPECT.

**727** 6-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide  
 Of all who travel to the sky,  
 Come and with us, even us, abide,  
 Who would on Thee alone rely ;  
*f* On Thee alone our spirits stay,  
 While held in life's uneven way.  
*m* Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
 This earth, we know, is not our place,  
 But hasten through the vale of woe,  
 And, restless to behold Thy face,  
*f* Swift to our heavenly country move,  
 Our everlasting home above.  
*m* We've no abiding city here,  
 But seek a city out of sight ;  
 Thither our steady course we steer,  
 Aspiring to the plains of light,  
*f* Jerusalem, the saints' abode,  
 Whose founder is the living God.  
*p* Patient the appointed race to run,  
 This weary world we cast behind ;  
*m* From strength to strength we travel on,  
 The New Jerusalem to find :  
*f* Our labour this, our only aim,  
 To find the New Jerusalem.  
*p* Through Thee, Who all our sins hast  
 borne,  
 Freely and graciously forgiven,  
*m* With songs to Zion we return,  
 Contending for our native heaven ;  
 That palace of our glorious King,  
 We find it nearer while we sing.  
*f* Raised by the breath of Love Divine,  
 We urge our way with strength re-  
 newed,  
 The church of the first-born to join,  
 We travel to the mount of God :  
 With joy upon our heads arise,  
 And meet our Captain in the skies.

**728** 4-8s & 2-6s. *C. Wesley.*

*f* COME on my partners in distress,  
 My comrades through the wilderness,  
 Who still your bodies feel :  
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
 And look beyond this vale of tears,  
 To that celestial hill.  
*m* Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
 Look forward to that heavenly place,  
 The saints' secure abode :  
*f* On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,  
 And force your passage to the skies,  
 And scale the mount of God.  
*p* Who suffer with our Master here  
 Shall there before His face appear,  
 And by His side sit down :  
*m* To patient faith the prize is sure ;  
 And all that to the end endure  
 The cross shall wear the crown.  
*f* Thrice-blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !  
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;  
 It brings to life the dead :  
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
 And you and I ascend at last  
 Triumphant with our Head.  
 In hope of that ecstatic pause,  
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,  
 And at Thy footstool fall ;  
 Till Thou our hidden life reveal,  
 Till Thou our ravished spirits fill,  
 And God is All in All !

**729** 4-8s & 2-6s. *Wesley.*

*m* How happy is the pilgrim's lot !  
 How free from every anxious thought,  
 From worldly hope and fear !  
 Confined to neither court nor cell,  
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
 He only sojourns here.  
 His happiness in part is mine,  
 Already saved from low design,  
 From every creature-love ;  
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,  
 My soul is lightened of its load  
 And seeks the things above.  
*p* There is my house and portion fair,  
 My treasure and my heart are there,  
 And my abiding home ;  
*f* For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come.

*m* I come—Thy servant, Lord, replies;—  
 I come to meet Thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heavenly rest!  
*f* Now let the pilgrim's journey end:  
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
 Receive me to Thy breast!

**730** L.M. *T. Kelly.*

*m* WE'VE no abiding city here; [mind,  
 This may distress the worldling's  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.  
 We've no abiding city here;  
 Sad truth were this to be our home;  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here;  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do:  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.

We've no abiding city here;  
 We seek a city out of sight:  
 Zion its name—the Lord is there;  
 It shines with everlasting light.

*f* O sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are  
 Had I the pinions of a dove, [blest!  
 I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest.

*p* But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!  
 The time my God appoints is best:  
 While here to do His will be mine,  
 And His to fix my time of rest.

**731** L.M. *J. Newton.*

*m* AS when the weary traveller gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
 He sees his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-loved spot,  
 He slights the space that lies between;  
 His past fatigues are now forgot,  
 Because his journey's end is seen.

*f* Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to gain the prize.

*m* The thought of home his spirit cheers;  
 No more he grieves for troubles past;  
 Nor any future trial fears,  
 So he may safe arrive at last.

O Lord, on Thee our hope depends  
 To lead us on to Thine abode;  
 Assured our home will make amends  
 For all our toil while on the road.

**732** C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*f* How happy every child of grace  
 Who knows his sins forgiven!  
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
 I seek my place in heaven.

A country far from mortal sight;—  
 Yet, O! by faith I see  
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,  
 The heaven prepared for me.

*m* To that Jerusalem above  
 With singing I repair;  
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,  
 My heart and soul are there.  
 There my exalted Saviour stands,  
 My merciful High Priest,  
 And still extends His wounded hands,  
 To take me to His breast.

*p* What is there here to court my stay,  
 Or hold me back from home,  
 While angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come?  
 There we in Jesu's praise shall join,  
 His boundless love proclaim,  
 And solemnise, in songs Divine,  
 The marriage of the Lamb.

**733** 10s 4s & 10s.

*m* GUIDE, Holy Cloud, amidst the desert  
 Show me the way; [drear,  
 The shades of night are falling; be  
 Lest I should stray; [Thou near,  
 Lead, step by step, my feet along the  
 road—

A weary pilgrim, lead me on to God.

From Egypt I could not escape till Thou  
 Didst show the way;

The sprinkled blood delivered me, and  
 Still show the way; [now,

A stranger in a desert here I roam, [home,  
 By cloud and pillar, Saviour, lead me

The night is dark—the fiery pillar's  
 To show the way: [near,

The cloud, when needed, also will ap-  
 Lest I should stray: [pear,

Thus, ever present, guide me day and  
 night [bright.

To joys celestial and to mansions

Then, in Thy presence, may I, gracious  
 My Saviour King, [God,  
 Clothed in Thy righteousness, cleansed  
 Thy praises sing, [in Thy blood,  
 With ransomed hosts around Thy  
 throne above, [love.  
 Who know the sweetness of Jehovah's

734 7s & 6s. *Joseph of the Studium,*  
*trs. J. M. Neale.*

*m* O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
 If onward ye will tread,  
 With Jesus as your Fellow,  
 To Jesus as your Head!

O happy if ye labour  
 As Jesus did for men;  
 O happy if ye hunger  
 As Jesus hungered then!

The cross that Jesus carried  
 He carried as your due;

*f* The crown that Jesus weareth  
 He weareth it for you.

*m* The faith by which ye see Him,  
 The hope in which ye yearn,  
 The love that through all troubles  
 To Him alone will turn—

*p* The trials that beset you,  
 The sorrows ye endure,  
 The manifold temptations  
 That death alone can cure—

*m* What are they but His jewels  
 Of right celestial worth?  
 What are they but the ladder  
 Set up to heaven on earth?

*f* O happy band of pilgrims,  
 Look upward to the skies,  
 Where such a light affliction  
 Shall win you such a prize.

735 S.M. *E. H. Plumptre.*

*f* REJOICE, ye pure in heart,  
 Rejoice, give thanks and sing;  
 Your festal banner wave on high,  
 The cross of Christ your King.  
 With all the angel-choirs,  
 With all the saints on earth,  
 Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
 True rapture, noblest mirth.  
 With voice as full and strong  
 As ocean's surging praise,  
 Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,  
 The psalms of ancient days.

*m* Yes, on, through life's long path,  
 Still chanting as ye go,  
 From youth to age, by night and day,  
 In gladness and in woe.

*f* Still lift your standard high,  
 Still march in firm array,  
 As warriors through the darkness toil,  
 Till dawns the golden day.

*p* At last the march shall end,  
 The wearied ones shall rest,  
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,  
 Jerusalem the blest.

736 7s & 6s (Irreg.). *Robert Seagrave.*

*m* RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;

Rise from transitory things  
 Towards heaven, thy native place:  
 Sun and moon, and stars decay;  
 Time shall soon this earth remove;

Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;  
 Both speed them to their source;

*p* So my soul, derived from God,  
 Pants to view His glorious face,  
 Forward tends to His abode,  
 To rest in His embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
 Press onward to the prize;  
 Soon our Saviour will return  
 Triumphant in the skies:

*f* Yet a season, and you know  
 Happy entrance will be given,  
 All our sorrows left below,  
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

737 7s & 6s. *J. Burton, jun.*

*m* PILGRIMS we are and strangers,  
 As all our fathers were;

Our path is full of dangers,  
 Beset with many a snare:  
 But, in our God confiding,  
 No evil will we fear;

For our defence providing,  
 He will be ever near.

Our heavenly habitation  
 Attracts our longing eyes;  
 In sweet anticipation  
 We view the blissful prize;

That glimpse our souls inflaming  
With more intense desire,  
All earthly hopes disclaiming,  
To heavenly joys aspire.

*p* Jesus is gone before us,  
Those mansions to prepare;  
Soon shall we share His glories,  
And sing His praises there:  
*m* The prospect, O how cheering!  
We hail the happy day,  
And long for His appearing  
To bear our souls away.

*f* Then let us ne'er be weary,  
Nor faint upon the road;  
For, though the way be dreary,  
It leads us home to God:  
It leads us to that station  
Where foes no more annoy—  
That world of full salvation,  
And everlasting joy.

**738** 8s & 7s. *B. S. Ingemann, trs.  
S. Baring-Gould.*

*m* THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
*f* Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the promised land.

*m* Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;  
*f* Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

*m* One the Light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:

One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires:

*f* One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun.

One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the one Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

**739** L.M. *Jeanne M. B. Guion.*

*m* O THOU by long experience tried,  
Near Whom no grief can long abide,  
My Lord! how full of sweet content  
My years of pilgrimage are spent.

All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love;  
*f* Where'er they dwell, they dwell with  
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea. [Thee,

*m* To me remains nor place nor time;  
My country is in every clime;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek or place we shun,  
The soul finds happiness in none;  
*f* But with my God to guide my way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

*m* Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

Then let me to His throne repair,  
And never be a stranger there:

*f* Then love Divine shall be my guard,  
And peace and safety my reward.

**740** 4-10s. *E. E. Burman.*

*m* TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to  
die—

Gently and silently to pass away,  
On earth's long night to close the heavy  
eye, [day,

And waken in the realms of glorious  
Teach me that harder lesson, how to  
live, [of life;

To serve Thee in the darkest paths  
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour  
give, [in the strife.

And make me more than conqueror  
Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfil;  
Bright for Thy glory let my tapers shine;  
Each day renew, remould the stubborn  
will; [tions twine.

Closer round Thee my heart's affec-  
Teach me to live! No idler let me be,  
But in Thy service hand and heart  
employ,

Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully:  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.



Teach me to live, my daily cross to  
bear, [its load ;  
Nor murmur, though I bend beneath  
Only be with me ; let me feel Thee near ;  
Thy smile sheds gladness on the  
darkened road.

Teach me to live, with kindly words  
for all, [gloom,  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy  
call [home.  
Summon my spirit to its heavenly

ANTICIPATIONS OF HEAVEN.

741 S.M.D. H. Bennett.

*m* I HAVE a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free ;  
A mansion which Eternal Love  
Designed and formed for me ;  
My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode ;  
From everlasting it was planned,  
My dwelling-place with God.

My Saviour's precious blood  
Has made my title sure :  
He passed through death's dark raging  
To make my rest secure : [flood,  
The Comforter is come,  
The earnest has been given ;  
He leads me onward to the home  
Reserved for me in heaven.

*p* Bright angels guard my way ;  
His ministers of power,  
Encamping round me night and day,  
Preserve in danger's hour.  
Loved ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
I soon shall greet them on that shore,  
Where partings are unknown.

*m* But, more than all, I long  
His glories to behold,  
Whose smile fills all that radiant  
With ecstasy untold : [throng  
That bright, yet tender smile—  
My sweetest welcome there—  
Shall cheer me through the "little  
I tarry for Him here. [while"

*f* Thy love, Thou precious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be ;  
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening  
That bids me rise to Thee : [word  
And then, through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine.

742 7s & 6s. C. L. Smith.

*m* O, FOR the robes of whiteness !  
O, for the tearless eyes !  
O, for the glorious brightness  
Of the unclouded skies !

O, for the no more weeping  
Within that land of love,  
The endless joy of keeping  
The bridal feast above !

O, for the bliss of flying  
My risen Lord to meet !  
O, for the rest of lying  
For ever at His feet !

*p* O, for the hour of seeing  
My Saviour face to face !  
The hope of ever being  
In that sweet meeting-place !

*m* Jesus ! Thou King of Glory,  
I soon shall dwell with Thee ;  
I soon shall sing the story  
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter  
E'en now before Thy throne,  
That all my love may centre  
In Thee, and Thee alone.

743 C.M. Eliel Davis.

*m* THERE is a heaven of perfect peace,  
The eternal throne is there ;  
But what that tearless region is,  
It doth not yet appear.

And there are angels, strong and fair,  
Who know not sin nor fear ;  
But what the robes of white they wear,  
It doth not yet appear.

*p* And there are ransomed spirits too,  
Who once were pilgrims here ;  
But how the Saviour's face they view,  
It doth not yet appear.

*m* And there are sweet commingling thoughts,  
 And blest communion there;  
 But how they blend their heavenly  
 It doth not yet appear. [notes,  
 And there is worship in the sky,  
 And songs of loftiest cheer;  
 But how they sweep their harps on  
 It doth not yet appear. [high,  
 Then, O, my soul, with patience wait;  
 The happy hour is near  
 When thou shalt pass the pearly gate,  
 Where it will all appear!

**744** 8s & 6s. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* O PARADISE! O Paradise!  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest?  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through  
 In God's most holy sight.

*m* O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 The world is growing old;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold?  
 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 'Tis weary waiting here;  
 I long to be where Jesus is,  
 To feel, to see Him near;  
 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I want to sin no more,  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore;  
 O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I shall not wait for long;  
 E'en now the loving heart may catch  
 Faint fragments of thy song;  
 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 O keep me in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above!

**745** 4-6s & 2-8s. *S. Crossman.*

*m* JERUSALEM on high  
 My song and city is,  
 My home whene'er I die,  
 The centre of my bliss:  
*f* O happy place, when shall I be,  
 My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

*m* There dwells my Lord, my King,  
 Judged here unfit to live:  
 There angels to Him sing,  
 And lowly homage give:  
 The patriarchs of old  
 There from their travels cease:  
 The prophets there behold  
 Their longed-for Prince of Peace:  
 The Lamb's apostles there  
 I might with joy behold,  
 The harpers I might hear  
 Harping on harps of gold:  
 The bleeding martyrs, they  
 Within those courts are found,  
 Clothed in pure array,  
 Their scars with glory crowned:  
 Ah me! Ah me! that I  
 In Kedar's tents here stay:  
 No place like that on high!  
 Lord, thither guide my way:

**746** S.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*f* FOR ever with the Lord!  
 Amen, so let it be;  
 Life from the dead is in that word;  
 'Tis immortality.  
*m* Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam;  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.  
 My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near,  
 At times, to faith's far-seeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear.  
 My thirsty spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.  
 For ever with the Lord!  
 Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
 E'en here to me fulfil.  
*p* O, when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
 By death may I escape from death,  
 And life eternal gain.  
*m* Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
 And oft repeat before the throne,  
 "For ever with the Lord!"

747 2-8s & 7 3-8s & 7.  
J. Swain and E. H. Bickersteth.

*m* "FOR ever!"—beatific word:  
To be for ever with the Lord:  
A bond no death can sever:  
O tidings straight from glory brought,  
With endless Hallelujahs fraught;  
*f* O heaven of heavens, beyond all  
With Jesus and for ever! [thought,  
*m* For ever to behold Him shine,  
For evermore to call Him mine,  
And see Him still before me;  
For ever on His face to gaze,  
And meet His full assembled rays,  
*f* While all the Father He displays  
To all the saints in glory.  
*m* Not all things else are half so dear  
As His delightful presence here—  
What must it be in heaven!  
'Tis heaven on earth to hear Him say,  
As now I journey day by day,  
*p* "Poor sinner, cast thy fears away,  
Thy sins are all forgiven."  
*f* But how must His celestial voice  
Make my enraptured heart rejoice,  
When I in glory hear Him!  
While I before the heavenly gate  
For everlasting entrance wait,  
And Jesus on His throne of state  
Invites me to come near Him:  
*m* "Come in, thou blessed, sit by Me;  
With My own life I ransomed thee;  
Come, taste My perfect favour:  
Come in, thou happy spirit, come;  
Thou now shalt dwell with Me at home;  
Ye blissful mansions, make him room,  
For he must stay for ever!"

748 S.M. H. Bonar.

*m* A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest—  
Asleep within the tomb.  
A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not—  
A far serener clime.  
A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more.

*p* A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more.  
*m* A few more Sabbaths here  
Shall cheer us on our way;  
And we shall reach the endless rest,  
The eternal Sabbath Day.  
*p* Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
O, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

749 S.M. P. Cary.

*m* THIS sweetly solemn thought  
Can cheer the darkest hour,  
I'm nearer to my home to-day  
Than e'er I've been before.  
Nearer the nightless day,  
Nor sun nor moon to shiue;  
Nearer the fountains pure and deep,  
Water of life Divine.  
Nearer the pearly gates,  
The city pure as gold:  
Nearer the presence of its King,  
To share His love untold.  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be;  
Nearer the glorious great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea.  
*p* Nearer the vale of death,  
To lay my burden down,  
To bear the palm, and wear the crown,  
And stand before the throne.  
*m* Jesus, confirm my trust,  
Strengthen my feeble faith;  
Near may I feel Thee when I stand  
Upon the shore of death;  
Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping o'er the brink;  
It may be that I'm nearer home—  
Nearer now than I think.

750 7s & 6s. A. R. Cousin.

*m* THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of heaven breaks,  
The summer time I've sighed for,  
The fair, sweet morn awakes;  
*p* Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,  
*c* But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
*f* In Immanuel's land.

*m* O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The sweet, deep well of love !  
The streams on earth I've tasted  
More deep I'll drink above.

*c* There, to an ocean fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
*f* And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land.

*m* The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face ;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of Grace—  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand :  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

**751** (Irregular.) *Tennyson.*

*m* SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me !  
And may there be no moaning of the  
When I put out to sea, [bar  
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the  
Turns again home. [boundless deep

*p* Twilight and evening bell  
And after that the dark !  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark ;

*m* For though from out our bourne of time  
The flood may bear me far, [and place  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

**752** 7s & 6. *T. B. Pollock.*

*m* JESUS, Life of those who die,  
Advocate with God on high,  
Hope of immortality :

*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*m* Thou, Whose death was borne that we,  
From the power of Satan free,  
Might not die eternally :

*f* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*m* Thou, Who dost a place prepare,  
That in heavenly mansions fair  
Sinners may Thy glories share :

*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*m* We are dying day by day,  
Soon from earth we pass away !  
Lord of Life, to Thee we pray :

*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

*m* Shelter us with angel's wing,  
To our souls Thy pardon bring ;  
So shall death have lost its sting :

*p* Hear us, Holy Jesus.

In the gloom Thy light provide,  
Safely through the valley guide ;  
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died !  
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

**753** C.M.D.

*m* No night of sorrow shall be there !  
All griefs, all sighs are o'er ;  
No bleeding heart, no tear-dimmed eye,  
On that celestial shore.  
God, with His gentle hand of love,  
Shall wipe all tears away,  
And in His presence we shall joy,  
Secure in endless day !

No night of sin can enter there !

Like Jesus we shall be ;

For we shall see Him as He is,

And holy be as He.

No wandering thoughts, no anxious

Shall agitate our breast, [cares,

No sin shall mar our services

In yonder land of rest !

*p* No night of suffering there !

No weariness, no pain ;

The ransomed in that better land

Shall ne'er be sick again.

No aching heart, no fevered brow,

Shall weigh our spirits down ;

*m* For in Immanuel's happy land

All sickness is unknown.

*p* No night of parting shall be there !

Our loved ones gone before

*m* Shall hail us at the gates of bliss ;

We'll meet to part no more.

To be for ever with the Lord,

Our griefs, our trials o'er ;

No tearful eye, no sad farewell,

On yonder radiant shore !

*p* No night of death can enter there

To close our peaceful rest !

No tender ties are severed in

The mansions of the blest.

*f* Once in our happy, longed-for home,

We'll rest in Jesus' love ;

For night can never, never be

In God's own house above.



754

S.M.D. C. Wesley.

*m* WE know, by faith, we know,  
If this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle, sink below  
In ruinous decay,  
We have a house above,  
Not made with mortal hands;  
And firm as our Redeemer's love  
That heavenly fabric stands.  
It stands securely high,  
Indissolubly sure;  
Our glorious mansion in the sky  
Shall evermore endure:  
O, were we entered there,  
To perfect heaven restored!  
O, were we all caught up to share  
The triumph of our Lord!  
O, let us put on Thee  
In perfect holiness,  
And rise prepared Thy face to see,  
Thy bright unclouded face!  
Thy grace with glory crown,  
Who hast the earnest given;  
And now triumphantly come down,  
And take our souls to heaven!

755

2-6s &amp; 4-7s. C. Wesley.

*m* How weak the thoughts and vain  
Of self-deluding men;  
Men, who, fixed to earth alone,  
Think their houses shall endure,  
Fondly call their lands their own,  
To their distant heirs secure.  
How happy, then, are we,  
Who build, O Lord, on Thee;  
What can our foundation shock?  
Though the shattered earth remove,  
Stands our city on a rock,  
On the rock of heavenly love.  
A house we call our own,  
Which cannot be o'erthrown;  
In the general ruin sure,  
Storms and earthquakes it defies;  
Built immovably secure;  
Built eternal in the skies.  
*f* High on Thy great white throne,  
O King of saints, come down;  
In the New Jerusalem  
Now triumphantly descend;  
Let the final trump proclaim  
Joys begun which ne'er shall end.

## CLOSE OF EARTHLY LIFE.

756

8s &amp; 7s. C. Wesley.

*m* HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below:  
Go, by angel guards attended,  
To the sight of Jesus go!  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands above;  
Shows the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.  
Struggle through thy latest passion  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,  
To His uttermost salvation,  
To His everlasting rest.  
For the joy He sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain;  
Die, to live the life of glory,  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

757

L.M. M. Mackay.

*p* ASLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the dread of foes.  
Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
*m* No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.  
Asleep in Jesus! O, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my body lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.  
*p* Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
*m* But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.  
Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting.

758

10s &amp; 2. S. Doudney.

*p* SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy  
rest; [breast;  
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee  
best:

Good-night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's  
sleep ; [weep ;  
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and  
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep :  
Good-night !

*m* Until the shadows from this earth are  
cast,  
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,  
Until the twilight gloom is over-passed,  
*p* Good-night !

*m* Until the Lord's new glory floods the  
skies,  
Until the loved in Jesus shall arise,  
And He shall come, but not in lowly  
guise,  
*p* Good-night !

*m* Until, made beautiful by love Divine,  
Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt  
shine, [of thine,  
And He shall bring that golden crown  
*p* Good-night !

*m* Only "Good-night !" beloved, not  
"Farewell !" [dwell  
A little while and all His saints shall  
In hallowed union, indivisible :  
Good-night !

Until we meet again before His throne,  
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives  
His own,  
Until we know even as we are known,  
Good-night !

**759** 4-7s & 2-8s. *J. Ellerton.*

*m* Now the labourer's task is o'er,  
Now the battle-day is past ;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.

*p* Father, in Thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*m* There the tears of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.

There the Shepherd, bringing home  
Many a lamb forlorn and strayed,  
Shelters each, no more to roam,  
Where the wolf can ne'er invade.

There the penitents who turn  
To the cross their dying eyes  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At His feet in Paradise.

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well  
He Who died for their release.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say ;  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection day.

**760** 3-8s & 4. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found :  
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,  
*p* Low in the ground.

*m* The storm that wrecks the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
*p* That shuts the rose.

*m* There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And, while the mouldering ashes sleep  
*p* Low in the ground,

*m* The soul, of origin Divine,  
God's glorious image freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day !

*f* The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky ;  
The soul, immortal as its Sire,  
Shall never die !

**761** P.M. *R. Heber.*

*m* THOU art gone to the grave : but we  
will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encom-  
pass the tomb ; [portal before thee,  
Thy Saviour has passed through its  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide  
through the gloom.

*p* Thou art gone to the grave : we no  
longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough path of the  
world by thy side ;

*m* But the wide arms of mercy are spread  
to enfold thee, [has died,  
And sinners may die, for the Sinless

*p* Thou art gone to the grave: and, its  
mansion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear  
lingered long; [on thy waking,  
*m* But the mild rays of Paradise beamed  
And the sound which thou heardst  
was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we  
will not deplore thee,  
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy  
Guardian, and Guide;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He  
will restore thee;  
And death has no sting, for the  
Saviour has died.

**762** 3-6s & 3-8s. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* FRIEND after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That hath not here an end:  
*p* Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond this vale of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections, transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

*m* There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A whole eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here  
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day:  
Nor sink those stars in night—  
They hide themselves in heaven's own  
light.

**763** L.M. *B. Clark.*

*m* SAY, why should friendship grieve for  
those  
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?  
Released from all their hurtful foes,  
They are not lost—but gone before.

How many painful days on earth  
Their fainting spirits numbered o'er!  
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,  
They are not lost—but gone before.

*p* Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,  
And sweet the strains which angels  
pour;  
O, why should we in anguish weep?  
They are not lost—but gone before.

*m* Secure from every mortal care,  
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,  
Eternal happiness they share,  
Who are not lost—but gone before.

*f* To Zion's peaceful courts above  
In faith triumphant may we soar,  
Embracing in the arms of love  
The friends not lost—but gone before.

On Jordan's bank whene'er we come  
And hear the swelling waters roar,  
Jesus, convey us safely home,  
To friends not lost—but gone before.

**764** 8s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* REJOICE for a brother deceased,  
Our loss is his infinite gain;  
A soul out of prison released,  
And free from its bodily chain;

*f* With songs let us follow his flight,  
And mount with his spirit above,  
Escaped to the mansions of light,  
And lodged in the Eden of love.

*m* Our brother the haven hath gained,  
Out-flying the tempest and wind;  
His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
And left his companions behind,  
Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
Where all is assurance and peace,  
And sorrow and sin are no more.

There all the ship's company meet,  
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,  
*f* With shouting each other they greet,  
And triumph o'er trouble and death:  
The voyage of life's at an end,  
The mortal affliction is past;  
The age that in heaven they spend  
For ever and ever shall last

765

8-7s.

C. Wesley.

*m* HARK! a voice divides the sky,  
Happy are the faithful dead!  
In the Lord who sweetly die,  
They from all their toils are freed.  
Them the Spirit hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest:  
Jesus is their great reward,  
Jesus is their endless rest.

Followed by their works, they go  
Where their Head hath gone before:  
Reconciled by grace below,  
Grace had opened Mercy's door;  
Justified through faith alone,  
Here they knew their sins forgiven;  
Here they laid their burden down,  
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

*p* Who can now lament the lot  
Of a saint in Christ deceased?  
Let the world, who know us not,  
Call us hopeless and unblessed;  
When from flesh the spirit, freed,  
Hastens homeward to return,  
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"  
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

*m* Born into the world above,  
They our happy brother greet,  
Bear him to the throne of love,  
Place him at the Saviour's feet:  
Jesus smiles, and says, "Well done,  
Good and faithful servant thou;  
Enter, and receive thy crown,  
Reign with Me triumphant now."

766

L.M. A. L. Barbauld.

*m* How blest the righteous when he dies!  
When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes;  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are  
So gently shuts the eye of day; [o'er;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

*p* A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys:  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

*m* Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate  
dwell: [appears!  
How bright the unchanging morn  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!  
Life's labour done, as sinks the clay;  
Light from its load, the spirit flies;  
*f* While heaven and earth combine to  
say, [dies!"  
"How blest the righteous when he

767

C.M.

I. Watts.

*m* HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-  
For all the pious dead! [claims  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their dying-bed.

*p* They die in Jesus, and are blest:  
How calm their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from woe released,  
And freed from every snare:

*m* Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a great reward.

*f* Till that illustrious morning come,  
When all Thy saints shall rise,  
And, decked in full immortal bloom,  
Attend Thee to the skies:  
Their tongues, great Prince of Life, shall  
With their recovered breath, [join  
And all the' immortal host ascribe  
Their victory to Thy death.

768

C.M.

*p* O, WEEP not for the blessed dead,  
Their days of grief are o'er;  
*m* Their sicknesses, their pangs of heart,  
Are felt by them no more.  
*p* O, weep not for the blessed dead,  
Their sins are all forgiven, [blood,  
*m* Through Him Who washed them in His  
And made them meet for heaven.  
*p* O, weep not for the blessed dead,  
No tears their eyes bedim:  
*m* They see His face, Who, by His grace,  
Had turned their hearts to Him.  
*p* O, weep not for the blessed dead,  
Safe in their Father's home;  
*m* They've gained the victory over death,  
And triumphed o'er the tomb.



*p* O, weep not for the blessed dead,  
 Their struggles all are o'er;  
*f* They live with Him Who gave them life,  
 And they shall die no more!

769

C.M. E. H. Bickersteth.

*m* So heaven is gathering, one by one,  
 In its capacious breast,  
 All that is pure and permanent,  
 And beautiful and blest.

The family is scattered yet,  
 Though of one home and heart;  
 Part militant in earthly gloom,  
 In heavenly glory part.

*f* But who can speak the rapture, when  
 The number is complete,  
 And all the children sundered now  
 Around one Father meet?

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,  
 One everlasting home,  
 Our Father's house, from Whose dear  
 No wanderer e'er shall roam. [rest

770

6-8s.

J. Ellerton.

*m* GOD of the living, in Whose eyes  
 Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;  
 All souls are Thine; we must not say

*p* That those are dead who pass away;  
 From this our world of flesh set free,  
*f* We know them living unto Thee.

*m* Released from earthly toil and strife,  
 With Thee is hidden still their life;  
 Thine are their thoughts, their works,  
 their powers,

All Thine, and yet most truly ours;  
 For well we know, where'er they be,

*f* Our dead are living unto Thee.

*m* Not spilt like water on the ground,  
 Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
 Not wandering in unknown despair  
 Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;  
 Not left to lie like fallen tree;

*f* Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;

*m* To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust:  
 And bless Thee for the love which gave  
 Thy Son to fill a human grave,

*f* That none might fear that world to see  
 Where all are living unto Thee.

*m* O Breather into men of breath,  
 O Holder of the keys of death,  
 O Giver of the life within,  
*p* Save us from death, the death of sin;  
*f* That body, soul, and spirit be  
 For ever living unto Thee.

771

P.M.

A. Pope.

*m* VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame:  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
 O the pain—the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!

*p* Hark, they whisper! Angels say,  
 "Sister spirit, come away!"  
 What is this absorbs me quite,  
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—  
 Drowns my spirit—draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?  
 The world recedes—it disappears!  
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring!

*f* Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O Grave! where is thy victory?  
 O Death! where is thy sting?

HEAVEN AND ITS GLORIES.

772

C.M. F. B. P., from Augustine's  
*Meditations.*

*f* JERUSALEM, my happy home!

Name ever dear to me;  
 When shall my labours have an end,  
 In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
 And pearly gates behold? [walls  
 Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?

*m* O, when, thou city of my God,  
 Shall I thy courts ascend,  
 Where congregations ne'er break up,  
 And Sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom  
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:  
 Blest seats! through rude and stormy  
 I onward press to you. [scenes,

*p* Why should I shrink from pain and  
 Or feel at death dismay? [woe?  
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
 And realms of endless day.

*m* Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below  
 Will join the glorious band.

*p* Jerusalem, my happy home!  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
 Then shall my labours have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

**773** 8-6s. *Sir H. W. Baker.*

*m* THERE is a blessed home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crowned,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.

*p* There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.

*m* O joy, all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands, and feet, and side;  
 To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done.  
 Look up, ye saints of God,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe;  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above.

**774** C.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.

*m* There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-withering flowers;

*p* Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.

*m* Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.

*p* But timorous mortals start and shrink  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger shivering on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.

*m* O, could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love  
 With unobscured eyes:

*f* Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold  
 Should fright us from the shore.

**775** C.M. *S. Stennett.*

*f* ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
 And cast a wistful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.

O, the transporting, rapturous scene  
 That rises to my sight!  
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
 And rivers of delight!

*m* There generous fruits that never fail  
 On trees immortal grow;  
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and  
 With milk and honey flow. [vales,

All o'er those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day;  
 There God the Sun for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.

*p* No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
 Can reach that healthful shore:  
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
 Are felt and feared no more.

*m* When shall I reach that happy place,  
 And be for ever blest?  
 When shall I see my Father's face,  
 And in His bosom rest?

*f* Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
 Would here no longer stay:  
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
 Fearless I'd launch away.

776

S.M. *F. M. Knollys.*

- m* THERE is no night in heaven :  
In that blest world above  
Work never can bring weariness,  
For work itself is love.
- p* There is no grief in heaven :  
For all is perfect day ;  
And tears are 'mid those former things  
Which all have passed away.
- m* There is no sin in heaven,  
Amid that blessed throng ;  
All holy is their spotless robe,  
All holy is their song.
- There is no death in heaven :  
For they who gain that shore  
*f* Have won their immortality,  
And they can die no more.
- m* Lord Jesus, be our Guide ;  
O lead us safely on,  
Till night and grief and sin and death  
Are past, and heaven is won.

777 *7s & 6s. Bernard of Morlaix, trs.*  
*J. M. Neale.*

FIRST PART.

- p* BRIEF life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.
- m* O, happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest.
- And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown ;
- But He Whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known ;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.
- The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day ;
- f* There, God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.

778

*7s & 6s. Bernard of Morlaix, trs.*  
*J. M. Neale.*

SECOND PART.

- f* JERUSALEM the golden !  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppress.  
I know not, O, I know not,  
What joys await us there,  
What radiance of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.
- m* They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng ;  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- There is the throne of David ;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast ;  
And they who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.
- f* O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect !  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

779 *7s & 6s. Bernard of Morlaix, trs.*  
*J. M. Neale.*

THIRD PART.

- m* FOR thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

*f* With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emerald blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up the fabric,  
The corner-stone is Christ.

*m* Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

*f* O one, O only mansion!  
O paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy;  
The Lamb is all thy splendour,  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His land and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise.

780

C.M.

H. Bonar.

*f* THOU city with the jewelled crest,  
Like some new-lighted sun;  
A blaze of burning amethyst,  
Ten thousand orbs in one;—  
*m* Thou art the city of the saints,  
Where we so soon shall stand,  
When we shall strike these desert-tents,  
And quit this desert-sand.

Fair vision! how thy distant gleam  
Brightens time's saddest hue;  
Far fairer than the fairest dream,  
And yet so strangely true!  
Thy light makes e'en the darkest page  
In memory's scroll grow fair,  
Blanching the lines which tears and age  
Had only deepened there.

*p* With Thee in view, how poor appear  
The world's most winning smiles;  
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,  
And vain hell's varied wiles.

*u* Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!  
And welcome sorrow too!  
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,  
With such a prize in view.

*f* Come, crown and throne! come, robe  
and palm!  
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!  
Come, holy city of the Lamb!  
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

781

7s 6s & 8s (Irreg.).

Godfrey Thring.

*f* I HEARD a sound of voices  
Around the great white throne,  
With harpers harping on their harps  
To Him Who sat thereon;  
"Salvation, glory, honour,"  
I heard the song arise,  
As through the courts of heaven it rolled  
In wondrous harmonies.

*m* I saw the holy city,  
The New Jerusalem,  
Come down from heaven a bride  
With jewelled diadem; [adorned  
The flood of crystal waters  
Flowed down the golden street;  
And nations brought their honours  
And laid them at her feet. [there,

And there nor sun was needed,  
Nor moon to shine by night;  
God's glory did enlighten all—  
The Lamb Himself the Light;  
And there His servants serve Him,  
And, life's long battle o'er,  
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour  
They reign for evermore. [King

*f* O great and glorious vision!  
The Lamb upon His throne;  
O wondrous sight for man to see!  
The Saviour with His own:  
To drink the living waters,  
And stand upon the shore,  
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death  
Shall ever enter more.

O Lamb of God Who reignest!  
Thou Bright and Morning Star,  
Whose glory lightens that new earth  
Which now we see from far;

*p* O worthy Judge Eternal!  
When Thou dost bid us come,  
Then open wide the gates of pearl,  
*f* And call Thy servants home.



THE SAINTS REDEEMED.

782 C.M. C. Wesley.

*m* COME, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise.  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing  
With those to glory gone ;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.  
One family we dwell in Him,  
One Church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.  
One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
*p* And part are crossing now.  
*m* Ten thousand to their endless home  
This solemn moment fly !  
And we are to the margin come,  
And we expect to die.  
His militant, embodied host,  
With wishful looks we stand,  
And long to see that happy coast,  
And reach that heavenly land.  
E'en now by faith we join our hands  
With those that went before,  
And greet the blood besprinkled bands  
On the eternal shore.

783 C.M. I. Watts.

*m* GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.  
*p* Once they were mourners here below,  
And poured out cries and tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.  
*m* I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.  
They marked the footsteps that He trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast ;  
And, following their Incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

*f* Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For His own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.

784 8-7s. C. Wesley.

*m* WHO are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noonday sun,  
Foremost of the sons of light,  
Nearest the eternal throne ?  
*p* These are they that bore the cross,  
Nobly for their Master stood,  
Sufferers in His righteous cause,  
Followers of the dying Lord.  
Out of great distress they came,  
Washed their robes by faith below  
In the blood of yonder Lamb,  
Blood that washes white as snow :  
*m* Therefore are they next the throne,  
Serve their Maker day and night :  
God resides among His own,  
God doth in His saints delight.  
*f* More than conquerors at last,  
Here they find their trials o'er ;  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more :  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray ;  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day.  
*m* He that on the throne doth reign,  
Evermore His saints shall feed,  
With the tree of life sustain,  
To the living fountain lead :  
*f* He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove,  
Wipe the tears from every face,  
Fill up every soul with love.

785 8-7s. J. Montgomery.

*m* WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning one triumphant song—  
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
New dominion every hour ?"  
*p* These through fiery trials trod,  
These from great affliction came ;  
*m* Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His almighty Name.

Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

*p* Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead :

*f* Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels all fears ;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

**786** 8s & 7s (Irreg.).  
*H. T. Schenck, trs. F. E. Cox.*

*m* WHO are these like stars appearing,  
These before God's throne who stand ?

Each a golden crown is wearing :  
Who are all this glorious band ?

*f* Hallelujah ! Hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

*p* Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
Clothed in God's own righteousness ?  
These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
Shall their lustre still possess,  
Still untouched by time's rude hand ?  
Whence come all this glorious band ?

*m* These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng :  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried ;  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified ;  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

These are they who watched and waited,  
Offering up to Christ their will,  
Soul and body consecrated  
Day and night to serve Him still ;  
Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before His face.

**787** 4-7s. *J. Montgomery.*

*f* PALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the saints in light ; [they.  
Conquerors, priests, and kings are

Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the Lamb amidst the throne ;  
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,  
Victory through His cross alone.

Kings for harps their crowns resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
"Take the kingdom—it is Thine,  
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

*p* Who are these ? On earth they dwelt  
Sinners once of Adam's race ;  
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,  
But were saved by sovereign grace.

They were mortal, too, like us !  
Ah ! when we, like them, shall die,  
*f* May our souls, translated thus,  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high !

**788** 7s 6s & 8s. *H. Alford.*

*f* TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints,  
Throng up the steeps of light :

*p* 'Tis finished—all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin ;

*f* Fling open wide the golden gates !  
And let the victors in !

What rush of Hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky !

What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !

*m* O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made :

O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !

O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,

What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more !

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late ;

Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

**789** C.M. *W. Cameron.*

*m* How bright these glorious spirits shine !  
Whence all their white array ?

How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day ?

Lo ! these are they, from sufferings  
Who came to realms of light ; [great,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now, with triumphant palms, they stand  
Before the throne on high,  
And serve the God they love, amidst  
The glories of the sky.

*p* Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray;  
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

*m* The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the  
Shall o'er them still preside, [throne,  
Feed them with nourishment Divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green He'll lead His flock  
Where living streams appear;  
And God the Lord from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

**790** 6-8s. *W. D. MacLagan.*

*m* THE saints of God! their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword;  
They cast them down before their Lord:

*f* O happy saints! for ever blest,  
At Jesu's feet how safe your rest!

*m* The saints of God! their wanderings  
done,

No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal:

*f* O happy saints! for ever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

*m* The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,  
No roaring billows lift their head:

*f* O happy saints! for ever blest  
In that calm haven of your rest!

*p* The saints of God their vigil keep  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
Till from the dust they too shall rise,  
And soar triumphant to the skies:

*f* O happy saints! rejoice and sing;  
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

*m* O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;  
O Saviour, plead for us on high;  
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end—

*f* That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright paradise with Thee.

**791**

L.M.

*R. Hill.*

*m* EXALTED high at God's right hand,  
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,  
With glory crowned, in white array,  
My wondering soul says, "Who are  
they?"

These are the saints beloved of God,  
Washed are their robes in Jesu's blood:  
More spotless than the purest white,  
They shine in uncreated light.

Brighter than angels, lo! they shine,  
Their glories great, and all Divine;  
Tell me their origin, and say  
Their order what, and whence came they.

*p* Through tribulation great they came;  
They bore the cross, and scorned the  
Within the living temple blest, [shame:  
In God they dwell, and on Him rest.

Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,  
Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;  
*m* To wells of living waters led  
By God, the Lamb, for ever fed.

*p* Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;  
They sing the wonders of His Name;  
To Him ascribing power and grace,  
Dominion and eternal praise.

**792**

S.M.

*J. Kent.*

*m* WHAT cheering words are these!  
Their sweetness who can tell?  
In time and to eternal days,  
" 'Tis with the righteous well."

In every state secure,  
Kept as Jehovah's eye,  
'Tis well with them while life endure,  
And well when called to die.

Well when they see His face,  
Or sink amidst the flood;  
Well in affliction's thorny maze,  
Or on the mount with God.

'Tis well when joys arise;  
'Tis well when sorrows flow;  
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
And strong temptations grow.

'Tis well when at His throne  
They wrestle, weep, and pray;  
'Tis well when at His feet they groan,  
Yet bring their wants away.

'Tis well when Jesus calls—  
 "From earth and sin, arise,  
 To join the hosts of ransomed souls,  
 Made to salvation wise."

**793** L.M. *R. Hill and T. Cotterill.*

*m* Lo! round the throne, at God's right  
 hand,  
 The saints, in countless myriads, stand;  
 Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
 Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came;  
 They bore the cross, despised the shame;  
 From all their labours now they rest,  
 In God's eternal glory blest.

*p* Hunger and thirst they feel no more,  
 Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;  
 The tears are wiped from every eye,  
 And sorrow yields to endless joy.

*m* They see their Saviour face to face,  
 And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
 Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
 And thus the loud hosanna raise:—

*f* "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Through endless years to live and reign;  
 Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
 And made us kings and priests to God."

**794** 8s & 7s. *C. Wordsworth.*

*f* HARK! the sound of holy voices,  
 Chanting at the crystal sea,  
 "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
 Hallelujah!" Lord to Thee.

Multitudes, which none can number,  
 Like the stars, in glory stand,  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding  
 Palms of victory in their hand.

*m* They have come from tribulation,  
 And have washed their robes in blood,  
 Washed them in the blood of Jesus;  
 Tried they were, and firm they stood;  
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
 They have conquered death and Satan  
 By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
 They have triumphed, following  
 Thee, the Captain of Salvation,  
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.  
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;  
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
 And, by death, to life immortal  
 They were born and glorified.

*f* Now they reign in heavenly glory;  
 Now they walk in golden light;  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite;  
 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the beatific vision  
 Of the blessed Trinity.

*m* God of God, the One-begotten,  
 Light of Light, Immanuel,  
 In Whose body joined together  
 All the saints for ever dwell,  
 Pour upon us of Thy fulness,  
 That we may for evermore  
 God the Father, God the Son, and  
 God the Holy Ghost adore.

## NINTH DIVISION.

### THE CHURCH OF CHRIST:

#### ITS BLESSEDNESS AND SECURITY.

**795** 8s & 7s. *J. Newton.*

*f* GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Zion, city of our God:  
 He Whose words cannot be broken  
 Formed thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose?  
 With salvation's wall surrounded,  
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:



Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !  
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,  
Makes them kings and priests to God.

*m* Saviour, if of Zion's city  
I through grace a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy Name :  
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
All his boasted pomp and show ;  
*f* Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.

**796** 7s & 6s. *S. J. Stone.*

*m* THE Church's one Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the Word :  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy bride,  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
One charter of salvation,  
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses,  
With every grace endued.

*p* 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
'Mid tumult, storm, and war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;

*f* Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

*m* Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.

*f* O happy ones and holy !  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee !

**797** L.M. *Anon. (Sarum Brev.)*

*m* O WONDROUS type ! O vision fair  
Of glory that the Church shall share,  
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,  
Where brighter than the sun He glows !

*f* With shining face and bright array,  
Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
What glory shall be theirs above  
Who joy in God with perfect love.

*m* And faithful hearts are raised on high  
By this great vision's mystery,  
For which in joyful strains we raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

*f* O Father, with the Eternal Son  
And Holy Spirit ever one,  
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace  
To see Thy glory face to face.

**798** 7s & 6s. *B. Gough.*

*f* AWAKE, awake, O Zion !  
Put on thy strength Divine,  
Thy garments bright in beauty,  
The bridal dress be thine ;

*m* Jerusalem the holy,  
To purity restored,  
Meek bride, all fair and lowly !  
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

*f* Jerusalem victorious  
In triumph o'er her foes ;  
Mount Zion, great and glorious !  
Thy gates no more shall close.  
Earth's millions shall assemble  
Around thine open door,  
While sin and darkness tremble,  
And earth and heaven adore.

*p* The Lamb Who bore our sorrows  
Comes down to earth again ;  
No sufferer now, but victor,  
For evermore to reign.

*f* To reign in every nation,  
To rule in every zone ;  
O world-wide coronation !  
In every heart a throne.

Awake, awake, O Zion !  
Thy bridal day draws nigh ;  
The day of signs and wonders,  
And marvels from on high :

*m* The sun uprises slowly,  
But keep thou watch and ward ;  
Fair bride, all pure and lowly !  
Go forth to meet Thy Lord.

**799** C.M. *S. Longfellow.*

*m* ONE holy Church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence, or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up;

*p* The pure in heart, her baptised ones,  
Love her communion-cup.

*m* The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page;  
And feet on mercy's errand swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

*f* O living Church, thine errand speed,  
Fulfil thy task sublime;

*m* With bread of life earth's hunger feed;  
Redeem the evil time!

800

8s & 4. C. Wordsworth.

*f* FATHER of all, from land and sea  
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we,  
Countless in number, but in Thee  
May we be one."

*m* O Son of God, Whose love so free  
For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our God, in Thee  
May we be one.

Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the corner-stone,  
Making them one.

Join high with low, join young with old,  
In love that never waxes cold;  
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,  
Make us all one.

*p* O Spirit blest, Who from above  
Camest gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
O make us one.

*m* So when the world shall pass away,  
We shall awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

801

S.M.

T. Dwight.

*m* I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The Church, O blest Redeemer, saved  
With Thine own precious blood.

I love Thy Church, O God,  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

*p* For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

*m* Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

*f* Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

802

C.M.

H. Bonar.

*m* A LITTLE flock! so calls He thee,  
Who bought thee with His blood;  
A little flock, disowned of men,  
But owned and loved of God.

Not many rich and noble called,  
Not many great and wise;  
They whom He makes His kings and  
Are poor in human eyes. [priests]

Church of the Everlasting God,  
Our Father's gracious choice,

*p* Amidst the voices of this earth  
How feeble is thy voice!

*m* But the chief Shepherd comes at length,  
Thy feeble days are o'er;  
No more a handful in the earth,  
A little flock no more.

No more a lily among thorns,  
Weary, and faint, and few;  
But countless as the stars of heaven,  
Or as the early dew.

*f* When entering the eternal hall  
In robes of victory,  
That mighty multitude shall keep  
A joyous jubilee.

803

S.M.

H. Bonar.

*m* SAINT after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died ;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side.  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn ;  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
Till the last glorious morn.  
The serpent's brood increase,  
The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
And love is waxing cold.  
How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good, [Church,  
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering  
Her sighs and tears and blood ?  
The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The sin, the curse, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.

804

C.M.

S. Johnson.

*m* CITY of God, how broad and far  
Outspread Thy walls sublime !  
The true Thy chartered freeman are,  
Of every age and clime.  
*f* One holy Church, one army strong,  
One steadfast high intent,  
One faith and work, one hope and song,  
One King omnipotent !  
*m* How purely bath Thy speech come  
From man's primeval youth ! [down  
How slow and vast thine empire grown  
Of freedom, love, and truth !  
Thy watch-fires gleam from night to  
With never-fainting ray ! [night,  
Thy towers uprise, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day !  
In vain the surges' angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands :  
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,  
The eternal city stands !

805

6-6s. F. T. Palgrave.

*m* CITY not made with hands,  
Not throned above the skies,  
Nor walled with shining walls,  
Nor framed with stones of price,  
*f* More bright than gold or gem,  
God's own Jerusalem !  
*p* Where'er the gentle heart  
Finds courage from above ;  
Where'er the heart forsook  
Warms with the breath of love ;  
Where faith bids fear depart,  
*m* City of God, thou art !  
Thou art where'er the proud  
In humbleness melts down ;  
Where self itself yields up ;  
Where martyrs win their crown ;  
Where faithful souls possess  
Themselves in perfect peace.  
*p* Where in life's common ways  
With cheerful feet we go ;  
Where in His steps we tread  
Who trod the way of woe ;  
Where He is in the heart,  
*m* City of God, thou art !  
Not throned above the skies,  
Nor golden-walled afar,  
But where Christ's two or three  
In His Name gathered are,  
*f* Be in the midst of them,  
God's own Jerusalem !

806

S.M.D.

H. Bonar.

*m* FAR down the ages now,  
Much of her journey done,  
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,  
Until her crown be won :  
The story of the past  
Comes up before her view !  
How well it seems to suit her still,  
Old, and yet ever new !  
'Tis the repeated tale,  
Of sin and weariness,  
Of grace and love yet flowing down  
To pardon and to bless :  
No wider is the gate,  
No broader is the way,  
No smoother is the ancient path,  
That leads to light and day.

- p* No sweeter is the cup,  
Nor less our lot of ill;  
'Twas tribulation ages since,  
'Tis tribulation still:  
No slacker grows the fight,  
No feebler is the foe,  
Nor less the need of armour tried,  
Of shield, and spear and bow.
- m* Thus onward still we press,  
Through evil and through good;  
Through pain, and poverty and want,  
Through peril and through blood:
- f* Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true;  
We follow where He leads the way,  
The kingdom in our view.

807

S.M.D.

- f* THEY go from strength to strength;  
From grace to grace they move;  
Their course is on the King's highway,  
Beneath His smile of love.  
They go from strength to strength,  
Nor can their hope decay;  
For He who called them by His grace  
Is with them on the way.
- They go from strength to strength,  
Nor fear the hosts of hell;  
The fiercest onset of their foes  
Their Saviour's might can quell.  
They go from strength to strength,  
Nor falter as they tread,  
For He Who was their Sacrifice  
Is now their living Head.
- m* Not friendless is their march;  
They pass through sorrow's vale;  
But He who gave them peace at first  
Upholds them to prevail;  
They pass by armed bands;  
They press through armed foes;  
But He Who saves them from their sins  
Can save from all their woes.
- f* Lord of the hosts above,  
Lord of the bands below,  
From Thee our heavenward calling  
Our inspirations flow. [comes,  
Strengthen us, Son of God,  
And guide us in Thy love;  
Thus as we bear our cross, our steps  
From strength to strength shall move.

808

8s 7s & 6s.

*M. Luther, trs. T. Carlyle.*

- m* A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour;  
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.

- p* Ask ye Who is this Same?  
Christ Jesus is His Name,  
Of Sabaoth the Lord,  
Sole God to be adored,
- m* 'Tis He must win the battle.

- f* And were this world all devils o'er,  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore;  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit;  
For why? His doom is writ;  
A word shall quickly slay him.

- m* God's Word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;  
'Tis written by His finger.

- p* And, though they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small;  
These things shall vanish all,
- f* The city of God remaineth.

EXTENSION OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

809

6s & 4s.

*S. Wolcott.*

- f* CHRIST for the world we sing!  
The world to Christ we bring  
With loving zeal;
- p* The poor, and them that mourn,  
The faint and overborne,  
S n-sick and sorrow-worn,  
Whom Christ doth heal.



*f* Christ for the world we sing !  
The world to Christ we bring  
With fervent prayer ;  
*p* The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passions tossed,  
Redeemed at countless cost  
From dark despair.

*f* Christ for the world we sing !  
The world to Christ we bring  
With one accord ;

*m* With us the work to share,  
With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear  
For Christ our Lord.

*f* Christ for the world we sing !  
The world to Christ we bring  
With joyful song ;

*m* The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

810

7s & 6s.

*H. Auber.*

*m* WITH hearts in love abounding,  
Prepare we now to sing  
A lofty theme, resounding  
Thy praise, almighty King ;  
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,  
Redeemed the human race ;  
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,  
Breathe words of truth and grace.

In majesty transcendent,  
Gird on Thy conquering sword ;  
In righteousness resplendent,  
Ride on, Incarnate Word !  
Ride on, O King Messiah,  
To glory and renown !  
Pierced by Thy darts of fire,  
Be every foe o'erthrown !

*f* So reign, O God, in heaven,  
Eternally the Same !  
And endless praise be given  
To Thine almighty Name.  
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,  
Thy Church on earth behold,  
In robes of purest whiteness,  
In raiment wrought with gold.

*m* And let each Gentile nation  
Come gladly in her train,  
To share Thy great salvation,  
And join her grateful strain :

Then ne'er shall note of service  
Awake the trembling string ;  
*f* One song of joy and gladness  
The ransomed world shall sing !

811

L.M.

*I. Watts.*

*f* JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

*m* For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown His head ;  
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

*p* People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

*m* Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

*f* Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

812

7s & 6s. *J. Montgomery.*

*f* HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression ;  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And joy and hope like flowers  
Spring in His path to birth.  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing :  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing—  
A kingdom without end.  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.  
O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever;  
His great, best name of Love.

**813** C.M. M. Bruce.

*m* BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise  
On mountain tops, above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.  
The beam that shines from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land;  
The King Who reigns in Salem's towers  
Shall all the world command.  
No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,  
Or mar the peaceful years; [swords,  
To ploughshares men shall beat their  
To pruning-hooks their spears.  
No longer hosts encountering hosts  
Their millions slain deplore;  
They hang the trumpet in the hall,  
And study war no more.  
Come, then! O, come, from every land,  
To worship at His shrine;  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

**814** 8s 7s & 4. W. Williams.

*m* O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace;  
Blessed jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.  
Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
And, from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

May the glorious day approaching  
Thine eternal love proclaim;  
And the everlasting Gospel  
Spread abroad Thy holy Name,  
O'er the borders  
Of the great Immanuel's land.  
*f* Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease;  
May thy lasting wide dominion  
Multiply and still increase:  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

**815** 8-7s. C. Wesley.

*f* SEE how great a flame aspires,  
Kindled by a spark of grace!  
Jesu's love the nations fires,  
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:  
To bring fire on earth He came;  
Kindled in some hearts it is:  
O that all might catch the flame,  
All partake the glorious bliss!  
*m* When He first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was His day;  
Now the Word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way:  
More and more it spreads and grows,  
Ever mighty to prevail;  
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,  
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.  
*f* Sons of God, your Saviour praise!  
He the door hath opened wide;  
He hath given the word of grace,  
Jesu's word is glorified:  
Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
He alone the work hath wrought;  
Worthy is the work of Him,  
Him who spake a world from naught.  
*m* Saw ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as a human hand?  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:  
*f* Lo! the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the Spirit of His Love!

**816** 8-7s. J. Montgomery.

*f* HARK! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore:

Hallelujah! for the Lord  
 God Omnipotent shall reign;  
 Hallelujah! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah! Hark! the sound,  
 From the centre to the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies:  
 See Jehovah's banner furled, ['tis done;  
 Sheathed His sword:—He speaks—  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,  
 With illimitable sway;  
 He shall reign, when like a scroll  
 Yonder heavens have passed away:  
 Then the end:—beneath His rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is All in All.

**817** 7s & 6s. *R. Heber.*

*m* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain!

*p* What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile;  
 In vain, with lavish kindness,  
 The gifts of God are strewn;  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone!

*m* Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high—  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
 Salvation! O, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's Name!

*f* Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole,

Till, o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign!

**818** C.M. *F. L. Hosmer.*

*m* THY kingdom come—on bended knee  
 The passing ages pray;  
 And faithful souls have yearned to see  
 On earth that kingdom's day.

*p* But the slow watches of the night  
 Not less to God belong,

*f* And for the everlasting Right  
 The silent stars are strong.

*m* And lo! already on the hills  
 The flags of dawn appear;

*f* Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
 Proclaim the day is near:

*m* The day in whose clear-shining light  
 All wrong shall stand revealed,  
 When justice shall be clothed with  
 And every hurt be healed: [might,

When knowledge, hand in hand with  
 Shall walk the earth abroad— [peace,  
*f* The day of perfect righteousness,  
 The promised day of God.

**819** 4-7s. *J. P. Hopps.*

*m* FATHER, let Thy kingdom come—  
 Let it come with living power;  
 Speak at length the final word,  
*f* Usher in the triumph hour.

*m* As it came in days of old,  
 In the deepest hearts of men,  
 When Thy martyrs died for Thee,  
*f* Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,  
 Let them from their place be hurled:  
 Enter on Thy better reign—  
 Wear the crown of this poor world.

*p* O what long, sad years have gone,  
 Since Thy Church was taught this  
 prayer!  
 O what eyes have watched and wept  
 For the dawning everywhere!

*f* Break, triumphant day of God!  
 Break at last, our hearts to cheer;  
*m* Throbbing souls and holy songs  
 Wait to hail thy dawning here.

*f* Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones—  
May they all for God be won!  
And, in every human heart,  
Father, let Thy kingdom come.

**820** L.M. *Helen G. Rice.*

*m* LOED, when we pray "Thy kingdom  
come,"

Then fold our hands without a care  
*p* For souls whom Thou hast died to save,  
We do but mock Thee with our prayer.

*m* Thou couldst have sent an angel band  
To call Thy straying children home;  
And thus through heavenly ministries  
On earth Thy kingdom might have  
come.

But since to human hands like ours  
Thou hast committed work Divine,  
*f* Shall not our eager hearts make haste  
To join their feeble powers with  
Thine?

To word and work shall not our hands  
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,  
*m* Lest through our sinful love of ease  
Thy kingdom should delay to come?

**821** L.M. *W. C. Bryant.*

*m* LOOK, from Thy sphere of endless day,  
O God of mercy and of might;  
In pity look on those who stray,  
Benighted, in this land of light.

*p* In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

*m* Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the hardened  
A scattered homeless flock, till all [old,  
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

Send them Thy mighty Word to speak.  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt de-  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak, [part.  
And bind and heal the broken heart.

*f* Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
That make us sadden as we gaze,  
Shall grow, with living waters, green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise

**822** 8-7s. *Sir J. Bowring.*

*m* WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,  
What its signs of promise are?

*f* Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,  
See that glory-beaming star!

*m* Watchman! does its beauteous ray  
Aught of joy or hope foretell?

*f* Traveller! yes, it brings the day—  
Promised day of Israel!

*p* Watchman! tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends;

*m* Traveller! blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.

*p* Watchman! will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?

*m* Traveller! ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman! tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn;

*p* Traveller! darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

*m* Watchman! let thy wandering cease,  
Hie thee to thy quiet home;

*f* Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.

**823** 6-8s. *F. W. Faber.*

*m* FAITH of our fathers, living still,  
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

*p* Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free;  
And blest would be their children's fate.  
Though they, like them, should die for

*m* Faith of our fathers, holy faith, [thee.  
We will be true to thee till death.

*f* Faith of our fathers; God's great power  
Shall soon all nations win for thee;  
And through the truth that comes from  
Mankind shall then be truly free. [God  
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.

*m* Faith of our fathers, we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife,  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,  
By kindly words and virtuous life.  
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,  
We will be true to thee till death.



ITS COMMUNION AND FELLOWSHIP.

824

4-7s.

G. Burder.

*f* GREAT the joy when Christians meet;  
Christian fellowship, how sweet!  
When, their theme of praise the same,  
They exalt Jehovah's Name.

*m* Sing we then eternal love,  
Such as did the Father move;  
He beheld the world undone,  
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

Sing the Son's unbounded love,  
How He left the realms above,  
Took our nature and our place,  
Lived and died to save our race.

Sing we too the Spirit's love;  
With our stubborn hearts He strove,  
Chased the mists of sin away,  
Turned our night to glorious day.

*f* Great the joy, the union sweet,  
When the saints in glory meet;  
Where the theme is still the same,  
Where they praise Jehovah's Name.

825

4-8s & 2-6s.

C. Wesley.

*m* EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,  
The best concerted schemes are vain,  
And never can succeed, [naught;  
We spend our wretched strength for  
But if our works in Thee be wrought,  
They shall be blest indeed.

Lord, if Thou didst Thyself inspire  
Our souls with this intense desire  
Thy goodness to proclaim—  
Thy glory if we now intend,  
O, let our deeds begin and end  
Complete in Jesu's Name.

Now, Jesus, now, Thy love impart,  
To govern each devoted heart,  
And fit us for Thy will:  
Deep founded in the truth of grace,  
Build up Thy rising church, and place  
The city on the hill.

*f* O let our faith and love abound!  
O let our lives to all around  
With purest lustre shine;  
That all around our works may see,  
And give the glory, Lord, to Thee,  
The heavenly Light Divine.

826

C.M.

C. Wesley.

*f* ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,  
Who joins us by His grace,  
And bids us, each to each restored,  
Together seek His face.

*m* He bids us build each other up;  
And, gathered into one,  
To our high calling's glorious hope  
We hand in hand go on.

The gift which He on one bestows,  
We all delight to prove:  
The grace through every vessel flows,  
In purest streams of love.

We all partake the joy of one,  
The common peace we feel;  
A peace to worldly minds unknown,  
A joy unspeakable.

*f* And if our fellowship below  
In Jesus be so sweet,  
What heights of rapture shall we know,  
When round His throne we meet!

827

C.M.

C. Wesley.

*m* TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart:  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart!

When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless!  
But guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear;  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock improve:  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

Up into Thee, our living Head,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till Thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

*f* Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive Thy ready bride;  
Give us in heaven a happy lot  
With all the sanctified.

828

C.M.D.

*A. Sutton.*

*m* HAIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds  
Our hearts and makes us Thine;  
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds  
To harmony Divine.  
*f* It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesu's grace has given;  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.  
*m* What though the northern wintry blast  
Should howl around our cot;  
What though beneath an eastern sun  
Be cast our distant lot:  
Yet still we share the blissful hope,  
Which Jesu's grace has given,  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.  
No lingering look, no parting sigh,  
Our future meeting knows;  
There friendship beams from every eye,  
And hope immortal grows.  
*f* O sacred hope! O blissful hope!  
Which Jesu's grace has given:  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.

829

S.M.

*J. Fawcett.*

*m* BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love!  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.  
Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers:  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.  
*p* We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathising tear.  
When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
*m* But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.  
This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.  
*p* From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
*f* And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

830

S.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*f* AND are we yet alive,  
And see each other's face,  
Glory and praise to Jesus give  
For His redeeming grace!  
*m* Preserved by power Divine  
To full salvation here,  
Again in Jesu's praise we join,  
And in His sight appear.  
*p* What troubles have we seen,  
What conflicts have we past,  
Fightings without, and fears within,  
Since we assembled last!  
*m* But out of all the Lord  
Hath brought us by His love;  
And still He doth His help afford,  
And hides our life above.  
Then let us make our boast  
Of His redeeming power,  
Which saves us to the uttermost,  
Till we can sin no more:  
Let us take up the cross,  
Till we the crown obtain;  
And gladly reckon all things loss,  
So we may Jesus gain.

831

8s & 6s. *H. M. Whitmore.*

*m* How sweet to think that all who love  
The Saviour's precious Name,  
Who look by faith to Him above,  
And own His gentle claim,  
Though severed wide by land or sea,  
*f* Are members of one family.  
*m* Christians who dwell on snow-clad  
Or on the burning strand, [ground,  
And those whose happy home is found  
In our fair, peaceful land,  
*f* Are linked by more than earthly tie,  
And form one lovely family.  
*m* "Our Father," is the hallowed sound  
They breathe from day to day;  
Trained by His love, their steps are  
In the same heavenward way; [found  
*f* Their joys alike, alike their fears,  
The same bright hope their exile cheers.  
*m* Yes, they are one; though some, we know,  
Have reached the home of love;  
But those who yet remain below  
Are one with those above;  
*f* In that bright world are mansions fair,  
And all will soon be gathered there.

832

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

- f* HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone:  
Walking in all His ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.
- m* The Church triumphant in Thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know;  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.
- Thee, in Thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before Thy throne;  
We in the kingdom of Thy grace;  
The kingdoms are but one.
- f* The holy to the holiest leads;  
From thence our spirits rise;  
And he that in Thy statutes treads  
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

833

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

- f* LIFT up your hearts to things above,  
Ye followers of the Lamb,  
And join with us to praise His love,  
And glorify His Name.
- m* The blessings all on you be shed,  
Which God, in Christ, imparts;  
We pray the Spirit of our Head  
Into your faithful hearts.
- p* Mercy and peace your portion be,  
To carnal minds unknown,  
The hidden manna, and the tree  
Of life, and the white stone.
- m* Let all who for the promise wait  
The Holy Ghost receive;  
And, raised to our unsinning state,  
With God in Eden live!
- f* Live till the Lord in glory come,  
And wait His heaven to share:  
He now is fitting up our home:  
Go on:—we'll meet you there.

834

L.M.

*C. Wesley.*

- f* HAPPY the souls that first believed,  
To Jesus and each other cleaved;  
Joined by the unction from above,  
In mystic fellowship of love.
- m* Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived, and spake, and thought the  
They joyfully conspired to raise [same]:  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.

With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure, believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.

- f* O what an age of golden days!  
O what a choice, peculiar race! [blood,  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing  
Anointed kings and priests to God!  
Join every soul that looks to Thee,  
In bonds of perfect charity;  
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,  
And all in all for ever live!

835

C.M.D. *Mrs. Sergeant.*

- m* FOR thousand, thousand mercies new,  
At dawn or vesper hour;  
The early and the latter dew,  
The sunshine and the flower;  
For founts of ever-springing bliss,  
For hope's unclouded ray;  
For life's thrice-blessed sympathies,  
*f* We bless Thee day by day.
- m* For fond affection's richest love,  
For household tones of mirth,  
For melodies that hourly pour  
From hearts of kindred birth;  
For many a fire-side thrill of love,  
For many a joyous lay;
- p* For peace that emblems peace above,  
We bless Thee day by day.
- m* For untold sympathy that dwells  
Enshrined in love's fond breast;  
For springs that sorrow most reveals,  
Thrice hallowed and thrice blest;  
For waves of blessedness that steep  
Our lot in radiant day;  
For happiness, unknown and deep,  
We bless Thee day by day.
- f* For hope of better things above,  
Through Him Who died for all;  
For love Divine—eternal love,  
That raised us from our fall;  
For all the Christian's holy dower,  
His anchor, hope, and stay;  
For all, our God of love and power,  
We bless Thee day by day.

836

C.M. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

- m* WHEN in the busy crowd of life  
Too often pressed and thronged,  
And in their rude and selfish strife  
Both overlooked and wronged;

How sweet to know faith's lightest touch  
The watchful Saviour feels ;  
And healing, in reply to such,  
Into the sufferer steals.

*p* Oft through the world we smoothly go,  
Hiding some secret care,  
Our nearest, dearest, may not know,  
Which God alone can share.

*m* We mingle with the busy throng,  
They pass unheeded by ;  
They bear us in their tide along,  
We commune with the sky.

Saviour ! it is Thy people's bliss  
To feel Thy care for them ;  
And, while the crowd Thy mercy miss,  
To touch Thy garment's hem.

And Thou wilt give, when sorrow pleads,  
Good comfort to the soul,  
The healing it so sorely needs,  
The faith, which makes it whole.

**837** C.M. *W. Hurn.*

*m* THERE is a river, deep and broad,  
Its course no mortal knows ;  
It fills with joy the Church of God,  
And widens as it flows.

Clearer than crystal is the stream,  
And bright with endless day ;  
The waves with every blessing teem,  
And life and health convey.

Where'er they flow, contentions cease,  
And love and meekness reign ;  
The Lord Himself commands the peace,  
And foes conspire in vain.

Along the shores, angelic bands  
Watch every moving wave ;  
With holy joy their breast expands,  
When men the waters crave.

To them distressed souls repair ;  
The Lord invites them nigh ;  
They leave their cares and sorrows there,  
They drink, and never die.

Flow on, sweet stream, more largely flow,  
The earth with glory fill ;  
Flow on, till all the Saviour know,  
And all obey His will.

**838** C.M. *S. Longfellow.*

*p* BENEATH the shadow of the cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
*m* His new commandment Jesus gives,  
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep !  
O bond of perfect peace !  
*p* Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,  
If we but hold to this.

*m* Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours,  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,  
And the sweet tasks of love.

**839** L.M.D. *S. T. Benade.*

*m* WE covenant with hand and heart  
Ever to follow Christ our Lord ;  
With world and sin and self to part,  
And thus obey His sacred Word :  
To love each other heartily,  
In truth and in sincerity,  
And under cross, reproach, and shame,  
To glorify His holy Name.

**840** 6-10s. *J. W. Chadwick.*

*f* ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round  
Of circling planets singing on their  
way ; [profound  
Guide of the nations from the night  
Into the glory of the perfect day ;  
*m* Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be  
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld  
by Thee.

We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,  
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son ;  
*p* Descend, O Holy Spirit ! like a dove  
Into our hearts, that we may be as one —  
*m* As one with Thee, to Whom we ever tend ;  
As one with Him, our Brother and our  
Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,  
One in our love of all things sweet  
and fair, [song,  
One with the joy that breaketh into  
*p* One with the grief that trembles into  
prayer, [children free,  
*m* One in the power that makes Thy  
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.



*f* O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour,  
 Lord— [Divine;  
 Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love  
 Our inspiration be Thy constant Word;  
 We ask no victories that are not  
 Thine. [be,  
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure  
 Enough to know that we are serving  
 Thee.

PRAYER MEETINGS AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.

841

L.M. W. H. Bathurst.

*m* FEW are the hours when we can share  
 The comfort of united prayer;  
 In Jesu's Name together meet,  
 And put the world beneath our feet.  
 Yet, Lord, Thy goodness we adore,  
 Which now assembles us once more:  
 O may we here Thy presence find,  
 And serve Thee with a thankful mind.  
 Teach us, though in a world of sin,  
 Heaven's blest employment to begin,  
*f* To speak our great Redeemer's praise,  
 And love His Name, and learn His ways.  
*m* Grant that our souls, renewed by Thee,  
 In faith and friendship may agree,  
 And for Thy sake delight to heal,  
 Or share the pain that others feel.  
 Teach us to love as Christians ought,  
 Nor keep one proud or angry thought;  
 And when we meet, or when we part,  
 O may we still be joined in heart!  
 Father, look down with pitying eye!  
 Our sins forgive, our wants supply;  
*f* Through steadfast faith, that works by  
 Prepare us for Thy rest above. [love,

842

7s & 5.

J. Conder.

*m* WHERESOEVER two or three  
 Meet, a Christian company,  
 Grant us, Lord, to meet with Thee;  
*p* Gracious Saviour, hear.  
*m* When, with friends beloved, we stray,  
 Talking, at the closing day,  
 Saviour, meet us in the way;  
*p* Gracious Saviour, hear.  
 When, amid the gloom of night,  
 Storms arise, and perils fright,  
*m* Let Thy voice our hearts delight;  
*p* Gracious Saviour, hear.

*m* In the festive hour, refine  
 Earthly love to joys Divine,  
 Turn the water into wine;  
*p* Gracious Saviour, hear.  
 In the time of lonely grief,  
*m* Let Thy presence bring relief,  
 Then shall longest nights grow brief;  
*p* Gracious Saviour, hear.  
 When the world and life recede,  
 Saviour, in our hour of need,  
*m* Then be visible indeed;  
*p* Gracious Saviour, hear.

843

L.M.

S. Stennett.

*m* WHERE two or three, with one accord,  
 Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,  
 Meet to recount His acts of grace,  
 And offer solemn prayer and praise:  
 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
 Amid that little company;  
 To them unveil My smiling face,  
 And shed My glories round the place."  
 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,  
 Relying on Thy faithful word;  
 Now send Thy Spirit from above,  
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.  
*f* Then shall we praise the God of grace,  
 Who brought our footsteps to this place;  
 For prayer and praise, with sins forgiven,  
 Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

844

8s & 7s.

E. Codner.

*m* LORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
 Thou art scattering, full and free;  
 Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
 Let some droppings fall on me,  
 Even me.  
 Pass me not, O gracious Father!  
 Sinful though my heart may be:  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
 Let Thy mercy light on me,  
 Even me.  
 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!  
 Let me love and cling to Thee;  
 I am longing for Thy favour;  
 Whilst Thou art calling, O call me,  
 Even me.  
 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me,  
 Even me.

Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?  
 Has the world my heart been keeping ?  
 O forgive and rescue me,

Even me.

Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
 Magnify them all in me,

Even me.

845

S.M.

C. Wesley.

*m* I WANT a heart to pray,  
 To pray and never cease,  
 Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
 Or wish my sufferings less.  
 This blessing above all,  
 Always to pray, I want,  
 Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
 And never, never faint.  
 I want a true regard,  
 A single, steady aim  
 (Unmoved by threatening or reward),  
 To Thee and Thy great Name;  
 A jealous, just concern  
 For Thine immortal praise ;  
 A pure desire that all may learn,  
 And glorify Thy grace.  
 I rest upon Thy word ;  
 The promise is for me ;  
 My succour and salvation, Lord,  
 Shall surely come from Thee ;  
 But let me still abide,  
 Nor from my hope remove,  
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
 Into Thy perfect love.

846

C.M.

J. Newton.

*m* APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
 There humbly fall before His feet,  
 For none can perish there.  
 Thy promise is my only plea ;  
 With this I venture nigh,  
 Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
 And such, O Lord, am I.  
*p* Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
 By Satan sorely pressed,  
 By wars without, and fears within,  
 I come to Thee for rest.

*m* Be Thou my shield and hiding-place ;  
 That, sheltered near Thy side,  
 I may my fierce accuser face,  
 And tell him "Thou hast died !"

O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
 To bear the cross and shame,  
 That guilty sinners, such as I,  
 Might plead Thy gracious Name !

"Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still ;  
 My promised grace receive :"

*f* 'Tis Jesus speaks ;—I must, I will,  
 I can, I do believe.

847

C.M.

J. D. Carlyle.

*m* LORD, when we bend before Thy throne  
 And our confessions pour,  
 Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
 And hate what we deplore.

*p* Our broken spirits, pitying, see,  
 And penitence impart ;

*m* Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
 Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay  
 Their grateful hymns to raise,  
 Grant that our souls may join the lay,  
 And mount to Thee in praise.

*p* When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
 May we our wills resign,

*m* And not a thought our bosoms share,  
 That is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
 And waft it to the skies ;

And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness still  
 That grants it, or denies.

848

C.M.

J. G. Whittier.

*m* WE may not climb the heavenly steeps  
 To bring the Lord Christ down,  
 In vain we search the lowest deeps  
 For Him Who fills heaven's throne.

But to the contrite spirit yet  
 A present help is He ;

And faith has yet its Olivet,  
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress  
 Is by our beds of pain ;

We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
 And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are  
Our lips of childhood frame; [said  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are tender with His Name.

O Lord and Saviour of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign,  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
And form our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,  
In differing phrase we pray;  
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

849 C.M. C. Wesley.

m JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
To Thee for help we fly;  
Thy little flock in safety keep;  
For O! the wolf is nigh.

Us into Thy protection take,  
And gather with Thy arm;  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The wolf can never harm.

O do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree;  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in Thee!

Together let us sweetly live,  
Together let us die,  
And each a starry crown receive,  
And reign above the sky.

850 S.M. C. Wesley.

f SAVIOUR of sinful men,  
Thy goodness we proclaim,  
Which brings us here to meet again,  
And triumph in Thy Name.

Thy mighty Name hath been  
Our safeguard and our tower;  
Hath saved us from the world, and sin,  
And all the accuser's power.

m No slightest touch of pain,  
Nor sorrow's least alloy,  
Can violate our rest, or stain  
Our purity of joy.

In that eternal day  
No clouds nor tempests rise:  
There gushing tears are wiped away  
For ever from our eyes.

851 S.M. C. Wesley.

m JESUS, we look to Thee,  
Thy promised presence claim!  
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,  
Assembled in Thy Name;  
Thy Name salvation is,  
Which here we come to prove;  
Thy Name is life, and health, and peace,  
And everlasting love.

We meet, the grace to take  
Which Thou hast freely given;  
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,  
That we may meet in heaven.

Present we know Thou art;  
But O! Thyself reveal!  
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart  
Thy mighty comfort feel!

f O! may Thy quickening voice  
The death of sin remove;  
And bid our inmost souls rejoice  
In hope of perfect love!

852 6-7s. Ingram Cobbin.

m IF 'tis sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer,  
If 'tis sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise,  
Passing sweet that state must be  
Where they meet eternally.

Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations for above;  
While we worship in this place,  
May we go from grace to grace,  
Till we each, in his degree,  
Meet for endless glory be.

853 C.M.

f WITH steady pace the pilgrim moves  
Towards the blissful shore,  
And sings with cheerful heart and voice,  
" 'Tis better on before."

m His passage through a desert lies,  
Where furious lions roar;  
He takes his staff, and smiling says,  
" 'Tis better on before."

When tempted to forsake his God,  
And give the contest o'er,  
He hears a voice which says, "Look up!  
'Tis better on before."

And when on Jordan's bank he stands,  
And views the radiant shore,  
Bright angels whisper, "Come away,  
'Tis better on before."

Nor night, nor death, nor parting sounds  
Can reach the healthful shore,  
*f* But peace and joy, and endless life—  
"Tis better on before."

854

4-7s.

*J. Miller.*

*m* HASTE again, ye days of grace,  
When, assembled in one place,  
Signs and wonders marked the hour;  
All were filled, and spoke with power;  
Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflowed,  
Hearts enlarged, self destroyed;  
All things common, now we'll prove  
All our common stock be love.

Jesus now His work revives,  
Now His quickening Spirit strives;  
O, let preachers, people—all,

*f* Listen to the glorious call!

Join the simple, lively throng,  
Catch the fire, and swell the song;  
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,  
Spread the life through all the land.

855

L.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* THOU God that answerest by fire,  
On Thee in Jesu's Name we call;  
Fulfil our faithful hearts' desire,  
And let on us Thy Spirit fall.

Bound on the altar of Thy cross,  
Our old offending nature lies;  
Now, for the honour of Thy cause,  
Come, and consume the sacrifice!

*p* O that the fire from heaven might fall,  
Our sins its ready victims find,  
Seize on our sins, and burn up all,  
Nor leave the least remains behind!

*m* Then shall our prostrate souls adore,  
The Lord—He is the God confess:

*f* He is the God of saving power!  
He is the God of hallowing grace!

856

S.M. *W. M. Bunting.*

*m* THOU doest all things well,  
God only wise and true;  
My days and nights alternate tell  
Of mercies always new.

With daily toil oppressed,  
I sink in welcome sleep;  
Or wake in darkness and unrest,  
Yet patient vigil keep.

Soon finds each fevered day,  
And each chill night its bourn;  
Nor zeal need droop, nor hope decay,  
Ere rest or light return.

But be the watchnight long,  
And sore the chastening rod—  
Thou art my health, my sun, my song,  
My glory, and my God!

Hours spent with pain—and Thee,  
Lost hours have never seemed;  
No! those are lost, which but might be  
From earth for heaven redeemed.

Its limit, its relief,  
Its hallowed issues, tell  
That, though Thou cause Thy servant  
Thou doest all things well! [grief,

857

L.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*m* GOD of my life, through all my days  
My grateful powers shall sound Thy  
praise;

My song shall wake with opening light,  
And cheer the dark and silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing  
breast,

Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all the powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall  
break,

And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O, when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to earth no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise  
To join the music of the skies.

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains  
Which echo through the heavenly plains;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

The cheerful tribute I will give,  
Long as a deathless soul shall live;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high,  
Demands and crowns eternity.



858

L.M. *S. G. Bulfinch.*

*m* MOST gracious Saviour! 'Twas not Thine  
To spurn the erring from Thy sight :  
Nor did Thy smile of love Divine  
Turn from the penitent its light.  
Shall we, who own the Christian name,  
A brother's fault too sternly view,  
Or think Thy holy Name can blame  
The tear to human frailty due?  
May we, while human guilt awakes  
Upon our cheek the generous glow,  
Spare the offender's heart that breaks  
Beneath its load of shame and woe!  
Conscious of frailty, may we yield  
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;  
And strive the penitent to shield  
From further sin or dark despair.  
And when our own offences weigh  
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,  
May we remember Thou didst say,  
"In peace depart and sin no more."

859

L.M. *Newman Hall.*

*m* WE pray for those who do not pray!  
Who waste, O Lord, salvation's day:  
For those we love who love not Thee—  
Our grief, their danger, pitying see!  
Those for whom many tears are shed  
And blessings breathed upon their head,  
The children of Thy people save  
From godless life and hopeless grave.  
Hear fathers, mothers, as they pray  
For sons, for daughters far away—  
Brother for brother, friend for friend—  
Hear all our prayers that upward blend.  
We pray for those who long have heard,  
But still neglect Thy gracious word;  
Softened the hearts obdurate made  
By calls unheeded, vows delayed.  
The hopeless cheer; guide those who  
Restore the lost; cast no one out; [doubt;  
For all that are far off we pray,  
Since we were once far off as they.

THE MINISTRY.

860

C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* JESUS, the word of mercy give,  
And let it swiftly run;  
And let Thy ministers believe,  
And put salvation on.

Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,  
May all Thy people prove  
The plenitude of Gospel grace,  
The joy of perfect love.

Jesus, let all Thy lovers shine  
Illustrious as the sun;  
And, bright with borrowed rays Divine,  
Their glorious circuit run:

Beyond the reach of mortals, spread  
Their light where'er they go;  
And heavenly influences shed  
On all the world below.

As giants may they run their race,  
Exulting in their might!  
As burning luminaries, chase  
The gloom of hellish night:

*f* As the bright Sun of Righteousness,  
Their healing wings display;  
And let their lustre still increase  
Unto the perfect day.

861

S.M. *I. Watts.*

*f* Howauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

*m* How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,  
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light!  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
*f* Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let all the nations now behold  
Their Saviour and their God!

862

6-8s.

C. Wesley.

*m* GIVE me the faith which can remove  
 And sink the mountain to a plain ;  
 Give me the child-like, praying love,  
 Which longs to build Thy house again ;  
 Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,  
 And all my simple soul devour.  
 I want an even, strong desire,  
 I want a calmly-fervent zeal,  
 To save poor souls out of the fire,  
 To snatch them from the verge of hell,  
 And turn them to a pardoning God,  
 And quench the brands in Jesu's blood.  
 I would the precious time redeem,  
 And longer live for this alone,  
 To spend, and to be spent, for them  
 Who have not yet my Saviour known ;  
 Fully on these my mission prove,  
 And only breathe, to breathe Thy love.  
 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
 Into Thy blessed hands receive ;  
 And let me live to preach Thy Word ;  
 And let me to Thy glory live ;  
 My every sacred moment spend  
 In publishing the Sinner's Friend.

863

L.M. *J. Wesley, from the German  
 of John J. Winkler.*

*m* SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,  
 The Spirit's course in me restrain ?  
 Or, undismayed in deed and word,  
 Be a true witness for my Lord ?  
 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I  
 Conceal the Word of God most High ?  
 How then before Thee shall I dare  
 To stand, or how Thine anger bear ?  
 Shall I, to soothe the unholy throng,  
 Soften Thy truths, and smooth my  
 tongue,  
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee  
 The cross endured, my Lord, by Thee ?  
 The love of Christ doth me constrain  
 To seek the wandering souls of men ;  
 With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,  
 To snatch them from the gaping grave.  
 My life, my blood, I here present,  
 If for Thy truth they may be spent ;  
 Fulfil Thy sovereign counsel, Lord !  
 Thy will be done ! Thy Name adored !

864

S.M.

C. Wesley

*m* LORD of the harvest, hear  
 Thy needy servants' cry ;  
 Answer our faith's effectual prayer,  
 And all our wants supply.  
 On Thee we humbly wait,  
 Our wants are in Thy view ;  
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great ;  
 The labourers are few.  
 Convert, and send forth more  
 Into Thy Church abroad ;  
 And let them speak Thy word of power  
 As workers with their God.  
 Give the pure Gospel word,  
 The word of general grace ;  
 Thee let them preach, the common Lord,  
 The Saviour of our race.  
 O, let them spread Thy Name,  
 Their mission fully prove ;  
 Thy universal grace proclaim,  
 Thy all-redeeming love !  
 On all mankind, forgiven,  
 Empower them still to call ;  
 And tell each creature under heaven,  
 That Thou hast died for all.

865

7s & 6s. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*m* LORD of the living harvest,  
 That whitens o'er the plain,  
 Where angels soon shall gather  
 Their sheaves of golden grain,  
 Accept these hands to labour,  
 These hearts to trust and love,  
 And deign with them to hasten  
 Thy kingdom from above.  
 As labourers in Thy vineyard,  
 Send us out, Christ, to be  
 Content to bear the burden  
 Of weary days for Thee ;  
 Content to ask no wages,  
 When Thou shalt call us home,  
 But to have shared the travail  
 Which makes Thy kingdom come.  
*p* Breathe on us, Holy Spirit,  
 Illumine with Thy light ;  
 Clothe us in spotless raiment,  
 In linen clean and white ;  
*m* Within Thy sacred temple  
 Be with us, where we stand,  
 And sanctify Thy people  
 Throughout this happy land.

Be with us, God the Father,  
 Be with us, God the Son,  
 Be with us, God the Spirit,  
 And seal us for Thine own;  
 Make us a royal priesthood,  
 Thee rightly to adore,  
*f* And fill us with Thy fulness,  
 Now, and for evermore.

**866** O.M. *J. P. Hobson.*

*m* O LORD and Bishop of our souls,  
 We bow the lowly knee,  
 And pray that strength be sent to those  
 Who minister for Thee.  
 O give them solemn, fearless words  
 Which may arouse the old;  
 Give glowing love, that they may draw  
 The lambs within Thy fold.  
 Give lips that burn with heavenly fire,  
 From pride and error free;  
 And earnest hearts to plead with those  
 Who never plead with Thee.  
 And grant them, too, a patient zeal,  
 A zeal that will not slack;  
 Nor shun to bear with wayward sheep,  
 And bring the wanderer back.  
 That when at length their work is o'er,  
 And rest in heaven is won,  
 Each faithful servant may receive  
 Thy welcome word—"Well done."

**867** 4-8s & 2-6s. *E. Osler.*

*m* LORD of the Church, we humbly pray  
 For those who guide us in Thy way,  
 And speak Thy holy Word;  
 With love Divine their hearts inspire,  
 And touch their lips with hallowed fire.  
 And needful strength afford.  
 Help them to preach the truth of God,  
 Redemption through the Saviour's blood;  
 Nor let the Spirit cease  
 On all the Church His gifts to shower;  
 To them a messenger of power,  
 To us, of life and peace.  
 So may they live to Thee alone;  
 Then hear the welcome word, "Well  
 done!"  
 And take their crown above;  
*f* Enter into their Master's joy,  
 And all eternity employ  
 In praise, and bliss, and love.

**868**

L.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* O SPIRIT of the living God!  
 In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
 Descend on our apostate race.  
 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
 To preach the reconciling Word;  
 Give power and unction from above,  
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.  
 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,  
 Confusion, order in Thy path;  
 Souls without strength inspire with  
 might;  
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.  
 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare  
 All the round earth her God to meet;  
 Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.  
 Baptise the nations; far and nigh  
 The triumphs of the cross record;  
 The Name of Jesus glorify,  
 Till every kindred call Him Lord.

**869**

6-8s.

*J. Fawcett.*

*m* THY presence, gracious God, afford,  
 Prepare us to receive Thy Word;  
 Now let Thy voice engage our ear,  
 And faith be mixed with what we hear.  
*f* Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.  
*m* Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;  
 With food Divine may we be fed,  
 And satisfied with living bread.  
*f* Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.  
*m* To each Thy sacred Word apply,  
 With sovereign power and energy;  
 And may we, in Thy faith and fear,  
 Reduce to practice what we hear.  
*f* Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.  
*m* Father, in us Thy Son reveal,  
 Teach us to know and do Thy will;  
 Thy saving power and love display,  
 And guide us to the realms of day.  
*f* Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless,  
 And crown Thy Gospel with success.

870

L.M. W. Kingsbury.

*m* GREAT Lord of all Thy Churches! hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;  
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise  
Like fragrant incense to the skies!

May every pastor, from above,  
Be now inspired with zeal and love,  
To watch Thy fold, to feed Thy sheep,  
And his own heart with care to keep.

Revive Thy Churches with Thy grace,  
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;  
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' Name.

May young and old Thy word receive,  
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live,  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness;  
And, when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise.

Thus we our suppliant voices raise,  
And, weeping, sow the seeds of praise;  
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

871

S.M.D. J. Montgomery.

*Death of a Minister.*

*m* SERVANT of God, well done!  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

*p* The voice at midnight came;  
He started up to hear;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;  
He fell, but felt no fear.

At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare!"

*m* He woke—and caught his Captain's eye;  
Then, strong in faith and prayer,  
His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumbering clay;

*p* His tent at sunrise on the ground  
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past;  
Labour and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace:

*f*

Soldier of Christ, well done!  
Praise be thy new employ;  
And, while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

872

C.M. J. Montgomery

*m* COME in, thou blessed of the Lord;  
Stranger nor foe art thou;  
We welcome thee with warm accord,  
Our friend, our brother now.

The cup of blessing which we bless,  
The heavenly bread we break,  
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness  
Freely with us partake.

In weal or woe, in joy or care,  
Thy portion shall be ours;  
Christians their mutual burdens share;  
They lend their mutual powers.

Come with us; we will do thee good,  
As God to us hath done;  
Stand but in Him, as those have stood  
Whose faith the victory won.

And when, by turns, we pass away,  
As star by star grows dim,  
May each, translated into day,  
Be lost and found in Him.

873

L.M. W. H. Bathurst.

*m* JESUS, Thy sovereign grace we bless,  
That crowns Thy Gospel with success;  
Subjecting rebels to Thy throne,  
And gathering to Thy fold Thine own

Those who have now Thy truth confessed  
As their own faith and hope and rest,  
We, in Thy Name, with love embrace  
As fellow-heirs of heavenly grace.

*p* As living members, may they share  
The joys and griefs which others bear;  
And active in their stations prove,  
In all the offices of love.

*p* From all temptations them defend,  
And keep them steadfast to the end;  
Ever abiding in Thy love,  
*f* Until they join the Church above.



874

C.M. *B. Beddome.*

*m* WITNESS, ye men and angels, now ;  
 Before the Lord we speak ;  
 To Him we make our solemn vow,  
 A vow we dare not break ;  
 That long as life itself shall last,  
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;  
 Nor from His cause will we depart,  
 Or ever quit the field.  
 We trust not in our native strength,  
 But on His grace rely,  
 That, with returning wants, the Lord  
 Will all our needs supply.  
 O guide our doubtful souls aright,  
 And keep us in Thy ways ;  
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,  
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

875

L.M. *J. Conder.*

*m* HEAD of the Church, our risen Lord,  
 Who by Thy Spirit doth preside  
 O'er the whole body ; by whose word  
 They all are ruled and sanctified :  
 Our prayers and intercessions hear  
 For all Thy family at large,  
 That each in his appointed sphere  
 His proper service may discharge.  
 So, through the grace derived from Thee,  
 In Whom all fulness dwells above,  
 May Thy whole Church united be,  
 And edify itself in love.

876

L.M. *J. Montgomery.*

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,  
 O God ! on all assembled here ;  
 Behold us with a Father's love,  
 While we look up with filial fear.  
 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;  
 May we Thy true disciples be ;  
 Speak to each heart the mighty word,  
 Say to the weakest—"Follow Me."  
 Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
 Spirit of truth ; and fill this place  
 With wounding and with healing power,  
 With quickening and renewing grace.  
 With Thee and Thine for ever found,  
 May all the souls who here unite,  
 With harps and songs Thy throne sur-  
 round.  
 Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

BAPTISM.

877

L.M. *J. Spence.*

*m* WHAT means the water in this font ?  
 What means this simple, sacred rite ?  
 Why bring we babes to Zion's mount,  
 And in this service thus unite ?  
 We claim no power to change the heart,  
 No mystic grace new life to give ;  
 He must the gift Divine impart,  
 By whom our children's spirits live.  
 This institute of Gospel grace  
 Proclaims our nature spoiled by sin ;  
 Shadows the change that yet must pass  
 Upon the living soul within ;  
 Speaks of the Spirit's power to cleanse  
 The human heart by sin depraved ;  
 And points us to the gracious means  
 By which alone the soul is saved.  
 Triune Jehovah ! hear our prayer,  
 As thus we bring our babes to Thee ;  
 Make them in life Thy special care ;  
 Fit them for immortality.

878

C.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*m* SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
 With all-engaging charms :  
 Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,  
 And folds them in His arms.  
 "Permit them to approach," He cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name ;  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
 The Lord of Angels came."  
 Invited by the voice Divine,  
 We bring them, Lord, to Thee ;  
*f* Joyful that we ourselves are Thine :  
 Thine let our offspring be.  
*p* If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy guardian care we trust ;  
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
 If weeping o'er their dust.

879

C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* How large the promise, how Divine,  
 To Abraham and his seed !  
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
 Supplying all their need."  
 The words of His unchanging love  
 From age to age endure ;  
 The Angel of the Covenant proves  
 And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great father given;  
He takes our children to His arms,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.  
O God, how faithful are Thy ways!  
Thy love endures the same;  
Nor from the promise of Thy grace  
Blots out our children's name.

**880** C.M. *T. Haweis.*

*m* OUR children, Lord, in faith and prayer,  
We now devote to Thee:  
Let them Thy covenant mercies share,  
And Thy salvation see.  
Such helpless babes Thou didst em-  
While dwelling here below; [brace,  
To us, and ours, O God of grace,  
The same compassion show.  
In early days their hearts secure  
From worldly snares, we pray;  
And let them to the end endure  
In every righteous way.  
Grant us before them, Lord, to live  
In holy faith and fear;  
And then to heaven our souls remove,  
And bring our children there.

**881** L.M. *W. B. Collyer.*

*m* UNITED prayers ascend to Thee,  
Eternal Parent of mankind,  
Smile on this waiting family:  
Thy blessing let Thy servants find.  
Let the dear objects of their love  
Like tender plants around them grow;  
Thy present grace, and joys above,  
Upon their little ones bestow.  
Receive at their believing hand  
The babe whom they devote as Thine,  
Obedient to their Lord's command;  
And seal with power the rite Divine.  
To every member of their house  
Thy grace impart, Thy love extend;  
Grant every good that time allows,  
With heavenly joys that never end.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

**882** C.M. *J. Montgomery.*

*m* ACCORDING to Thy gracious Word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

*p* Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see—  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?

*m* When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!  
I must remember Thee:—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

*p* And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee;

*m* When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me.

**883** S.M.D. *C. Wesley.*

*m* COME, all who truly bear  
The Name of Christ your Lord,  
His last mysterious supper share,  
And keep His kindest word.  
Hereby your faith approve  
In Jesus crucified:

*p* "In memory of My dying love  
Do this"—He said—and died.

*m* The badge and token this,  
The sure confirming seal,  
That He is ours, and we are His,  
The servants of His will;  
His dear, peculiar ones,  
The purchase of His blood:  
His blood which once for all atones,  
And brings us now to God.

Then let us still profess  
Our Master's honoured Name;  
Stand forth His faithful witnesses,  
True followers of the Lamb.  
In proof that such we are,  
His saying we receive,  
And thus to all mankind declare  
We do in Christ believe.

**884** S.M. *E. Denny.*

*m* SWEET feast of love Divine!  
'Tis grace that makes us free  
To feed upon this bread and wine,  
In memory, Lord, of Thee.

Here every welcome guest  
 Waits, Lord, from Thee to learn  
 The secrets of Thy Father's breast,  
 And all Thy grace discern.

Here conscience ends its strife,  
 And faith delights to prove  
 The sweetness of the bread of life,  
 The fulness of Thy love.

That blood that flowed for sin  
 In symbols here we see,  
 And feel the blessed pledge within  
 That we are loved of Thee.

O, if this glimpse of love  
 Is so divinely sweet,  
*m* What will it be, O Lord, above,  
 Thy gladdening smile to meet,  
 To see Thee face to face,  
 Thy perfect likeness wear,  
 And all Thy ways of wondrous grace  
 Through endless years declare ?

**885** L.M. I. Watts.

*m* 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night,  
 When powers of earth and hell arose  
 Against the Son of God's delight, [foes—  
 And friends betrayed Him to His  
 Before the mournful scene began, [brake :  
 He took the bread, and blest, and  
 What love through all His actions ran !  
 What wondrous words of grace He  
 spake !

*p* "This is My body, broke for sin,  
 Receive, and eat the living food"—  
 Then took the cup, and blessed the  
 wine—

" 'Tis the new covenant in My blood."

"Do this," He cried, "till time shall end,  
 In memory of your dying Friend ;  
 Meet at My table, and record  
 The love of your departed Lord."

*m* Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,  
 We show Thy death, we sing Thy Name,  
 Till Thou return, and we shall eat  
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

**886** S.M. C. Wesley.

*m* LET all who truly bear  
 The bleeding Saviour's Name,  
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare,  
 And eat the Paschal Lamb.

This eucharistic feast  
 Our every want supplies ;  
 And still we by His death are blest,  
 And share His sacrifice.

Who thus our faith employ,  
 His sufferings to record,  
 E'en now we mournfully enjoy  
 Communion with our Lord.

We, too, with Him are dead,  
 And shall with Him arise ;  
 The cross on which He bows His head  
 Shall lift us to the skies.

**887** 8s & 4, or L.M. G. Rawson.

*m* BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,  
 We keep the memory adored,  
 And show the death of our dear Lord,  
 Until He come !

*p* His body broken in our stead  
 We see in this memorial bread,

*m* And so our feeble love is fed,  
 Until He come !

*p* His fearful drops of agony,  
 His life-blood shed for us, we see ;

*m* The wine shall tell the mystery,  
 Until He come !

And thus that dark betrayal-night,  
 With the last advent we unite,  
 By one blest chain of loving rite,  
 Until He come !

Until the trump of God be heard,  
 Until the ancient graves be stirred,

*f* And with the great commanding word,  
 The Lord shall come !

**888** 7s. J. Allen.

*m* BLESSED words I hear thee say—  
 "Jesus Christ comes here to-day !"

All unworthy though I be,  
 Jesus Christ will sup with me.

What have I to offer, Lord ?  
 All by Thee will be abhorred ;  
 Thou, the Master and the Guest,  
 Must Thyself prepare the feast.

Thou must bring the heavenly fare—  
 I with Thee will humbly share ;

Let me, Lord, become Thy guest—  
 Thou the blessing—I the blessed.

Love and mercy flowing down  
 Thou dost give me for a crown.

*f* O, the blessings Thou dost give !  
 O, the joy with Thee to live !

889

4-10s.

*H. Bonar.*

*m* HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;  
[things unseen;  
Here would I touch and handle  
Here grasp with firmer hand the  
eternal grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.  
Here would I feed upon the bread of  
God;  
[of heaven;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine  
Here would I lay aside each earthly  
load,  
[forgiven.  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin  
Too soon we rise; the symbols dis-  
appear;  
[past and gone;  
The feast, though not the love, is  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou  
art here  
[and Sun.  
Nearer than ever; still my Shield  
Mine is the sin, but Thine the righte-  
ousness;  
[cleansing blood;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my  
peace;  
[Lord, my God.  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O

890

C.M.

*C. Wesley.*

*m* JESU, at Whose supreme command  
We thus approach to God,  
Before us in Thy vesture stand,  
Thy vesture dipped in blood!  
Obedient to Thy gracious word,  
We break the hallowed bread,  
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,  
And trust on Thee to feed.  
Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,  
And make Thy nature known;  
Affix Thy blessed Spirit's seal,  
And stamp us for Thine own.  
The tokens of Thy dying love  
O let us all receive,  
And feel the quickening Spirit move,  
And sensibly believe!

891

7s & 6.

*H. Bonar.*

*m* FOR the bread and for the wine,  
For the pledge that seals Him mine,  
For the words of love Divine,  
*f* We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

*m* Only bread and only wine,  
Yet to faith the solemn sign  
Of the heavenly and Divine!  
*f* We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

*m* Till He come we take the bread,  
Type of Him on Whom we feed,  
Him Who liveth and was dead!  
*f* We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

*m* Till He come we take the cup;  
As we at His table sup,  
Eye and heart are lifted up!  
*f* We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

*m* For that coming, here foreshown,  
For that day to man unknown,  
For the glory and the throne,  
*f* We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

892

6-7s. *E. H. Bickersteth.*

*m* "TILL He come," O let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords:  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

*p* When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast!  
Hush, be every murmur dumb:  
It is only "Till He come."

*m* See, the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and break the bread:  
Sweet memorials—till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come."

LOVEFEASTS.

893

8-7s.

*C. Wesley.*

*f* COME, and let us sweetly join  
Christ to praise in hymns Divine!  
Give we all, with one accord,  
Glory to our common Lord;  
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;  
Sing as in the ancient days;  
Antedate the joys above;  
Celebrate the feast of love.



*m* Strive we, in affection strive;  
 Let the purer flame revive,  
 Such as in the martyrs glowed,  
 Dying champions for their God:  
 We, like them, may live and love;  
 Called we are their joys to prove,  
 Saved with them from future wrath,  
 Partners of like precious faith.

*f* Sing we then in Jesu's Name,  
 Now as yesterday the same;  
 One in every time and place,  
 Full for all of truth and grace:  
 We for Christ, our Master, stand,  
 Lights in a benighted land:  
 We our dying Lord confess;  
 We are Jesu's witnesses.

**894** 8s & 7s. *T. Kelly.*

*m* BRETHREN, come, our Saviour bids us,  
 Bids us to a feast of love:  
 Bless the Lord Whose bounty feeds us,  
 With provision from above;  
 Ye, for whom His life was given,  
 Come, and eat the bread of heaven.

Let us think of Him Who bought us,  
 'Tis the Saviour's own command:  
 When we wandered, Jesus sought us,  
 Now He leads us by the hand:  
 Now He gives us hope, and says  
 We shall sing His endless praise.

O how much His people owe Him,  
 For the love that He hath shown!  
 Well we may surrender to Him  
 All that once we called our own:  
 Lord, we give ourselves to Thee,  
 Thou our Guide, our Master be.

**895** 7s & 6s. *Thomas of Aquine, trs.  
 R. Palmer.*

*m* O BREAD to pilgrims given,  
 O food that angels eat,  
 O manna sent from heaven,  
 For heaven-born natures meet,  
 Give us, for thee long pining,  
 To eat till richly filled;  
 Till, earth's delights resigning,  
 Our every wish is stilled.

O water, life bestowing,  
 Forth from the Saviour's heart,  
 A fountain purely flowing,  
 A fount of love thou art:

O let us, freely tasting,  
 Our burning thirst assuage;  
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
 Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,  
 We Thee unseen adore;  
 Thy faithful word believing,  
 We take, and doubt no more:  
 Give us, Thou true and loving,  
 On earth to live in Thee;  
 Then, death the veil removing,  
 Thy glorious face to see.

**896** 6s & 4s, or 10s. *M. A. Lathbury.*

BREAK Thou the bread of life,  
 Dear Lord, to me,  
 As Thou didst break the loaves  
 Beside the sea:  
 Beyond the sacred page  
 I seek Thee, Lord;  
 My spirit pants for Thee,  
 O living Word!

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,  
 To me—to me—  
 As Thou didst bless the bread  
 By Galilee:  
 Then shall all bondage cease,  
 All fetters fall,  
 And I shall find my peace,  
 My All-in-All.

## PARTING HYMNS.

**897** 7s. *J. Newton.*

*m* FOR a season called to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.

Jesus, hear our humble prayer,  
 Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!  
 Let Thy mercy and Thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.

In Thy strength may we be strong;  
 Sweeten every cross and pain;  
 Grant us, if we live, ere long  
 Here to meet in peace again.

Then, if Thou Thy help afford,  
 Ebenezers shall be reared;  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
 Who our poor petitions heard.

898

S.M. *Hart—Hawker.*

*m* COME, brethren, ere we part,  
Bless the Redeemer's Name ;  
Join every tongue and every heart,  
To adore and praise the Lamb.

Lord, in Thy grace we came,  
Thy blessing now impart ;  
Through faith we met in Jesu's Name,  
In Jesu's Name we part.

If here we meet no more,  
May we, in realms above,  
With all the ransomed saints adore  
Redeeming grace and love.

899

C.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* BLEST be the dear uniting love,  
That will not let us part :  
Our bodies may far off remove—  
We still are one in heart.

Joined in one spirit to our Head,  
Where He appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,  
And show His praise below.

O may we ever walk in Him,  
And nothing know beside ;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.

Closer and closer let us cleave  
To His beloved embrace ;  
Expect His fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

900

L.M. *H. Alford.*

*m* SAVIOUR of all that trust in Thee,  
Once more, with supplicating cries,  
We lift the heart and bend the knee,  
And bid devotion's incense rise.

For mercies past we praise Thee, Lord,  
The fruits of earth, the hopes of  
heaven ;

Thy helping arm, Thy guiding word,  
And answered prayers, and sins for-  
given.

Whene'er we tread on danger's height,  
Or walk temptation's slippery way,  
Be still, to steer our steps aright, [stay,  
Thy Word our guide, Thine arm our

Be ours Thy fear and favour still,  
United hearts, unchanging love ;  
No scheme that contradicts Thy will,  
No wish that centres not above.

And since we must be parted here,  
Support us when the hour shall come ;  
Wipe gently off the mourner's tear,  
Rejoin us in our heavenly home.

901

4-6s & 2-8s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* JESUS, accept the praise  
That to Thy Name belongs ;  
Matter of all our lays,  
Subject of all our songs :  
Through Thee we now together came,  
And part exulting in Thy Name.

In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit joined,  
To embrace the happy toil  
Thou hast to each assigned ;  
And while we do Thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.

O let us thus go on  
In all Thy pleasant ways,  
And, armed with patience, run  
With joy the appointed race ;  
Keep us, and every seeking soul,  
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

Then let us wait the sound,  
That shall our souls release ;  
And labour to be found  
Of Him in spotless peace,  
In perfect holiness renewed,  
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God.

# TENTH DIVISION.

## TIME, DEATH, RESURRECTION, JUDGMENT.

### MAN'S PROBATION.

902

S.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*m* TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,  
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;  
And if its sun arise and shine,  
It shines by Thy command.  
The present moment flies,  
And bears our life away;  
O make Thy servants truly wise,  
That they may live to-day.

*p* Since on this winged hour  
Eternity is hung,

*m* Waken by Thine Almighty power  
The aged and the young.  
One thing demands our care;  
O be it still pursued;  
Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
Should never be renewed.  
To Jesus may we fly  
Swift as the morning light, [die  
Lest life's young golden beams should  
In sudden endless night.

903

6-8s. *J. Hinchcliffe.*

*m* THIS is the field—the world below,  
In which the sowers came to sow—  
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares;  
For so the Word of truth declares;  
And soon the reaping-time will come,  
And angels shout the harvest home.

*p* Most awful truth!—and is it so?  
Must all the world the harvest know?  
Is every man the wheat or tare?  
Then for the harvest, O prepare!  
For soon, &c.

To love my sins—a saint to appear—  
To grow with wheat—and be a tare,  
May serve me whilst on earth below,  
Where tares and wheat together grow:  
But soon, &c.

*f* But all who truly righteous be,  
Their Father's kingdom then shall see;  
Shine like the sun for ever there:  
He that hath ears, then let him hear!  
For soon, &c.

### MAN'S MORTALITY.

904

C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* O GOD! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:  
Under the shadow of Thy throne,  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.  
Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.  
A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

*p* The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

*m* Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

905

C.M. *I. Watts.*

*m* THEE we adore, eternal Name!  
And humbly own to Thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be!

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As days and months increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.

*p* Dangers stand thick through all the  
To push us to the tomb ; [ground,  
And fierce diseases wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

*m* Great God ! on what a slender thread  
Hang everlasting things !  
The eternal state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings !

Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Attends on every breath ;  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death !

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road !  
And if our souls be hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

906 C.M. *A. Reed.*

*m* THERE is an hour, when I must part  
With all I hold most dear ;  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear.

There is an hour, when I may lie  
Low on affliction's bed,  
And anguish, pain, and tears become  
My bitter daily bread.

*p* There is an hour, when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death,  
And yield to Him, Who gave it first,  
My struggling vital breath.

There is an hour, when I must stand  
Before the judgment seat,  
And all my sins, and all my foes,  
In awful vision meet.

There is an hour, when I must look  
On one eternity,  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be.

*m* O Saviour, then, in all my need,  
Be near, be near to me ;  
And let my soul, in stedfast faith,  
Find life and heaven in Thee !

907 S.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*m* How swift the torrent rolls  
That bears us to the sea !  
The tide that bears our deathless souls  
To vast eternity !

Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own ?  
Their joys and griefs have passed away,  
Their wealth and honour gone.

There, where the fathers sleep,  
Must all their children dwell ;  
Nor other heritage can keep  
Than such a narrow cell.

God of our fathers, be  
Our Everlasting Friend ;  
Lord of the dead and living, we  
Our souls to Thee commend.

Of all the pious dead,  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till, gathered round our glorious Head  
We dwell before Thy face.

DEATH.

908 S.M. *I. Watts.*

*p* AND must this body die ?  
This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay ?

Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and Divine.

*m* These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love :  
We would adore His grace below,  
And sing His power above.

Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

909 L.M. *S. Wesley, jun.*

*m* THE morning flowers display their  
sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.



*p* Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,  
Parched by the sun's directer ray,  
The momentary glories waste,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

*m* So blooms the human face Divine,  
When youth its pride of beauty shows;  
Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

*p* Or worn by slowly-rolling years,  
Or broke by sickness in a day,  
The fading glory disappears,  
The short-lived beauties die away.

*m* Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
With lustre brighter far shall shine;  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

*f* Let sickness blast, and death devour,  
If heaven must recompense our pains:  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the Word of God remains.

**910** 4-8s & 2-6s. *C. Wesley.*

*m* AND am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,  
To all eternity!

How then ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay!  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare,  
Against the fatal day!

*p* No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone:  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
The inexorable throne!

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies!

*m* How make mine own election sure,  
And, when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies!

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray:  
Be Thou my Guide, be Thou my Way  
To glorious happiness!  
Ah, write the pardon on my heart,  
And whensoe'er I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace.

**911** L.M. *C. Wesley.*

*m* PASS a few swiftly-fleeting years,  
And all that now in bodies live  
Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,  
Their righteous sentence to receive.

But all, before they hence remove,  
May mansions for themselves prepare  
In that eternal house above;  
And, O my God, shall I be there?

RESURRECTION.

**912** 8-7s. *A. Toplady.*

*m* DEATHLESS principle! arise;  
Soar, thou native of the skies;  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To His glorious likeness wrought,  
Go, to shine before His throne;  
Deck His mediatorial crown;  
Go, His triumphs to adorn;  
Made for God, to God return.

Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering round thy pillow bend;  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven.  
Saints in glory, perfect made,  
Wait thy passage through the shade;  
Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
See! they throng the blissful shore.

*f* Mount, their transports to improve;  
Join the longing choir above;  
Swiftly to their wish be given;  
Kindle higher joy in heaven.  
Such the prospects that arise  
To the dying Christian's eyes;  
Such the glorious vista Faith  
Opens through the shades of death.

**913** L.M. *Elliot's Selection.*

*m* O GRAVE, thou hast the victory:  
Beauty and strength are laid with thee,  
Yet than earth's mightiest, mightier,  
*f* O grave, thou hast thy Vanquisher.

- m* Long in thy sight was man forlorn ;  
 Long didst thou laugh his hope to  
 Till rose the Conqueror of Death, [scorn ;  
*f* Jesus, the Man of Nazareth.
- m* He stood between us and despair ;  
 He bore and gave us strength to bear ;  
 The mysteries of the grave unsealed,  
*f* Our glorious destiny revealed.
- m* Our home is not this mortal clime ;  
 Our life has not its bounds in time ;  
 And death is but a cloud that lies  
*f* Between the soul and paradise.

THE JUDGMENT.

914

S.M.D.

*C. Wesley.*

- m* THOU Judge of quick and dead,  
 Before Whose bar severe,  
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
 We all shall soon appear ;  
 Our cautioned souls prepare  
 For that tremendous day ;  
 And fill us now with watchful care,  
 And stir us up to pray :
- p* To pray, and wait the hour,  
 That awful hour unknown ;  
 When, robed in majesty and power,  
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
- m* The immortal Son of Man,  
 To judge the human race,  
 With all Thy Father's dazzling train,  
 With all Thy glorious grace.
- f* O may we thus be found  
 Obedient to His Word ;  
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord !  
 O may we thus ensure  
 A lot among the blest ;  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest !

915

8s & 6s.

*C. Wesley.*

- m* THOU God of glorious majesty,  
 To Thee, against myself, to Thee,  
 A worm of earth, I cry ;  
 A half-awakened child of man ;  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain ;  
 A sinner born to die !  
 Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible ;

A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to that heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

O God, mine inmost soul convert !  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress ;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness.

*p* Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When Thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at Thy bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom ?

*m* Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
 Eternal bliss to ensure :  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.

916

8s & 7s (Irreg.). *B. Ringwald—  
 W. B. Collyer.*

- m* GREAT God ! what do I see and hear ?  
 The end of things created :  
 The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
 On clouds of glory seated !  
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead which they contained before ;  
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.  
 The dead in Christ shall first arise  
 At that last trumpet's sounding ;  
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;  
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
 His presence sheds eternal day  
 On those prepared to meet Him.  
 Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,  
 In deep abasement bending ;  
 O shield us through that last dread hour,  
 Thy wondrous Love extending ;  
 May we, in this our trial day,  
 With faithful hearts Thy Word obey,  
 And thus prepare to meet Thee.

917

L.M.

*Sir W. Scott.*

- m* THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the  
dead;

O! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass  
away!

## ELEVENTH DIVISION.

### NEW PLACES OF WORSHIP AND ANNIVERSARIES.

#### LAYING FOUNDATION STONES.

918

L.M. *J. Montgomery.*

- m* THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay:  
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee:  
Thine eye be open night and day,  
To guard this house and sanctuary.  
Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,  
And dying sinners pray to live: [place,  
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-  
And, when thou hearest, O forgive.  
Here, when Thy messengers proclaim  
The blessed Gospel of Thy Son,  
Still, by the power of His great Name,  
Be mighty signs and wonders done.  
*f* Hosanna to their heavenly King!  
When children's voices raise that song,  
Hosanna let their angels sing, [long.  
And heaven with earth the strain pour-  
*m* But will, indeed, Jehovah deign  
Here to abide—no transient guest?  
Here will the world's Redeemer reign?  
And here the Holy Spirit rest?  
*f* That glory never hence depart?  
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;  
Thy kingdom come to every heart;  
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

919

4-6s & 2-8s.

*Latin, trs. J. Chandler.*

- m* CHRIST is our corner-stone,  
On Him alone we build;  
With His true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled;  
On His great love our hopes we place  
Of present grace and joys above.

- O then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing;  
*f* And thus proclaim in joyful song,  
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.  
*m* Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh;  
In copious shower on all who pray  
Each holy day Thy blessings pour.  
Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore;  
*f* Until that day, when all the blest  
To endless rest are called away.

920

(Irreg.)

*A. Bulmer.*

- m* THOU, Who hast in Zion laid  
The true foundation stone,  
And with those a covenant made  
Who build on that alone:  
Hear us, Architect Divine,  
Great Builder of Thy Church below  
Now upon Thy servants shine,  
Who seek Thy praise to show.  
Earth is Thine; her thousand hills  
Thy mighty hand sustains;  
Heaven Thy awful presence fills;  
O'er all Thy glory reigns;  
Yet the place of old prepared  
By royal David's favoured son  
Thy peculiar blessing shared,  
And stood Thy chosen throne.  
We, like Jesse's son, would raise  
A temple to the Lord;  
Sound throughout its courts His praise,  
His saving Name record;

Dedicate a house to Him,  
Who, once in mortal weakness shrined,  
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem—  
To rescue all mankind.

*f* Father, Son, and Spirit, send  
The consecrating flame;  
Now in majesty descend,  
Inscribe the living Name;  
That great Name by which we live  
Now write on this accepted stone;  
Us into Thy hands receive,  
Our temple make Thy throne.

**921** L.M. *J. M. Neale.*

*m* O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
Who yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands;  
Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

The heads that guide endue with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill,  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the top-stone in its day.

But now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessed Trinity!

**922** L.M. *Anon.*

*m* NOT for the things of time alone—  
Not for the knowledge earth can give,  
We raise this building—but for truths  
Which through eternity shall live.

Its stones may crumble into dust;  
Its place by strangers' feet be trod;  
But the high themes within it taught  
Shall be immortal, like their God.

Here condescend to dwell, and make  
This building Thy peculiar shrine;

*f* And then, while endless ages last,  
Be all the praise and glory Thine.

LAYING FOUNDATION OF SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**923** L.M. *E. S. A.*

*m* EXCEPT the Lord a temple build,  
In vain their toil the workmen yield;  
Except the Lord shall guard the bounds,  
In vain the watchman's voice resounds.

O Lord, the Master-builder Thou,  
Make us Thy fellow-workers now;  
Builders of souls here may we be,  
And living shrines be raised for Thee.

Give to our teachers words of fire,  
To kindle every high desire;  
And form in all the constant mind  
To serve their God and serve mankind.

Watch Thou within, lest we should spoil  
Thy work, or fail in earnest toil;  
May Thine abiding presence keep [sleep.  
Our hearts from strife, our souls from

Thus may we train, in Thy blest will,  
Young ardent souls to serve Thee still,  
To bear, in bright and eager bands,  
The torch that leaves our drooping hands.

OPENING PLACES OF WORSHIP.

**924** L.M. *P. Doddridge.*

*m* AND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish His abode?  
And will He, from His radiant throne,  
Avow our temples for His own?

We bring the tribute of our praise,  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us, sinful mortals, near.

These walls we to Thine honour raise;  
Long may they echo with Thy praise!  
And Thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of His train;  
While power Divine His Word attends,  
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.

And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear—  
Thousands were born to glory here.

**925** C.M. *T. Raftles.*

*m* GOD of our fathers, to Thy Name  
This edifice we raise!

O may these walls, to distant years,  
Re-echo with Thy praise.

May blooming youth and tottering age  
Here blend, with one accord,  
In prayer and praise, and joyful sing  
Hosannas to the Lord.



*p* Here let the burdened spirit feel  
A solace to its grief,  
And lay its burden on the Lord,  
And find a sure relief.

*m* And when the tempter, like a flood,  
Would overwhelm the soul,  
Here may the standard be upraised,  
And back the torrent roll.

Here on the mourner, doomed awhile  
'Midst gloomy doubts to stray,

*f* O Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
And chase the gloom away.

*m* And when, at last, the great account  
Of God's own people's given,  
*f* Of thousands may it then be said,  
"There he was born for heaven."

**926** C.M. *W. C. Bryant.*

*m* THOU Whose unmeasured temple stands  
Built over earth and sea,  
Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised, O God, to Thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,  
Thy Holy Spirit, meet  
With those who here in worship bend  
Before Thy mercy-seat.

May they who err be guided here  
To find the better way,  
And they who mourn and they who fear  
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow  
And hallowed wishes rise, [warm,  
While round these peaceful walls the  
Of earth-born passion dies. [storm

**927** C.M. *J. Newton.*

*m* DEAR Shepherd of Thy people, here  
Thy presence now display;  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise;  
And pour Thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.

*p* The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humbled mind bestow;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow!

*m* May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers!  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

**928** C.M. *John Harris.*

*m* LIGHT up this house with glory, Lord;  
Enter, and claim Thine own;  
Receive the homage of our souls,  
Erect Thy temple-throne.

We rear no altar, Thou hast died;  
We deck no priestly shrine;  
What need have we of creature-aid?  
The power to save is Thine.

We ask no bright Shekinah-cloud  
To glorify the place;  
Give, Lord, the substance of that sign,  
A plenitude of grace.

No rushing, mighty wind we ask;  
No tongues of flame desire;  
Grant us the Spirit's quickening light,  
His purifying fire.

*f* Light up this house with glory, Lord;  
The glory of that love  
Which forms and saves a Church below,  
And makes a heaven above.

**929** L.M. *J. G. Whittier.*

*m* ALL things are Thine: no gift have we,  
Lord of all gifts! to offer Thee;  
And hence with grateful hearts to-day  
Thine own before Thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought;  
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;  
Through mortal motive, scheme and  
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran. [plan,

No lack Thy perfect fulness knew;  
From human needs and longings grew  
This house of prayer, this home of rest,  
Where Thy great Name shall be confessed.

In weakness and in want we call  
On Thee for Whom the heavens are  
Thy glory is Thy children's good, [small;  
Thy joy Thy tender Fatherhood.

*f* O Father! deign these walls to bless;  
Fill with Thy love their emptiness;  
And let their door a gateway be  
To lead us from ourselves to Thee.

930

L.M.

*R. Palmer.*

*m* BEHOLD Thy temple, God of grace,  
The house that we have reared for  
Regard it as Thy resting-place, [Thee,  
And fill it with Thy majesty.

With outstretched hands on Thee we call,  
Prostrate before Thy throne we bow;  
O let the cloud of glory fall  
On all Thy waiting servants now.

Now by Thy presence sanctify  
This earthly sanctuary, Lord,  
And to its courts be ever nigh,  
And here Thy hallowed Name record.

And when from hence the voice of praise  
Shall lift its triumphs to Thy throne,  
Show Thy acceptance of our lays  
By making all Thy glory known.

When here Thy ministers shall stand,  
To speak what Thou shalt bid them say,  
Maintain Thy cause with Thine own  
hand,

And give Thy truth a winning way.

Now, therefore, O our God, arise,  
In this Thy resting-place appear,  
And let Thy people's longing eyes  
Behold Thee fix Thy dwelling here!

RE-OPENING SERVICES.

931

8s & 7s.

*J. Ellerton.*

*f* LIFT the strain of high thanksgiving!  
Tread with songs the hallowed way!  
Praise our fathers' God for mercies  
New to us their sons to-day:  
Here they built for Him a dwelling,  
Served Him here in ages past,  
Fixed it for His sure possession,  
Holy ground, while time shall last.

*m* When the years had wrought their  
changes,

He, our own unchanging God,  
Thought on this His habitation,  
Looked on His decayed abode;

Heard our prayers, and helped our coun-  
Blessed the silver and the gold, [sels,  
*f* Till once more His house is standing  
Firm and stately as of old.

Entering then Thy gates with praises,  
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer:

*m* " Rise into Thy place of resting,  
Show Thy promised presence there! "  
Let the gracious word be spoken  
Here, as once on Zion's height,  
" This shall be My rest for ever,  
This My dwelling of delight."

*m* Fill this latter house with glory  
Greater than the former knew;  
Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,  
Guide its choir to reverence true;  
Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;  
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,  
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.

*f* Praise to Thee, Almighty Father,  
Praise to Thee, Eternal Son,  
Praise to Thee, all-quickening Spirit,  
Ever Blessed Three in One:  
Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom,  
Moulding out of sinful clay  
Living stones for that pure temple  
Which shall never know decay.

OPENING OF AN ORGAN.

932

C.M. *H. Ware, jun.*

*m* ALL nature's works His praise declare,  
To Whom they all belong;  
There is a voice in every star,  
In every breeze a song.

Sweet music fills the world abroad  
With strains of love and power;  
The stormy sea sings praise to God,  
The thunder and the shower.

To God the tribes of ocean cry,  
And birds upon the wing;  
To God the powers that dwell on high  
Their tuneful tribute bring.

Like them, let man the throne surround,  
With them loud chorus raise,  
While instruments of loftier sound  
Assist his feeble praise.

Great God, to Thee we consecrate  
Our voices and our skill;  
We bid the pealing organ wait  
To speak alone Thy will.

O teach its rich and swelling notes  
To lift our souls on high,  
And while the music round us floats,  
Let earth-born passions die.

ANNIVERSARY OF CHURCH.

933 C.M. F. L. Hosmer.

*m* O LIGHT, from age to age the same,  
For ever living Word—

Here have we felt Thy kindling flame,

*p* Thy voice within have heard.

*m* Here holy thought and hymn and prayer

Have winged the spirit's powers,

And made these walls divinely fair—

Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

*p* What visions rise above the years,

What tender memories throng !

Till the eye fills with happy tears,

*m* The heart with grateful song.

*p* Vanish the mists of time and sense ;

They come, the loved of yore,

And one encircling Providence

Holds all for evermore.

*m* O, not in vain their toil who wrought

To build faith's freer shrine—

Nor theirs whose love and hope and  
thought

Have watched the fire Divine.

*f* Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide :

While systems rise and fall

Faith, hope, and charity abide,

The heart and soul of all.

934 4-8s & 2-6s. J. Merrick.

*f* THE festal morn, my God, is come,  
That calls me to Thy honoured home,  
Thy presence to adore ;

My feet the summons shall attend,

With willing steps Thy courts ascend,

And tread the hallowed floor.

*m* Hither from Judah's utmost end

The heaven-protected tribes ascend,

Their offerings hither bring :

Here, eager to attest their joy,

In hymns of praise their tongues employ,

And serve the immortal King.

Be peace by each implored on thee,

O Zion, while, with bended knee,

To Jacob's God we pray ;

How blest, who calls himself thy friend !  
Success his labour shall attend,  
And safety guard his way.

*f* Seat of my friends and brethren, hail !

How can my tongue, O Zion, fail

To bless thy loved abode !

How cease the zeal that in me glows,

Thy good to seek, whose walls enclose

The mansions of my God !

935 L.M. P. Doddridge.

*f* ETERNAL Source of every joy !

Praise shall our hearts and lips employ

While in Thy temple we appear,

To bless Thee, Sovereign of the year.

*m* While the great wheels of nature roll,

Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;

By Thee the sun is taught to rise,

And darkness when to veil the skies.

The clouds, disposed at Thy command,

Their fatness drop through every land ;

Her various produce nature yields,

And plenty smiles o'er all her fields.

Seasons and months and weeks and days

Demand successive songs of praise :

Still be the grateful homage paid,

With morning light and evening shade.

*f* O may our more harmonious tongues

In worlds unknown renew the songs ;

And in those brighter courts adore,

Where days and years revolve no more.

936 4-8s & 2-6s.

*m* No structure reared by mortal men,

Nor heaven itself, can e'er contain

The omnipresent God ;

Yet He within the meanest place

Will oft reveal His smiling face,

And shed His love abroad.

Beneath His own paternal care

This place became a house of prayer,

His presence here was found ;

He sent His servants to proclaim

The glories of the Saviour's Name,

The Gospel's joyful sound.

Lord, we adore Thy gracious hand,

That brought a little Christian band

In love to assemble here ;

Enrich us with a large increase,

With righteousness, and joy, and peace,

Throughout each passing year.

937

4-6s & 2-8s.

*C. Wesley and J. Taylor.*

*f* REJOICE! the Lord is King :  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals! give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

*m* His wintry north winds blow,  
Loud tempests rush amain ;  
Yet His thick showers of snow  
Defend the infant grain :

*f* Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

*m* He wakes the genial spring,  
Perfumes the balmy air ;  
The vales their tribute bring,  
The promise of the year :

*f* Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

*m* He leads the circling year ;  
His flocks the hills adorn ;  
He fills the golden ear,  
And loads the fields with corn :

*f* O happy mortals! raise your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

*m* Lead on your fleeting train,  
Ye years, and months, and days !  
O bring the eternal reign  
Of love, and joy, and praise :

*f* Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

938

C.M. *W. C. Bryant.*

*m* As shadows cast by cloud and sun  
I lit o'er the summer grass,  
So in Thy sight, Almighty One,  
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,  
Come pressing swiftly on,  
The brightest names that earth can boast  
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet ;  
And still it leads, as once it led,  
To the Messiah's feet.

O Father, may that holy Star  
Grow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To fill the world with light !

939

C.M.

*T. H. Gill.*

*m* BREAK, new-born year, on glad eyes  
Melodious voices move ! [break,  
On, rolling Time! thou canst not make  
The Father cease to love.

The parted year had winged feet ;  
The Saviour still doth stay :  
The new year comes ! but, Spirit sweet,  
Thou goest not away.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er ;  
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams :  
Our sins are swelling evermore ;  
But pardoning grace still streams.

Lord! from this year more service win,  
More glory, more delight !  
O make its hours less sad with sin,  
Its days with Thee more bright !

Then we may bless its precious things  
If earthly cheers should come,  
Or gladsome mount on angel wings  
If Thou shouldst take us home.

O, golden then the hours must be ;  
The year must needs be sweet ;  
Yes, Lord, with happy melody  
Thine opening grace we greet.

940

C.M.D. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*f* A HAPPY, happy Christmas, and  
A merry, bright New Year !  
How sweet the kind old greetings sound  
To every heart and ear ;  
No matter how care-burdened, and  
No matter how depressed,  
A something in their welcome makes  
Them dear to every breast.

*m* We heard them in our childhood, when,  
With spirits light and gay,  
We dreamt not that life's joyfulness  
Could ever pass away ;  
And though long years of carefulness  
Have sobered many a heart,  
A joy still lingers round them, which  
Can never quite depart.



Nor ever shall, if, Christian-like,  
We count the rolling years  
Not as removing joys from us,  
But sins, and cares, and tears.

*f* Long may the kind old greetings sound,  
To every heart and ear,  
A happy, happy Christmas, and  
A merry, bright New Year!

941 6s & 5s. *F. R. Havergal.*

*m* STANDING at the portals  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear,  
Spoken through the silence  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.

*f* Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day,  
For His word shall never,  
Never pass away.

*m* "I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid;  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed;  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With My own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand."

For the year before us,  
O what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise;  
For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound,  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.

*f* He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break.  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.

942 S.M. *Moncrieff.*

*m* ARE there no years in heaven?  
No change of day and night?  
No rolling seasons' varied hues  
To mark Time's onward flight?

No, Time itself must fade,  
And New Years' Days shall cease,  
When all God's children meet on high,  
To hail the Prince of Peace.

His realm is endless rest,  
And perfect holiness;  
*p* No cares shall cloud, no sorrow dim  
That home of loveliness.

*m* In His great Name we raise  
Our New Year song to heaven;  
To praise our Father's boundless love,  
And ask to be forgiven.  
Saviour! be Thou our trust,  
Our daily, hourly Friend;  
Unite our hearts in love to Thee—  
That love which knows no end.

So may our lives on earth,  
Made happy by Thy grace,  
*f* Be foretastes of a fairer home—  
A heavenly dwelling-place.

943 7s & 6s. *F. R. Havergal.*

*m* ANOTHER year is dawning;  
Dear Master, let it be,  
In working or in waiting,  
Another year with Thee.  
Another year of leaning  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
Of ever-deepening trusting,  
Of quiet, happy rest.  
Another year of mercies,  
Of faithfulness and grace,  
Another year of gladness  
In the shining of Thy face.  
Another year of progress,  
Another year of praise,  
Another year of proving  
Thy presence "all the days."  
Another year of service,  
Of witness for Thy love;  
Another year of training  
For holier work above.  
Another year is dawning;  
Dear Master, let it be,  
On earth, or else in heaven,  
Another year for Thee!

944 P.M. *C. Wesley.*

*f* COME, let us anew our journey pursue,  
Roll round with the year, [appear.  
And never stand still till the Master

## SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,  
 And our talents improve, [of love.  
 By the patience of hope, and the labour  
*p* Our life is a dream; our time, as a  
 Glides swiftly away; [stream,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.  
*m* The arrow is flown; the moment is  
 The millennial year [gone;  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's  
 here.  
*f* O that each in the day of His coming  
 may say,  
 "I have fought my way through,  
 I have finished the work Thou didst  
 give me to do."  
 O that each from his Lord may receive  
 the glad word,  
 "Well and faithfully done; [throne."  
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My

### SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

#### SPRING.

**945** C.M. *T. H. Gill.*

*m* THE glory of the spring how sweet!  
 The new-born life how glad!  
 What joy the happy earth to greet  
 In new, bright raiment clad!  
 Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;  
 I greet Thy going forth:  
 I love Thee in the loveliness  
 Of Thy renewed earth.  
 But O these wonders of Thy grace,  
 These nobler works of Thine,  
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,  
 These new births more Divine!  
*p* These sinful souls Thou hallowest,  
 These hearts Thou makest new,  
 These mourning souls by Thee made  
 blest,  
 These faithful hearts made true:  
*m* This new-born glow of faith so strong,  
 This bloom of love so fair;  
 This new-born ecstasy of song  
 And fragrantcy of prayer!  
 Creator Spirit, work in me  
 These wonders sweet of Thine!  
 Divine Renewer, graciously  
 Renew this heart of mine!

*f* Still let new life and strength upspring,  
 Still let new joy be given!  
 And grant the glad new song to ring  
 Through the new earth and heaven.

**946** C.M. *A. Jones.*

*m* THE voices of the spring, O Lord,  
 Are wakened by Thy breath;  
 The winter's cold is past and gone,  
 Life triumphs over death.  
 Thy life, through nature throbbing, stirs  
 The pulses of the earth;  
 The meadows laugh beneath Thy smile,  
 Thou givest beauty birth.  
 The birds, those feathered minstrels,  
 Their music, Lord, from Thee: [learn  
 All nature's chords, touched by Thy  
 Resound with melody. [hand,  
 The odours of the flowers arise  
 Like incense to Thy throne;  
 Thy goodness makes Thy creatures glad,  
 Thy light for them is sown.  
 Thrice holy Lord of earth and sky,  
 How beautiful art Thou!  
 What grace must on Thy servants rest,  
 Who in Thy presence bow!  
 O, let Thy love fill all my soul!  
 Put in my heart Thy peace;  
 My footsteps guide to Thy loved home,  
 Where praises never cease.

#### SUMMER.

**947** 6s & 5s. *W. W. How.*

*m* SUMMER suns are glowing  
 Over land and sea,  
 Happy light is flowing  
 Bountiful and free.  
 Everything rejoices  
 In the mellow rays,  
 All earth's thousand voices  
 Swell the psalm of praise.  
*f* God's free mercy streameth  
 Over all the world,  
 And His banner gleameth  
 Everywhere unfurled.  
 Broad and deep and glorious  
 As the heaven above,  
 Shines in might victorious  
 His eternal Love.

*m* Lord, upon our blindness  
Thy pure radiance pour;  
For Thy loving-kindness  
Makes us love Thee more.  
*p* And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

*m* We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light:  
Life is dark without Thee;  
Death with Thee is bright.

*f* Light of Light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day.

948 L.M. T. H. Gill.

*m* WHAT sweetness on Thine earth doth  
dwell! [Thine!  
How precious, Lord, these gifts of  
Yet sweeter messages they tell,  
These earnest of delights Divine.

*f* Yes! glory out of glory breaks,  
More than the gift itself is given;  
Each gift a glorious promise makes;  
Thine earth doth prophesy of heaven.

*m* These mighty hills we joy to climb,  
These happy streams we wander by,  
Reveal the eternal hills sublime—  
Of God's own river prophesy.

These odours blest, these gracious  
flowers, [rise,  
These sweet sounds that around us  
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,  
Prelude angelic harmonies.

*f* These vernal hours, what news they  
bring! [tell!  
What tidings these bright summers  
They fore-announce the eternal spring,  
Foreshow the Light Ineffable.

Lord, from Thy gifts to Thee we rise,  
But with more strength we soar above,  
Upon these glorious prophecies,  
These earnest of Thy dearer love.

AUTUMN.

949 7s & 6s. W. W. How.

*p* THE year is swiftly waning;  
The summer days are past;  
And life, brief life, is speeding;  
The end is nearing fast.

*m* The ever-changing seasons  
In silence come and go;  
But Thou, Eternal Father,  
No time or change canst know.

O pour Thy grace upon us,  
That we may worthier be,  
Each year that passes o'er us,  
To dwell in heaven with Thee.

Behold the bending orchards  
With bounteous fruit are crowned;

*p* Lord, in our hearts more richly  
Let heavenly fruits abound.

*m* O, by each mercy sent us,  
*p* And by each grief and pain,  
*m* By blessings like the sunshine,  
*p* And sorrows like the rain—

*m* Our barren hearts make fruitful  
With every goodly grace,  
That we Thy Name may hallow,  
And see at last Thy face.

950 C.M. Alice Flowerdew.

*m* FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,  
How rich Thy bounties are!  
The changing seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness wrought its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was  
The plants in beauty grew; [Thine,  
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,  
And soft, refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above  
Matured the swelling grain;  
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone  
Thou dost on man bestow;  
Let us not then forget to own  
From Whom our blessings flow.

*f* Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;  
To Thee our songs we'll raise,  
And all created nature join  
In sweet, harmonious praise.

WINTER.

951

L.M. *S. Longfellow.*

- p* 'Tis winter now; the fallen snow  
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;  
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds  
blow,  
And all the earth lies dead and drear.  
*m* And yet God's love is not withdrawn;  
His life within the keen air breathes,  
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,  
And clothes the boughs with glitter-  
ing wreaths.  
*p* And though abroad the sharp winds  
blow, [keen,  
And skies are chilled, and frosts are  
*m* Home closer draws her circle now,  
And warmer glows her light within.  
*f* O God! Who givest the winter's cold,  
As well as summer's joyous rays,  
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,  
And keep us through life's wintry days.

952

7s & 6s.

*D. Agate.*

- m* LORD of the silent winter—  
Beneath whose skies of grey  
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,  
But wait a brighter day:  
*p* If human hearts are dreary,  
By mists of sorrow chilled,  
Give patience to the weary,  
Till they with peace be filled!

- m* Lord of the joyous springtime—  
When leaves and buds appear,  
And lengthening days of beauty  
Renew the softened year:  
*p* Breathe on our hearts in blessing;  
Away our sadness roll;  
And send, all pain redressing,  
A springtime to the soul!  
*m* Lord of the glowing summer—  
When waves the corn on high,  
And fruits in valleys ripen,  
Beneath a cloudless sky:  
Shine on our hearts' endeavour  
To give our strength to Thee,  
That in our spirits ever  
A richer life may be!  
*f* Lord of the bounteous autumn—  
When orchards yield their store,  
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,  
Pass to the garner door:  
Grant now a full fruition  
To every seed of truth,  
Which fell, with blessed mission,  
Upon our souls in youth!  
*m* Lord of the changing seasons!  
Lord of our passing days!  
Wake Thou in us abundance  
Of duty, love, and praise:  
That hearts of wintry sadness  
May feel the breath of spring,  
*f* And summer's time of gladness  
The autumn glories bring!

## TWELFTH DIVISION.

### MISCELLANEOUS SERVICES AND OCCASIONS.

#### FLOWER SERVICES.

953

S.M.

*A. Fitz, alt. by G. Thring.*

- m* GREAT Giver of all good,  
To Thee our thanks we yield,  
For all the beauties of the wood,  
Of hill, and dale, and field.  
*f* Ten thousand various flowers  
To Thee sweet offerings bear,  
And joyous birds in woodland bowers  
Sing forth Thy tender care.

- m* The fields on every side,  
The trees on every hill,  
The glorious sun, the rolling tide  
Proclaim Thy wonders still.

But trees, and fields, and skies  
Still praise a God unknown;  
For gratitude and love can rise  
From living hearts alone.

- f* These living hearts of ours  
Thy holy Name would bless;  
The blossoms of a thousand flowers  
Would please the Saviour less.



# HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

*m* While earth itself decays,  
Our souls can never die;  
*f* O, tune them all to sing Thy praise  
In better songs on high.

**954** C.M. *J. G. Whittier.*

*m* O PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,  
We own Thy wise design,  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
May share the works of Thine!  
*p* Apart from Thee, we plant in vain  
The root, and sow the seed;  
*m* Thy early and Thy latter rain,  
Thy sun and dew we need.  
Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,  
Our burden is our boon;  
*p* The curse of earth's grey morning is  
*m* The blessing of its noon.  
*f* And, North and South, and East and  
The pride of every zone, [West,  
The fairest, rarest, and the best,  
May all be made our own.  
*m* Its earliest shrines the young world  
sought  
In hill-groves and in bowers;  
The fittest offerings thither brought  
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.  
And still with reverent hands we cull  
Thy gifts each year renewed;  
The good is always beautiful,  
The beautiful is good.

**955** 11s & 10s. *A. G. W. Blunt.*

*m* HERE, Lord, we offer Thee all that is  
fairest, [from the field;  
Bloom from the garden, and flowers  
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing  
Thou carest [that we yield.  
More for the love than the wealth  
*p* Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the  
dying, [of peace;  
Speak to their hearts with a message  
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are  
lying,  
Grant the departing a gentle release.  
*m* Raise, Lord, to health again those who  
have sickened, [bloom;  
Fair be their lives as the roses in  
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou  
hast quickened, [for gloom.  
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness

We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and  
must wither, [and must die;  
We, like these blossoms, must fade  
Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,  
Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.

**956** C.M. *Mary Howitt.*

*m* GOD might have made the earth bring  
Enough for great and small, [forth  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
He might have made enough—enough  
For every want of ours,  
For food and medicine and toil,  
And yet have made no flowers.  
Then wherefore, wherefore, were they  
All dyed with rainbow light, [made,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night;  
*p* Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by?  
*m* Our outward life requires them not,  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth.  
*p* To whisper hope, to comfort man,  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
*f* For He Who careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for him.

## HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES.

**957** 8-7s. *H. Alford.*

*f* COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home:  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin;  
God, our Maker, doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied:  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.  
*m* All this world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown;  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home,  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away,

*p* Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,

*m* But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come;  
Bring Thy final harvest-home:  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There, for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:

*f* Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

958

7s & 6s. *J. S. B. Monsell.*

*f* SING to the Lord of harvest,  
Sing songs of love and praise;  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your hallelujahs raise:  
By Him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move,  
Sing to the Lord of harvest  
A song of happy love.

*m* By Him the clouds drop fatness,  
The deserts bloom and spring,  
The hills leap up in gladness,  
The valleys laugh and sing:  
He filleth with His fulness  
All things with large increase,

*f* He crowns the year with goodness,  
With plenty and with peace.

*m* Heap on His sacred altar  
The gifts His goodness gave,  
The golden sheaves of harvest,  
The souls He died to save:  
Your hearts lay down before Him  
When at His feet ye fall,  
And with your lives adore Him,  
Who gave His life for all.

959

L.M.

*E. Butcher.*

*m* GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes mark the rolling year,  
Thy favour still has crowned our days,  
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

The harvest song would we repeat:  
Thou givest us the finest wheat;  
The joys of harvest we have known;  
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

Our tables spread, our garner stored,  
O give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord:  
Forbid it, Source of light and love,  
That hearts and lives should barren  
prove.

*p* Another harvest comes apace,  
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,  
That we may calmly meet the blow  
The sickle gives to lay us low.

*m* That so, when angel-reapers come  
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,  
Our spirits may be borne on high  
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

960

8s & 7s.

*W. C. Dix.*

*f* To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise  
In hymns of adoration,  
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise,  
With shouts of exultation;  
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,  
The hills with joy are ringing,  
The valleys covered thick with corn  
Break forth in joyful singing.

*m* And now, on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous hand confessing,  
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing;  
By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal,  
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,  
Give us the Bread Eternal.

We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary;  
But labour ends with sunset ray,  
And rest comes for the weary;  
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garner bright elected.

*f* O blessed is that land of God,  
Where saints abide for ever;  
Where golden fields spread far and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river:  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending;  
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.

961 7s & 6s (with refrain).  
M. Claudius, *trs.* J. M. Campbell.

*m* WE plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand ;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain :  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
*f* Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love !

*m* He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far ;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star ;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed ;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food ;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.

962 L.M. C. Wordsworth.

*m* OUR hearts and voices let us raise  
In songs of thankfulness and praise,  
Our heavenly Father's love to bless,  
Which crowns the year with fruitful-  
ness.

Cheered by the sun and fostering rain,  
The valleys wave with golden grain ;  
The corn-fields teem with ripened  
shocks, [flocks.  
The stalls with herds, the folds with  
For what Thy bounteous hand imparts,  
Give us the grace of thankful hearts ;  
Teach us our thankfulness to prove,  
By hymns of praise and gifts of love.

*f* Shine on us with Thy glorious face,  
Refresh us with Thy gifts of grace :  
The gifts which by Thy Holy Ghost  
Were shed from heaven at Pentecost.

*m* O may we, like a fruitful field,  
To Thee a rich abundance yield ;  
And, as the fields with harvest wave,  
Rise from the furrows of the grave.  
So when the angel reapers come,  
And Thou shalt keep Thy harvest-home,  
We in Thy barn shall garnered be,  
Thy heavenly barn, eternally.

963 6-8s. J. Anstice.

*m* LORD of the harvest, once again  
We thank Thee for the ripened grain ;  
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year ;  
For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied  
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.  
The bare dead grain in autumn sown,  
Its robe of vernal green puts on ;  
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnished by the King of Kings ;  
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee  
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

*p* Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask  
A lesson from the reapers' task ;  
So shall Thine angels issue forth ;  
The tares be burnt ; the just of earth,  
To wind and storm exposed no more,  
Be gathered to their Father's store.

*m* Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread ;  
But not alone our bodies feed,  
Supply our fainting spirits' need ;  
O Bread of Life, from day to day  
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay !

MARRIAGE SERVICES.

964 7s & 6s. J. Keble.

*m* THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not passed away ;  
Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid  
The Holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.

*p* Be present, Holy Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gavest to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side ;

*m* Be present, Holy Saviour,  
 To join their loving hands,  
 As Thou didst bind two natures  
 In Thine eternal bands ;  
 Be present, Holy Spirit,  
 To bless them as they kneel,  
 As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,  
 The heavenly spouse dost seal.  
 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them ;  
 Let no ill power find place,  
 When onward to Thine altar  
 The hallowed path they trace,  
 To cast their crowns before Thee  
 In perfect sacrifice,  
 Till to the home of gladness  
 With Christ's own bride they rise.

**965** S.M. *Sir H. W. Baker.*

*m* How welcome was the call,  
 And sweet the festal lay,  
 When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall  
 To bless the marriage day !  
 And happy was the bride,  
 And glad the bridegroom's heart,  
 For He Who tarried at their side  
 Bade grief and ill depart.  
 His gracious power Divine  
 The water vessels knew ;  
 And plenteous was the mystic wine  
 The wondering servants drew.  
*p* O Lord of life and love,  
 Come Thou again to-day,  
 And bring a blessing from above  
 That ne'er shall pass away.  
 O bless, as erst of old,  
 The bridegroom and the bride ;  
 Bless with the holier stream that flowed  
 Forth from Thy pierced side.  
 Before Thine altar-throne  
 This mercy we implore :  
 As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,  
 So bless them evermore.

**966** 11s & 10s. *D. Blomfield.*

*p* O PERFECT Love, all human thought  
 transcending, [throne,  
 Let us we kneel in prayer before Thy  
*m* That theirs may be the love which  
 knows no ending, [in one.  
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join

O perfect Life, be Thou their full  
 assurance  
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
 Of patient hope, and quiet, brave  
 endurance, [pain nor death.  
 With childlike trust that fears nor  
 Grant them the joy which brightens  
 earthly sorrow, [all earthly strife ;  
*p* Grant them the peace which calms  
*m* And to life's day the glorious unknown  
 morrow [life.  
 That dawns upon eternal love and

FAMILY AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

**967** 4-7s. *G. Rawson.*

*m* GOD the Father ! be Thou near,  
 Save from every harm to-night ;  
 Make us all Thy children dear,  
 In the darkness be our light.  
 God the Saviour ! be our peace,  
 Put away our sins to-night ;  
 Speak the word of full release,  
 Turn our darkness into light.  
 Holy Spirit ! deign to come !  
 Sanctify us all to-night ;  
 In our hearts prepare Thy home,  
 Turn our darkness into light.  
 Holy Trinity ! be nigh !  
 Mystery of love adored,  
 Help to live, and help to die,  
 Lighten all our darkness, Lord !

**968** C.M. *Mrs. W.*

*m* HAPPY the home when God is there  
 And love fills every breast ; [prayer,  
 Where one their wish, and one their  
 And one their heavenly rest.  
 Happy the home where Jesu's Name  
 Is sweet to every ear ;  
 Where children early lip His fame,  
 And parents hold Him dear.  
 Happy the home where prayer is heard,  
 And praise is wont to rise,  
 Where parents love the sacred Word,  
 And live but for the skies.  
 Lord ! let us in our homes agree,  
 This blessed peace to gain ;  
 Unite our hearts in love to Thee,  
 And love to all will reign.



969

L.M. *H. Ware, jun.*

*m* IN this glad hour, when children meet,  
 And home with them their children  
 Our hearts with one affection beat, [bring,  
 One song of praise our voices sing.  
 For all the faithful, loved and dear,  
 Whom Thou so kindly, Lord, hast  
 given,  
 For those who still are with us here,  
 And those who wait for us in heaven;—  
 For every past and present joy,  
 For honour, competence, and health,  
 For hopes which time may not destroy,  
 Our soul's imperishable wealth;—  
 For all, accept our humble praise;  
 Still bless us, Father, by Thy love;  
 And when are closed our mortal days,  
 Unite us in one home above.

970

L.M. *O. W. Holmes*

*m* THOU Gracious Power, Whose mercy  
 lends  
 The light of home, the smile of friends,  
 Our gathered flock Thine arms enfold  
 As in the peaceful days of old.  
 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,  
 In sweet accord of solemn praise,  
 The voices that have mingled long  
 In joyous flow of mirth and song?  
 For all the blessings life has brought,  
*p* For all its sorrowing hours have taught,  
 For all we mourn, for all we keep,  
 The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;  
*m* The noontide sunshine of the past,  
 These brief, bright moments fading fast,  
 The stars that gild our darkening years,  
 The twilight ray from holier spheres:  
 We thank Thee, Father! Let Thy grace  
 Our loving circle still embrace,  
 Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,  
 Thy peace be with us evermore!

## SATURDAY EVENING.

971

6-7s. *J. Newton.*

*m* SAFELY through another week,  
 God has brought us on our way:  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 On the approaching Sabbath Day,  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour,  
 Through the week, our praised demand;  
 Guarded by Thy mighty power,  
 Nourished by Thy bounteous hand,  
 Now from worldly care set free,  
 May we rest this night with Thee.  
 When the morn shall bid us rise,  
 May we feel Thy presence near;  
 May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
 When we in Thy house appear;  
 And may all our Sabbaths prove  
 Foretastes of the joys above.

## CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

972

8s & 7s. *J. Burton, jun.*

*m* SAVIOUR, while my heart is tender,  
 I would yield that heart to Thee,  
 All my powers to Thee surrender,  
 Thine, and only Thine, to be.  
 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me;  
 Let my youthful heart be Thine;  
 Thy devoted servant make me;  
 Fill my soul with love Divine.  
 Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,  
 Only do Thou guide my way;  
 May Thy grace through life attend me,  
 Gladly then shall I obey.  
*p* Let me do Thy will or bear it;  
 I would know no will but Thine;  
 Shouldst Thou take my life or spare it,  
 I that life to Thee resign.  
*m* Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,  
 To Thy service set apart;  
 Suffer me to leave Thee never;  
 Seal Thine image on my heart.

973

8s & 7s. *Mrs. M. L. Duncan.*

*p* JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
 Bless Thy little lamb to-night;  
 Through the darkness be Thou near me,  
 Keep me safe till morning light.  
 Through this day Thine hand has led me,  
 And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed  
 Listen to my evening prayer. [me,  
 Let my sins be all forgiven,  
 Bless the friends I love so well;  
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with Thee to dwell.

974

6s & 5s.

*H. Stowell.*

*m* JESUS is our Shepherd,  
Wiping every tear ;  
Folded in His bosom,  
What have we to fear ?  
Only let us follow  
Whither He doth lead,  
To the thirsty desert,  
Or the dewy mead.

*p* Jesus is our Shepherd ;  
Well we know His voice,  
How its gentlest whisper  
Makes our heart rejoice !  
Even when He chideth,  
Tender is His tone :  
None but He shall guide us ;  
We are His alone.

*m* Jesus is our Shepherd,  
For the sheep He bled ;  
Every lamb is sprinkled  
With the blood He shed.  
Then on each He setteth  
His own secret sign—  
“ They that have My Spirit,  
These,” saith He, “ are Mine.”

*f* Jesus is our Shepherd ;  
Guarded by His arm,  
Though the wolves may raven,  
None can do us harm ;  
When we tread death's valley,  
Dark with fearful gloom,  
We will fear no evil,  
Victors o'er the tomb.

975

7s & 6s. *Albert Midlane.*

*m* THERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend Who never changes,  
Whose love can never die.  
Unlike our friends by nature,  
Who change with changing years,  
This Friend is always worthy  
The precious Name He bears.  
There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry ;  
A rest from every trouble,  
From sin and danger free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

*f* There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy ;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare ;  
For everyone is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.

There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look to Jesus  
Shall wear it by-and-bye :  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On all who've found His favour  
And loved His Name below.

There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually ;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing ;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

There's a robe for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And palms of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in Christ alone ;  
O come, dear little children,  
That all may be your own.

976

*C.M. M. Betham-Edwards*

*m* GOD make my life a little light  
Within the world to glow ;  
A little flame that burneth bright,  
Wherever I may go.

*p* God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,  
Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although the place be small.

*f* God make my life a little song  
That comforteth the sad ;  
That helpeth others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

*m* God make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest,  
That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn  
Of tenderness and praise ;  
Of faith --that never waxeth dim,  
In all His wondrous ways.

**977** (Irregular.) *Mrs. J. T. Luke.*

*m* I THINK, when I read that sweet story  
of old,

When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs  
to His fold, [then ;  
I should like to have been with them  
I wish that His hands had been placed  
on my head, [around me,  
That His arms had been thrown  
And that I might have seen His kind  
look when He said,  
" Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may  
And ask for a share of His love ; [go,  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,  
In that beautiful place He is gone to  
prepare  
For all that are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children are gathering  
there, [heaven.  
" For of such is the kingdom of

But thousands and thousands who  
wander and fall

Never heard of that heavenly home :  
I should like them to know there is  
room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

*f* I long for the joy of that glorious time,  
The sweetest and brightest and best.  
When the dear little children of every  
clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

**978** (Irregular.) *Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

*f* ALL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset, and the morning  
That brightens up the sky ;

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,  
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.

**979** 7s & 6s. *A. Chalmers.*

*m* WHAT ask we for the children,  
O'er whom life's morning breaks,  
Whose eyes in wonder open,  
Whose heart to love awakes ?

For lives so rich in promise  
We ask from God most High,  
That loyal patient service  
Their days may beautify.

We pray for heavenly wisdom,  
High thought and stainless deed,  
The sweet and gentle spirit  
That comforts those in need ;

The strength in life's stern conflict  
To front the power of ill,  
A glimpse of God's great kingdom,  
Their hearts with hope to thrill.

*p* A restful age of honour  
With loving hands to cheer ;  
A childlike trust to banish  
The sombre shade of fear.

*m* Thus pray we for the children  
In life's sweet morning glow,  
That peaceful, pure, abundant,  
Their fount of joy may flow.

**980** 8s & 7s. *F. R. Havergal.*

*p* GOD of Heaven, hear our singing,  
Only little ones are we,  
*m* Yet a great petition bringing,  
Father, now we come to Thee.

Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;  
 Let the world in Thee find rest;  
 Let all know Thee and obey Thee,  
 Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

*f* Let the sweet and joyful story  
 Of the Saviour's wondrous love,  
 Make on earth a song of glory,  
 Like the angels' song above.

Send Thy Spirit's mighty shower,  
 Bring the heathen to Thy throne,  
 For the kingdom, and the power,  
 And the glory, are Thine own.

**981** 4-7s. *J. P. Hopps.*

*m* FATHER, lead me day by day  
 Ever in Thine own sweet way;  
 Teach me to be pure and true,  
 Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave;  
 Make me know that Thou canst save:  
 Keep me safe by Thy dear side;  
 Let me in Thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,  
 Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;  
 And when all alone I stand,  
 Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

When my work seems hard and dry,  
 May I press on cheerily;  
 Help me patiently to bear  
 Pain and hardship, toil and care.

May I see the good and bright,  
 When they pass before my sight;  
 May I hear the heavenly voice,  
 When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know,  
 Be Thy loving child below,  
 Then at last go home to Thee,  
 Evermore Thy child to be.

**982** 7s & 6s. *A. B. Warner.*

*f* THE world looks very beautiful,  
 And full of joy to me;  
 The sun shines out in splendour  
 On everything I see;  
 I know I shall be happy  
 While in this world I stay,  
 For I will follow Jesus,  
 And follow all the way.

*m* I'm but a little pilgrim,  
 My journey's just begun;  
 They say I shall meet sorrow  
 Before my journey's done,  
*p* The world is full of sorrow  
 And suffering, they say,  
 But I will follow Jesus,  
 And follow all the way.

*m* So, like a little pilgrim,  
 Whatever I may meet,  
 I'll take it, joy or sorrow,  
 And lay at Jesus' feet;  
 He'll comfort me in trouble,  
 He'll wipe my tears away:  
 With joy I'll follow Jesus,  
 And follow all the way.  
 Then trials cannot vex me,  
 And pain I need not fear;  
 For when I'm close by Jesus  
 Grief cannot come too near:  
 Not even death can harm me,  
 When death I meet one day;  
 To heaven I'll follow Jesus,  
 And follow all the way.

**983** 8s & 7s. *Mrs. A. R. Cousin.*

*m* To thy father and thy mother  
 Honour, love, and reverence pay;  
 This command, before all other,  
 Must a Christian child obey.  
 Help me, Lord, in this sweet duty,  
 Guide me in Thy steps Divine;  
 Show me all the joy and beauty  
 Of obedience such as Thine.  
 Teach me how to please and gladden  
 Those who toil and care for me;  
 Many a grief their heart must sadden,  
 Let me still their comfort be!  
 Then when years are gathering o'er them,  
 When they're sleeping in the grave,  
 Sweet will seem the love I bore them,  
 Right the reverence I gave.

**984** 7s & 6s.

*f* I LOVE to hear the story  
 Which angel voices tell,  
 How once the King of Glory  
 Came down on earth to dwell;  
 I am both weak and sinful,  
 But this I surely know:  
 The Lord came down to save me,  
 Because He loved me so!



*m* I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
Was once a child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be ;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so !

*f* To sing His love and mercy,  
My sweetest songs I'll raise ;  
And though I cannot see Him,  
I know He hears my praise ;  
For He has kindly promised  
That I shall surely go  
To sing among His angels,  
Because He loves me so !

985

4-7s.

*J. E. Leeson.*

*m* SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day,  
Love's sweet lesson to obey :  
Sweeter lesson cannot be—  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

Teach me, I am not my own,  
I am Thine and Thine alone :  
May I serve and copy Thee,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace,  
Learning how to love from Thee,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

Love, in loving, finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy ;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him Who first loved me.

*f* Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe ;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love Who first loved me.

986

8s &amp; 7s.

*Mrs. M. E. Shelley.*

*m* LORD, a little band and lowly,  
We are come to sing to Thee ;  
Thou art great and high and holy—  
O how solemn we should be !

Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,  
And of heaven, where He is gone,  
And let nothing ever please us  
He would grieve to look upon.

For we know the Lord of glory  
Always sees what children do,  
And is writing now the story  
Of our thoughts and actions too.  
Let our sins be all forgiven :  
Make us fear whate'er is wrong !  
Lead us on our way to heaven,  
There to sing a nobler song.

987

C.M.D.

*R. Heber.*

*f* BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !  
Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod—  
Whose secret heart with influence sweet  
Is upward drawn to God.

*p* By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.  
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passions rage.

*m* O Thou Whose infancy was found  
With heavenly rays to shine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
Were all alike Divine ; [crowned,  
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

988

7s &amp; 6s.

*J. King.*

*f* WHEN, His salvation bringing,  
To Zion Jesus came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosanna to His Name.  
Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But as He rode along  
He bade them still attend Him,  
And smiled to hear their song.  
And since the Lord retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King He reigneth  
On Zion's heavenly hill,  
We'll flock around His banner,  
We'll bow before His throne,  
And sing aloud, Hosanna  
To David's royal Son !

For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise :  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words ?  
No, while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

989 10s. *F. R. Havergal.*

*m* GOD will take care of you. All through  
the day [ill ;  
Jesus is near you to keep you from  
Waking or resting, at work or at play,  
Jesus is with you, and watching you  
still.

He will take care of you. All through  
the night [keeps ;  
Jesus the Shepherd His little one  
Darkness to Him is the same as the  
light, [sleeps.  
He never slumbers, and He never

He will take care of you, all through  
the year, [ness and love ;  
Crowning each day with His kind-  
Sending you blessings, and shielding  
from fear, [above.

Leading you on to the bright home

*f* He will take care of you, yes, to the  
end ; [own ;  
Nothing can alter His love for His  
Children, be glad that you have such a  
Friend ; [alone.  
He will not leave you one moment

990 8s & 7s. *W. T. Adey.*

*m* THERE is room for little children  
In the kingdom of the Lord ;  
Jesus gathers them around Him  
By the music of His Word,  
Whilst He hushes into silence  
All that fain would hinderers be,  
With these words of gracious blessing :  
" Let the children come to Me."

There is need for little children  
In the Churches of His grace,  
Need for young and cheerful voices,  
Nothing can supply their place.  
If their hearts are drawn to Jesus,  
And their lives show forth His praise,  
Their hosannas are the sweetest  
Human lips can ever raise.

There is room for all our children  
In the household of the Lord ;  
Jesus gathers them around Him  
By the music of His Word,  
While He hushes into silence  
All that fain would hinderers be,  
With these words of gracious blessing :  
" Let the children come to Me."

TEMPERANCE.

L.M.

991

*f* ALL-GRACIOUS God, to Thee we raise  
Our voice in solemn prayer and praise ;  
We praise Thee for Thy mercy shown ;  
Lord, let Thy mercy now be known.

*m* Intemperance on every hand  
Abounds in this our guilty land ;  
While drunkards glory in their shame,  
And pour contempt on Jesu's Name.  
Lord, let Thy banner be displayed,  
And check the ruin sin hath made ;  
The foe with power Divine assail,  
Nor let the hosts of hell prevail.  
By Gospel principles reclaim  
The drunkard from his course of shame ;  
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit give,  
And bid the dying sinner live !

992

7s 8s & 6s. *J. G. Whittier.*

*f* TAKE courage, temperance workers,  
Ye shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the people's prayers  
Are rising from your deck !  
Wait cheerily, brave toilers,  
For daylight and for land ;  
The breath of God is on your sail,  
Your rudder in His hand !

Sail on ! sail on ! deep freighted  
With blessings and with hopes ;  
*m* The good of old, with shadowy hands,  
Are pulling at your ropes.  
Behind you, holy martyrs  
Uplift the palm and crown ;  
Before you, unborn ages send  
Their benedictions down.

*f* Take cheer, your work is holy,  
God's errands never fail !  
Sweep on through darkness and through  
The thunder and the hail ; [storm,  
Sail on ! for morning cometh,  
The port you yet shall win ;  
And all the bells of God shall ring  
The ship of temperance in !

993

6-8s. *W. S. Peterson, &c.*

*m* O THOU Whose chosen place of birth  
Was 'mid the humblest scenes of earth,  
*p* Who didst all scorn and pain endure  
To save the lost and bless the poor,  
*m* Our duty in Thy life we see,  
And pray for grace to follow Thee.  
Thou Who hast taught us by Thy Word  
The servant should be as his Lord,  
Give us the courage that we need,  
To follow Thee in word and deed ;  
The highest honour that we crave  
Be this, the lost to seek and save.  
In holy league, O Lord, we seek  
To guard the tempted and the weak  
*p* From that fell sin, whose fatal reign  
Brings crime and madness in its train—  
Ourselves we would deny, to save  
Our brethren from the drunkard's grave.

994

L.M. *Ella S. Armitage.*

*m* O LORD of Hosts, the fight is long,  
The sky is dark, the foe is strong ;  
Temptation with its flaming brand  
Spreads ruin through our happy land.  
Hell builds her palaces of state, [gate,  
Makes bright her halls, and wide her  
And thousands press within to share  
The cup of madness and despair.  
*p* How long, how long, O God of Right,  
Shall thus prevail the tempter's might ?  
And our weak efforts fail to win  
Our nation from the drunkard's sin ?  
*m* But Thou art the redeeming God ;  
O, breathe Thy mighty power abroad !  
Thy love alone can break the spell  
That welds the iron chains of hell.  
Give to our land wise laws, whose force  
May stay temptation's ruthless course ;  
And fire Thy Church with love's bright  
flame,  
To save the lost in Christ's dear Name.

995

7s & 6s. *G. T. Coster.*

*m* LORD of the gracious sunshine !  
Lord of the angry flame !  
Thou in the Book of nations  
Hast writ our England's name :  
Blot it not thence, we pray Thee,  
*p* To our eternal shame.

*m* There is a foe amongst us  
That's stronger than the strong,  
*c* In men the manhood slaying,  
To children doing wrong ;  
Is it to rage for ever ?  
How long, O Lord, how long ?  
Eyes charmed to blindness open,  
This subtle foe to shun ;  
Breathe in each English bosom  
The spirit of Thy Son :  
From all self-pleasing save us,  
And let Thy will be done.  
Thou holy God ! for England  
We lift our prayer to Thee ;  
Pardon our land, and may it  
Be sober, pure, and free,  
*f* And while the earth remaineth  
Thy throne for ever be.

996

6s & 5s.

*f* ONWARD, brothers, onward !  
March with one accord ;  
Jesus goes before us,  
All-victorious Lord !  
Ye who serve and love Him,  
Join with all your powers  
In the holy warfare  
'Gainst His foes and ours.  
Onward, brothers, onward !  
March with one accord ;  
Jesus goes before us,  
All-victorious Lord !  
Far and wide around us,  
See on every hand,  
Through the mighty city,  
Satan's strongholds stand :  
Selfish greed and grinding,  
Lust and drink and hate—  
These his chains which bind men  
With their iron weight.  
*m* Ah, the groans uprising  
From those dungeons cold !  
Ah, the wounds unhealed !  
Ah, the griefs untold !  
Ah, the peace they crave for !  
Peace which never comes !  
Ah, the need of Jesus  
In ten thousand homes !  
Can we rest contented,  
Whom His love hath freed,  
Careless of our brothers  
In their bitter need ?

Soldiers, up and onward !  
Lay the oppressor low !  
Bring the old glad tidings  
To these scenes of woe !

*f* Ours the might that conquered  
In the days of old ;  
Faith that never changes,  
Love that ne'er grows cold ;  
He is with us always,  
He Who bade us " Go,"  
Until every creature  
His dear Name shall know.

**997** L.M.

*j* LET temperance and her sons rejoice,  
And be their praises loud and long ;  
Let every heart and every voice  
Conspire to raise a joyful song.  
And let the anthem rise to God,  
Whose favouring mercies so abound ;  
And let His praises fly abroad,  
The spacious universe around.  
*m* His children's prayer He deigns to grant,  
He stays the progress of the foe ;  
And temperance, like a cherished plant,  
Beneath His fostering care shall grow.

**998** 4-Gs & 2-8s. H. P.

*f* PLEDGED in a noble cause,  
We here each other greet,  
And, bound by temperance laws,  
As friends and brothers meet,  
To make a full determined stand  
Against the foe that rules our land.  
*m* Our Leader is the Lord,  
Who reigns from pole to pole,  
And swiftly at His word  
The mighty thunders roll ;  
Forth led by Him, our faithful band  
Shall chase intemperance from the land.  
*f* Then let us onward press,  
Our cause is good and great ;  
Cheered by our past success,  
We'll make the foe retreat ;  
Nor for a moment quarter give,  
Resolved for truth to work and live.

PEACE.

**999** L.M. H. W. Baker.

*m* O GOD of Love ! O King of Peace !  
Make wars throughout the world to  
The wrath of sinful man restrain : [cease ;  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told,  
Remember not our sins' dark stain :  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.  
Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord ?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word ?  
None ever called on Thee in vain :  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.  
Where saints and angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love ;  
O bind us in that heavenly chain !  
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

**1000** 8s 6s & 2-8s. J. H. Gurney.

*p* THROUGH centuries of sin and woe  
Hath streamed the crimson flood,  
While man, in concert with the foe,  
Hath shed his brother's blood :  
*m* Now lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And let the cruel war-cry cease.  
*p* In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,  
Thy servants seek repose,  
See, day by day, the strife renewed,  
And brethren turned to foes :  
*m* Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.  
Still to the heavens the weak will pour  
Their loud unanswered cry ;  
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,  
And want forgotten lie :  
*f* Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
Let hatred die, and love increase.  
*m* Thy Gospel, Lord, is grace and love ;  
O send it all abroad,  
Till every heart submissive prove,  
And bless the reigning God.  
*f* Come lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,  
And give the weary world release.

**1001** 8-7s. H. H. Milman.

*f* LORD ! Thou didst arise and say  
To the troubled waters, " Peace,"  
*m* And the tempest died away ;  
Down they sank, the foamy seas ;  
*p* And a calm and heaving sleep  
Spread o'er all the glassy deep ;  
All the azure lake serene  
Like another heaven was seen.  
*f* Lord ! Thy gracious word repeat  
To the billows of the proud :  
Quell the tyrant's martial heat,  
Quell the fierce and changing crowd ;



The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,  
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;  
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,  
And minister through them to Thee.  
O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure  
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;  
For all who need, Physician great,  
Thy healing balm we supplicate.  
But O, far more, let each keen pain  
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,  
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod  
Bring back the wanderer nearer God.  
O heal the bruised heart within!  
O save our souls all sick with sin!  
Give life and health in bounteous store,  
That we may praise Thee evermore.

BAZAAR AND SALE OF WORK.

1010 L.M. *Edward Roaden.*

*m* THOU God of glory, truth, and love,  
Lord over all, beneath, above! [raise,  
Our thoughts and hearts to Thee we  
And with our lips proclaim Thy praise.  
Creation rose at Thy command,  
The seas, the floods, the solid land;  
And at Thy wisdom's high behest,  
In beauteous robes Thy works were drest.  
Thy goodness doth to men impart  
The fount of every useful art,  
The skilful hand, the inventive thought,  
By which new forms of grace are  
wrought.  
Behold, O Lord, before Thee stand  
Our works of thought, of heart, and hand;  
We humbly bring them to Thy throne,  
And render back with joy Thine own.

1011 4-7s. *G. T. Coster.*

*m* SKILL and beauty from Thee live,  
Father! 'tis Thy gifts we give  
Back to Thee in love to-day;  
Take them humbly now, we pray,  
Giver bountiful art Thou!  
Here Thy Spirit, Lord, be now!  
*p* May no sin Thy service wrong;  
Crown our toil, we crave, with song.  
*m* Take our gifts, and take us, Lord!  
May our wills with Thine accord!  
May Thy grace in ours be known!  
Lord, we bring Thee of Thine own!

NATIONAL HYMNS.

1012 7s & 6s. *A. C. Coxe.*

*p* Now pray we for our country,  
That England long may be  
The holy and the happy,  
*m* And the gloriously free.  
Who blesseth her is blessed,  
So peace be in her walls,  
And joy in all her palaces,  
Her cottages and halls.  
*p* Now pray we for our country,  
That she may still remain  
*m* The shield of those who would be free,  
O'er Europe's wide domain.  
Who trusteth her is trusted,  
Where'er his footsteps roam,  
So joy to every noble heart,  
In every honest home.

1013 6s & 4s. *W. E. Hickson*

*m* GOD bless our native land!  
May heaven's protecting hand  
Still guard our shore;  
*f* May peace her sway extend,  
Foe be transformed to friend,  
And Britain's power depend  
On war no more.  
*m* May just and righteous laws  
Uphold the public cause,  
And bless our isle.  
*f* Home of the brave and free,  
The land of liberty,  
We pray that still on thee  
Kind heaven may smile.  
*m* And not this land alone,  
But be Thy mercies known  
From shore to shore;  
*f* Lord, make the nations see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family,  
The wide world o'er!

1014 7s 6s 8s & 5s. *E. Elliott.*

*f* WHEN wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of Mercy, when?  
*m* Not kings and lords, but nations;  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
*p* Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;  
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—  
Their heritage a sunless day.  
*f* God save the people!

*m* Shall crime bring crime for ever,  
Strength aiding still the strong ?  
Is it Thy will, O Father,  
That man shall toil for wrong? [skies:  
*f* "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy  
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs ascend instead of sighs.  
God save the people !

*m* When wilt thou save the people ?  
O God of Mercy, when ?  
*f* The people, Lord, the people,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men !  
God save the people ! Thine they are,  
Thy children, as Thine angels fair ;  
From vice, oppression, and despair,  
God save the people !

**1015** 7s & 6s. *F. L. Hosmer.*

*m* O BEAUTIFUL, our country !  
Be thine a nobler care  
Than all thy wealth of commerce,  
Thy harvests waving fair :  
Be it thy pride to lift up  
The manhood of the poor ;  
Be thou to the oppressed  
Fair freedom's open door.

*p* For thee our fathers suffered,  
For thee they toiled and prayed ;  
Upon thy holy altar  
Their willing lives they laid ;  
*m* Thou hast no common birthright,  
Grand memories on thee shine ;  
The blood of noble races  
Commingled flows in thine.

*f* O beautiful, our country !  
Round thee in love we draw ;  
Thine be the grace of freedom,  
The majesty of law.  
Be righteousness thy sceptre,  
Justice thy diadem ;  
And on thy shining forehead  
Be peace the crowning gem !

**1016** C.M. *J. R. Wreford.*

*m* LORD, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us for our native land—  
The land we love the most.  
Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee :

And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

Here may religion pure and mild  
Upon our Sabbaths smile ;  
And piety and virtue reign,  
And bless our native isle.  
Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
Our country we commend ;  
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
Her everlasting Friend.

**1017** 7s & 6s. *R. Murray.*

*m* FROM ocean unto ocean  
Our land shall own Thee Lord,  
And, filled with true devotion,  
Obey Thy sovereign word.  
Our valleys and our mountains,  
Forest and fertile field,  
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,  
To Thee shall tribute yield.  
O Christ, for Thine own glory,  
And for our country's weal,  
We humbly plead before Thee,  
Thyself in us reveal ;  
And may we know, Lord Jesus,  
The touch of Thy dear hand,  
And, healed of our diseases,  
The tempter's power withstand.  
Where error smites with blindness,  
Enslaves and leads astray,  
Do Thou in loving-kindness  
Proclaim Thy Gospel day,  
Till all the tribes and races  
That dwell in this fair land,  
Adorned with Christian graces,  
Within Thy courts shall stand.

*f* Our Saviour King, defend us,  
And guide where we should go ;  
Forth with Thy message send us  
Thy love and light to show ;  
Till, fired with true devotion  
Enkindled by Thy Word,  
From ocean unto ocean  
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

**1018** L.M. *J. Ellerton.*

*f* PRAISE to our God, Whose bounteous  
hand  
Prepared of old our glorious land—  
*m* A garden fenced with silver sea,  
A people prosperous, strong, and free !

*f* Praise to our God! Through all our past  
His mighty arm hath held us fast,  
*m* Till wars and perils, toils and tears,  
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

*f* Praise to our God! The vine He set  
Within our coasts is fruitful yet;  
*m* On many a shore her seedlings grow;  
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

*f* Praise to our God! His power alone  
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,  
*m* Sustained by counsels wise and just,  
And guarded by a people's trust.

*f* Praise to our God! Though chastening  
stern

Our evil dross should throughly burn,  
*m* His rod and staff, from age to age,  
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

*In Time of Trouble.*

**1019** C.M.D. *J. H. Gurney.*

*m* GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,  
While at Thy feet we fall,

And humbly with united cry  
To Thee for mercy call;

*p* The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,  
O turn us not away;

But hear us from Thy lofty throne,  
And help us when we pray.

Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
And ours no less we own,

*m* Yet wondrously from age to age  
Thy goodness hath been shown;

When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
Beset our country round,

To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

*p* With one consent we meekly bow  
Beneath Thy chastening hand,

And, pouring forth confession meet,  
Mourn with our mourning land;

With pitying eye behold our need,  
As thus we lift our prayer;

*m* Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,  
Then let Thy mercy spare.

FAREWELL HYMN.

**1020** P.M. *J. E. Rankin.*

*m* GOD be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you:  
God be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you:  
God be with you till we meet again.

*p* GOD be with you till we meet again,  
When life's perils thick confound you,  
Put His arms unfailing round you:

*m* GOD be with you till we meet again.

God be with you till we meet again,  
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,  
Smite death's threatening wave before  
you:

*f* GOD be with you till we meet again.

SANCTUSES, BLESSINGS, DOXOLOGIES, &c.

**1021** *J. Camidge.*

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,  
heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.  
Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high.  
Amen.

**1022**  
HOLY, holy! Thon, O Lord, alone art  
holy. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
heaven and earth do worship Thee.  
Holy, holy, holy, only Thou art holy.

**1023** *T. L. Forbes.*

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts,  
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty,  
the Majesty of Thy Glory. Glory be to  
Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.

**1024**  
O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of  
holiness; fear before Him, all the earth  
Honour and Majesty are before Him:  
Strength and Beauty are in His sanctuary.

**1025** *Dr. Mason.*

HOLINESS becometh Thine house, O Lord,  
for ever. Amen.

**1026** *H. W. Greatorex.*

LET the words of my mouth, and the  
meditation of my heart, be always accept-  
able, in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength,  
and my Redeemer.

**1027**      *The Lord's Prayer.*

OUR Father Which art in heaven,  
Hallowed be Thy Name.  
Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done in earth, as it is in  
heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive  
our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but  
deliver us from evil:

For Thine is the kingdom, and the  
power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

**1028**      8s 7s & 4.      *R. A. Smith.*

*m* LORD, let mercy now attend us  
As we leave Thy holy place,  
And from evil still defend us  
While we run our heavenward race—  
*f* Hallelujah!—  
Till in bliss we see Thy face.

**1029**      4-7s.      *J. Newton.*

*m* Now may He Who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.  
*f* To that dear Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

**1030**      8s & 7s.      *J. Newton.*

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.  
Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

**1031**      8s & 7s.      *C. Wordsworth.*

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Hallelujah to the Saviour,  
Who has gained the victory;  
Hallelujah to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity:  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
To the Triune Majesty.

**1032**      8s & 7s.      *R. Hawker.*

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Bid us now depart in peace;  
Still on heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase;

Fill each breast with consolation;  
Up to Thee our hearts we raise—  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give Thee nobler praise!

**1033**      L.M.      *J. Cennick.*

BE present at our table, Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored;  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

**1034**      L.M.      *J. Cennick.*

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food;  
We praise Thee more for Jesu's blood;  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

**1035**      C.M.      *Tate and Brady.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, and is,  
And shall be evermore.

**1036**      C.M.      *I. Watts and W. Cameron.*

To Him Who sits upon the throne,  
The God Whom we adore,  
And to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be glory evermore.

**1037**      L.M.      *T. Ken.*

PRAISE God, from Whom all blessings  
flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**1038**      VESPER (*while kneeling*).  
S.M.

LORD, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.



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